DALE'S *Collection of* *Sixty* *favorite* SCOTCH SONGS

taken from the Original Manuscripts of the most Celebrated

SCOTCH AUTHORS & COMPOSERS

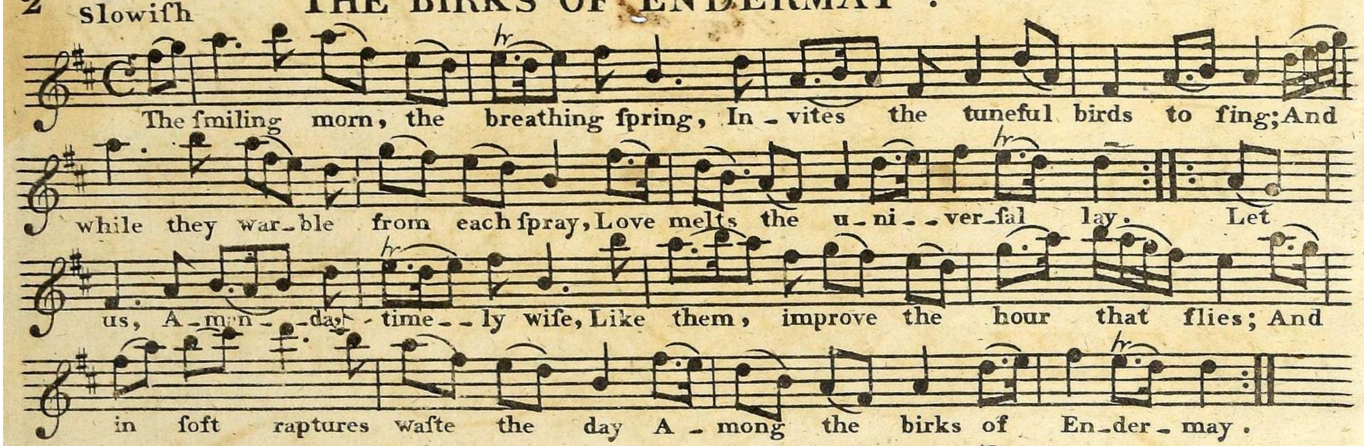
properly adapted for the

GERMAN FLUTE.

Book I. Enter^{d} at Stationers Hall. *Price* 5^{s}

London Printed for J. Dale No. 19 Cornhill, & the corner of Holles Street, Oxford Street.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.



2

For ſoon the Winter of the year,
And Age, Life's Winter will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade;
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Endermay.

3

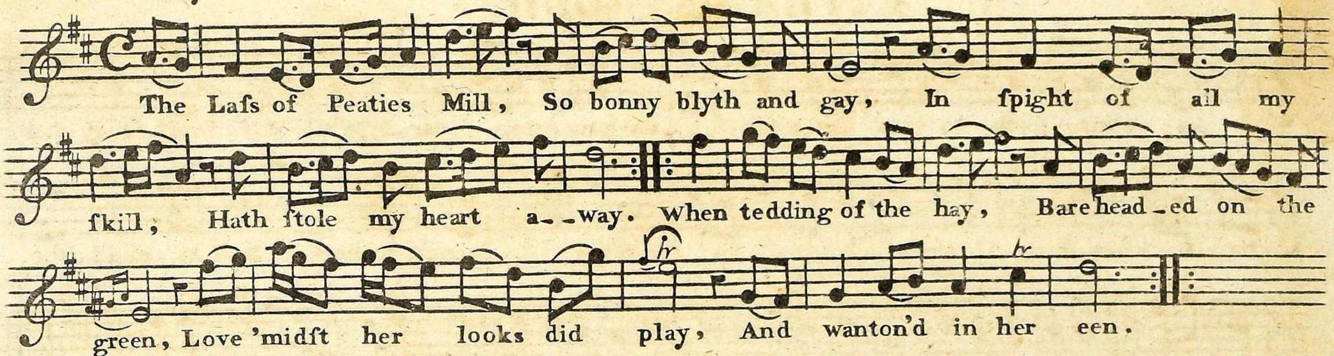
Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids, and friſking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of Endermay.

4

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly, my love, to gladneſs call;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as Jovial be as they
Among the birks of Endermay.

Moderately

THE LASS OF PEATIES MILL



2

Her arms, white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn;
To age it wou'd give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An ecſtaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs find,
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

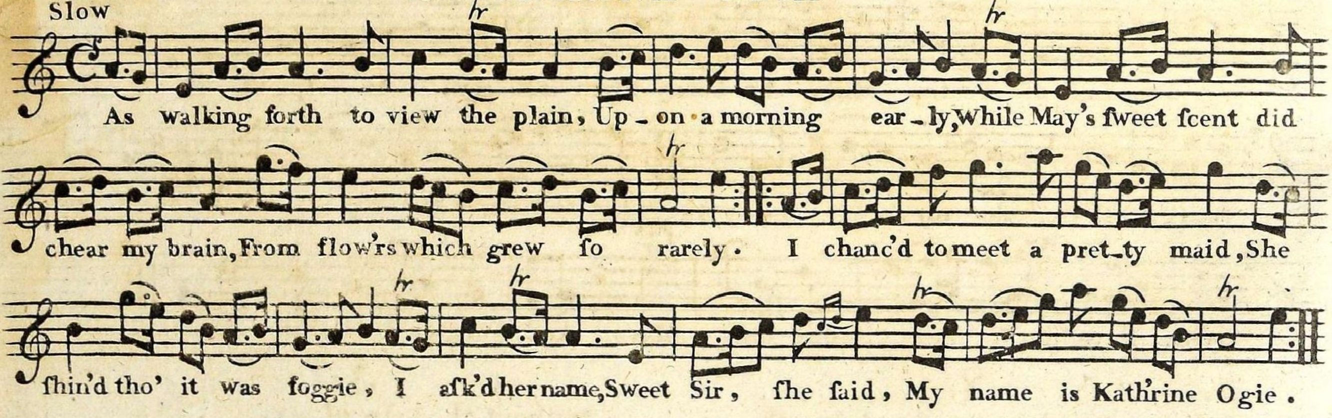
3

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

4

O had I all the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Peaties mill,
Should ſhare the ſame with me.

KATHARINE OGIE



2

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a Nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an air there did appear,
In this dear maid ſo neatly:
Such nat'ral ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like lilies in a bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame Kath'rine Ogie.

3

Thou flow'r of Females, Beauty's Queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſt in robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee:
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
Excels a clowniſh rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

4

O were I but fome fhepherd fwain,
To feed my flock befide thee,
At boughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myfelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thoufands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

5

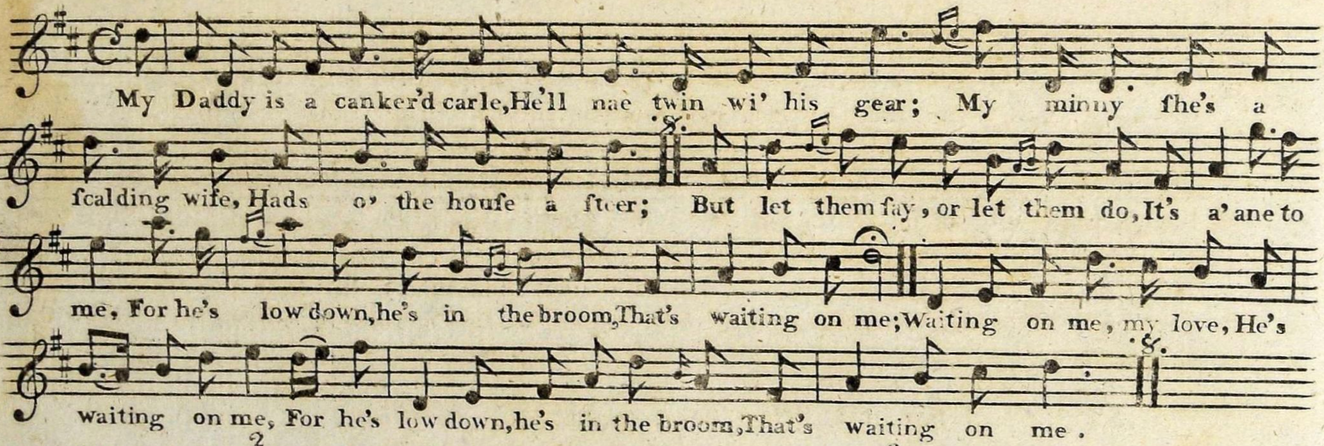
Then I'd defpife th'imperial throne,
And ftatefmen's dangerous ftations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd fmile at conq'ring nations;
Might I carefs and ftill pofsefs,
This lafs of whom I'm vogie;
For thefe are toys, and ftill look lefs,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

6

I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me fo fine a creature,
Whofe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of defpair furround my love,
That are both dark and fogie;
Pity my cafe ye Pow'rs above,
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM

Lively



2

My aunty Kate fits at her wheel,
And fair fhe lightlies me;
But weel keen I it's a' envy;
For ne'er a Jo has fhe.
But let them fay, &c.

3

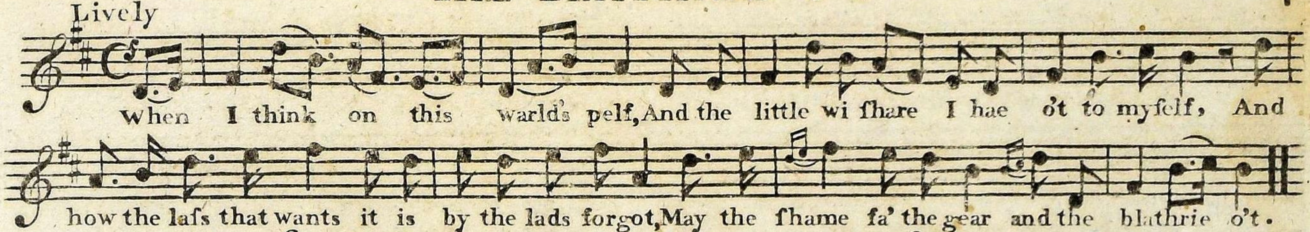
My coufin Kate was fair beguil'd
Wi' Johnnie in the glen;
And aye fince fyne, fhe cries, beware
Of falfe deluding men.
But let them fay, &c.

4

Glee'd Sandy he came waft ae night,
And fpeer'd when I faw Pate,
And aye fince fyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them fay, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;

For I'll gae to the bonny lad
That's waiting on me;
Waiting on me, my love;
He's waiting on me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

THE BLATHRIE O'T

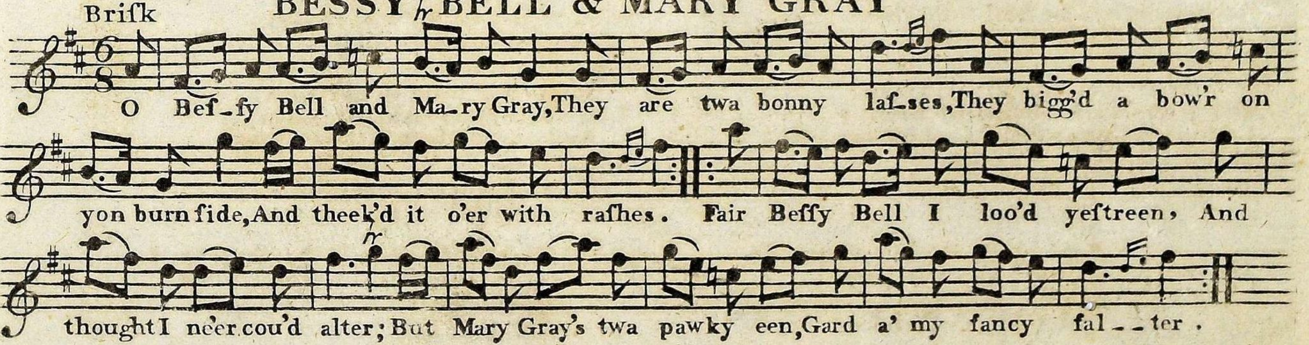


2
Jockie was the ladie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
He thinks nae mair of me that weirs the plaiden coat;
May the ſhame, &c.

3
Jenny was the laſsie that mucked the byre,
But now ſhe is clad in her ſilken attire,
And Jockie ſays he looes her, & ſwears he's me forgot
May the ſhame, &c.

4
But all this ſhall never danton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;
For the lad that's ſae inconſtant, he is not worth a groat;
May the ſhame, &c.

BESSY BELL & MARY GRAY



Now Beſsy's hair's like a lint tap;
She ſmiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waiſt and feet fu' genty;
With ilka grace ſhe can command:
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

3

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances;
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will;
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs ſae gracefu' ſtill,
O Jove! ſhe's like thy Pallas.

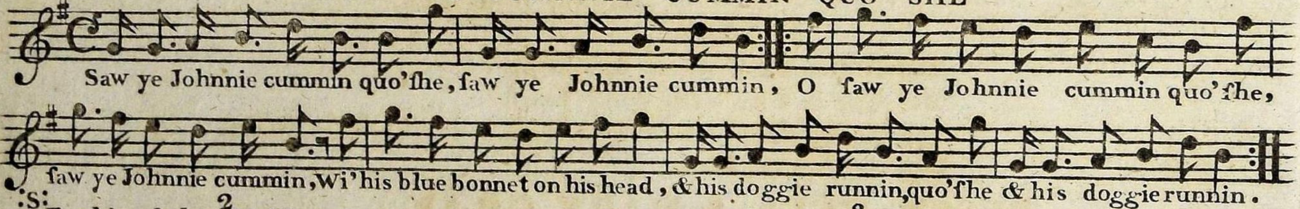
Dear Beſsy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us;
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are ſic bonny laſses:

4

Wae's me! for baith I cannot get,
To ane by law we're ſtinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
And be with ane contented.

Briſk

SAW YE JOHNNIE CUMMIN QUO SHE



2

:S: Fee him, father, fee him, quo' ſhe,
Fee him, father, fee him; :S:
For he is a gallant lad,
And a' weel doin;
And a' the wark about the houſe
Gaes wi' me when I ſee him, quo' ſhe;
Wi' me, when I ſee him.

3

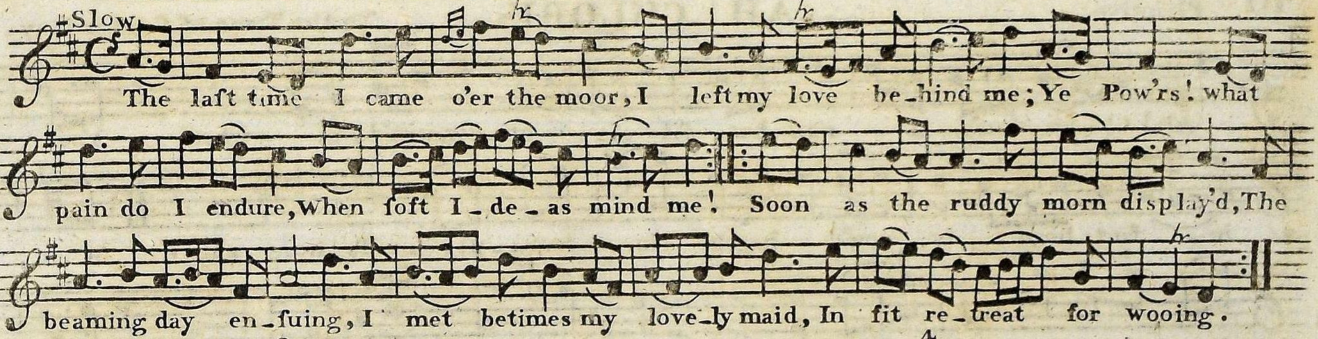
What will I do wi' him, huſsy,
What will I do wi' him.
He's ne'er a ſark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I ha'e twa ſarks into my kiſt,
And ane o'them I'll gi'e him,
And for a mark of mair fee
Dinna ſtand wi' him, quo ſhe;
Dinna ſtand wi' him.

:S: For well do I lo'e him, quo ſhe,
Well do I lo'e him :S.
O fee him, father, fee him quo' ſhe;
Fee him, father, fee him;

4

He'll had the pleugh, thraſh in the barn,
And lie wi'me at e'en quo'ſhe;
Lie wi'me at e'en.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR



2

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtely ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promiſ'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

3

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me;
Yet hope again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſses,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſses.

4

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since ſhe excells in every grace,
In her my love ſhall center:
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland ice ſhall roſes grow
Before I ceaſe to love her.

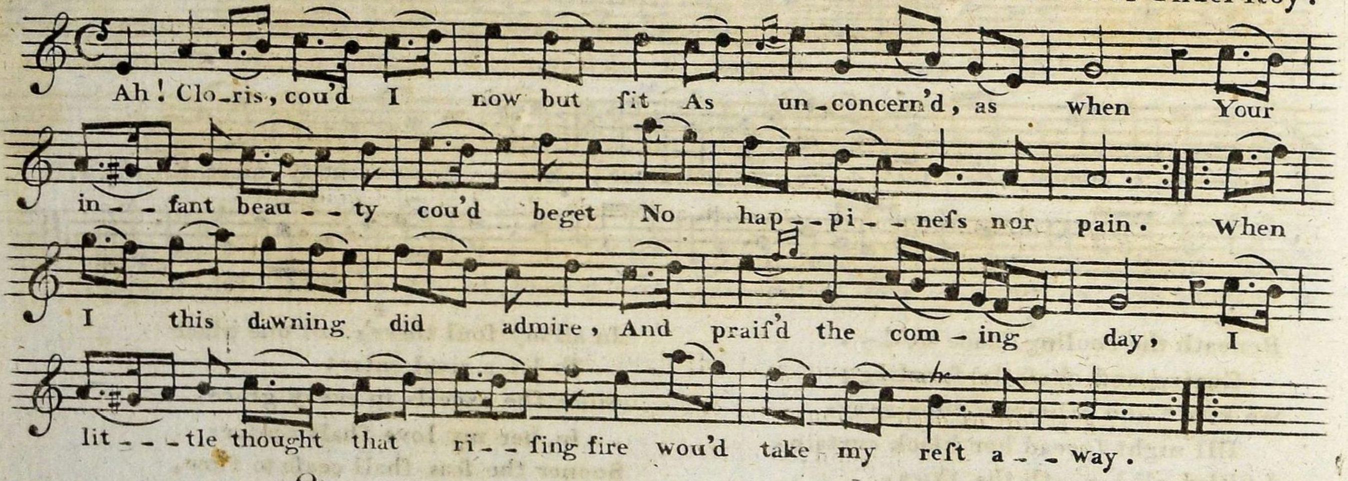
5

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith be firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom,
There while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſsom.

Plaintive

AH! CHLORIS

To the Tune of Gilder Roy.



2

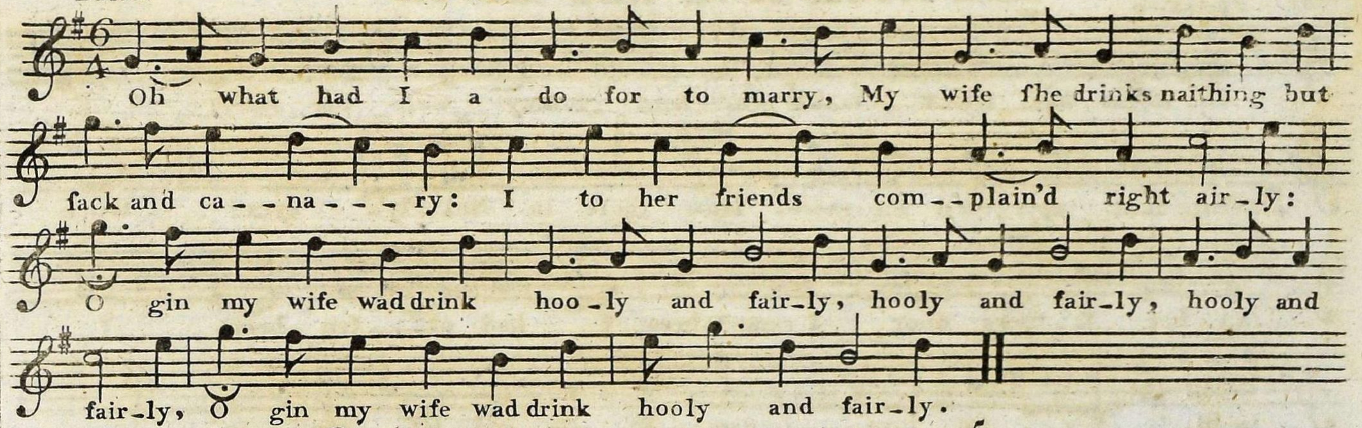
Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſs'd;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

3

My paſsion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art
To make a beauty, ſhe.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY

Briſk



2

Firſt ſhe drank Crummie, and ſyne ſhe drank Garie;
Now ſhe has drunken my bonny grey marie,
That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie;
O gin my wife, &c.

3

If ſhe'd drink but her ane things I wad nae much care;
She drinks my claiths I canna well ſpare;
To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely:
O gin my wife, &c.

4

If there's only ſiller, ſhe maun keep the purſe;
If I ſeek but a baubee ſhe'll ſcold & ſhe'll curſe
She gangs like a Queen, I ſcrimped and ſparely:
O gin my wife, &c.

5

I never was given to wrangling or ſtrife:
Nor e'er did refuſe her the comforts of life:
E'er it comes to war I'm ay' for a parley:
O gin my wife &c.

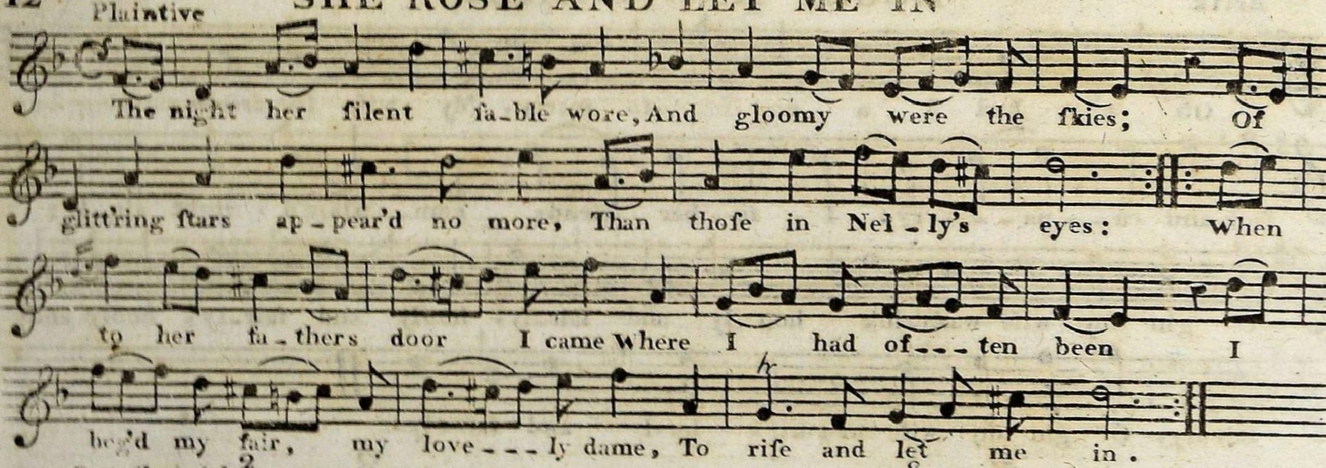
6

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;
But when ſhe ſits down ſhe fills herſelf fow;
And when ſhe is fow ſhe's unco camſterie
O gin my wife, &c.

7

And when ſhe comes hame ſhe laes on the lads;
She caes the laſses baith limmers and Jades;
And I my ain ſell an auld canker'd carlie:
O gin my wife, &c.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN



2

But ſhe, with accents all divine,
Did my fond ſuit reprove;
And while ſhe chid my raſh deſign,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft has pleaſ'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll:
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very ſoul.

3

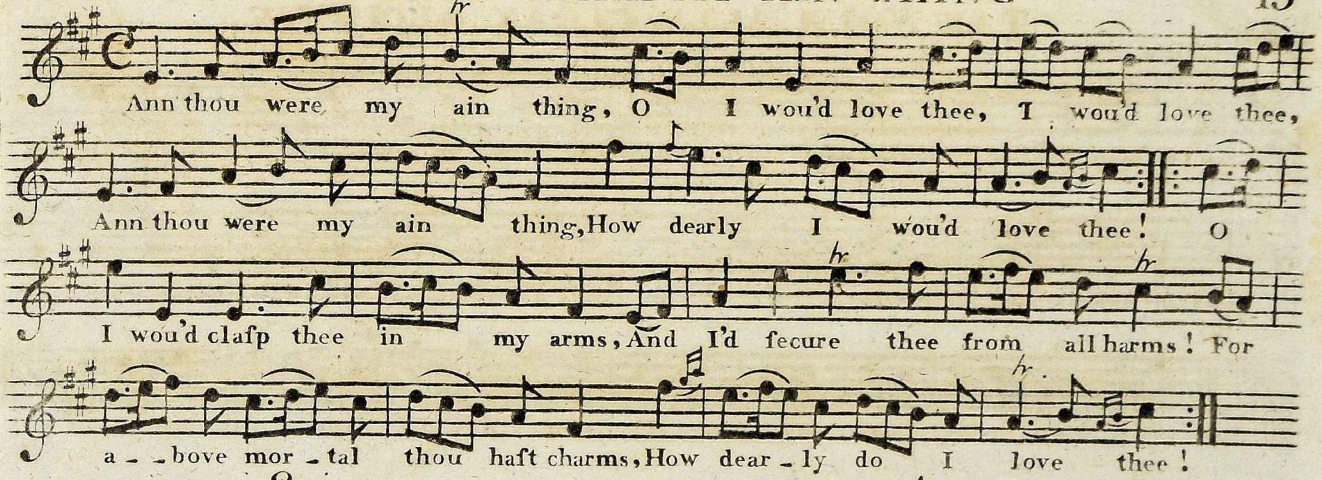
Then who would cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part!
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondneſs I obey'd,
Reſolv'd ſhe ſhou'd be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treaſure ſo divine.

4

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Tranſporting is my joy;
No greater bleſsing can I prove;
So bleſs'd a man am I.
For beauty may awhile retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart.

Slow

ANN THOU WERE MY AIN THING



2

Ann thou were &c.
Of race divine thou needs muſt be;
Since nothing earthly equals thee:
For Heaven's ſake then pity me,
Who only lives to love thee.

3

Ann thou were &c.
The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;
O for their ſake ſupport a ſlave,
Who ever on ſhall love thee.

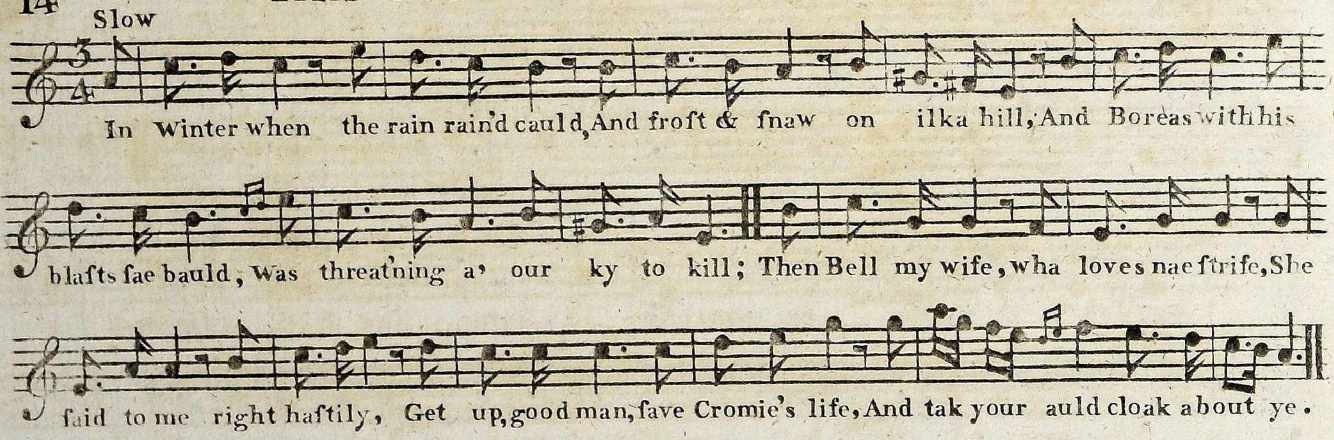
4

Ann thou were &c.
To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your ſake
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly I do love thee.

5

Ann thou were &c.
My paſsion, conſtant as the ſun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done
'Till fate my thread of life hath ſpun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE



2

My Cromie is a uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a good kyne;
Oft has ſhe wet the bairn s' mou,
And I am laith that ſhe ſhou'd tyne;
Get up, good man, it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

3

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

4

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they coft but half a crown;
He faid they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor theif and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

5

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
I think the world is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not fee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I fit hurklin in the afe.
I'll have a new cloak about me.

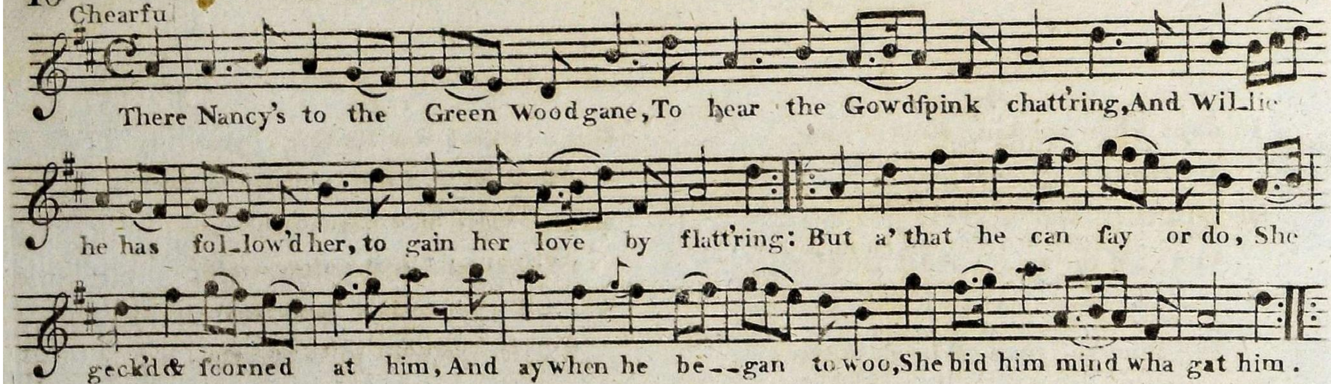
6

Good-man, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny lafses ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wifh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good hufband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

7

Bell my wife, fhe loves nae ftrife;
But fhe wad guide me, if fhe can,
And to maintain an eafy life,
I oft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unlefs you give her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave off where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

NANSY'S TO THE GREEN WOOD GANE



2

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang kail, and ranty-tanty:
With bonnocks of good barley meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped ftocks fou butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

3

Altho' my Father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty;
He keepit ay a good kail yard,
A ha houfe and a pantry:
A good blue bonnet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his cragy,
And ay untill the day he di'd
He rade on good fhanks nagy.

4

Now wae and wander on your ſnout,
Wad ye hae bonnyNanſy?
Wad ye compare ye'rſell to me,
A docken till a tanſie?
I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is ſweet like Sugar candy.

5

Wow, Nanſy, what needs a'this din?
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy:
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me your winſome Willy?

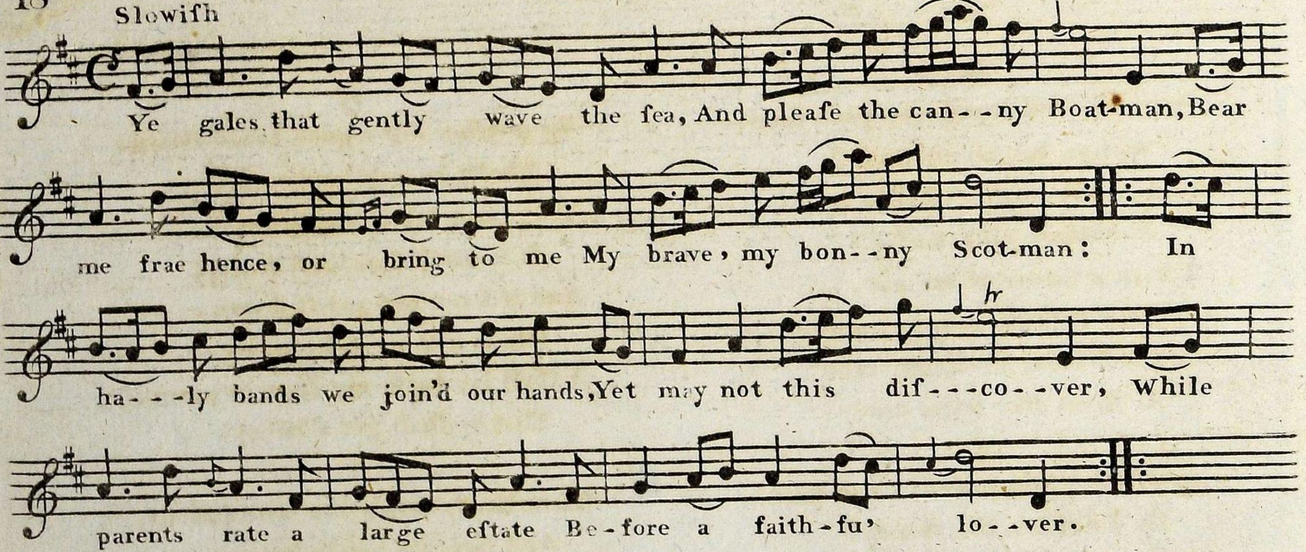
6

My gutcher left a good broad ſword,
Tho'it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right meaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.

7

Then Nanſy turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, did Sandy hear ye,
Ye widna miſs to get a clout;
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae had ye'r tongue, and ſae nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get Nanſy.

THE BOAT-MAN



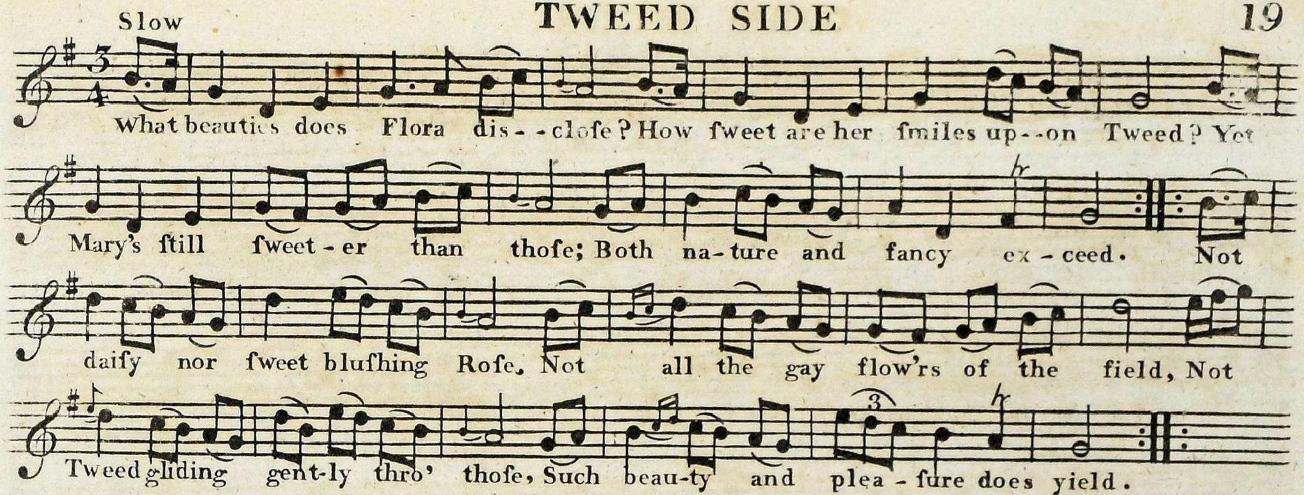
2

But I loor chufe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat-man,
Ere I cou'd for fic little ends
Refufe my bonny Scot-man.
Wae worth the man who firft began
The bafe ungen'rous fafhion,
Frae greedy views Love's art to ufe,
While ftrangers to its pafsion.

3

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Hafte to thy longing lafsie,
Wha pants to prefs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bofom hawfe thee.
Love gie's the word, then hafte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man;
Waft o'er, waft o'er frae yonder fhore,
My blyth my bonny Scot-man.

TWEED SIDE



2

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant every buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

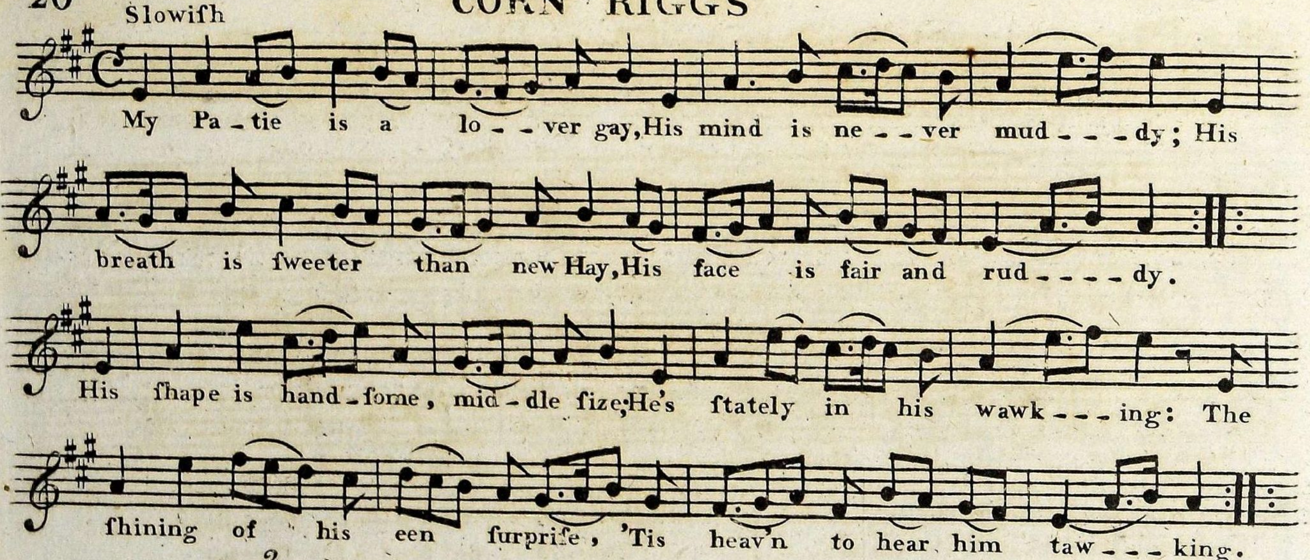
3

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep.
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To eaſe the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

4

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray!
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed!
Is it on the ſweet winding Tay,
Or pleaſanter banks of the Tweed.

CORN RIGGS



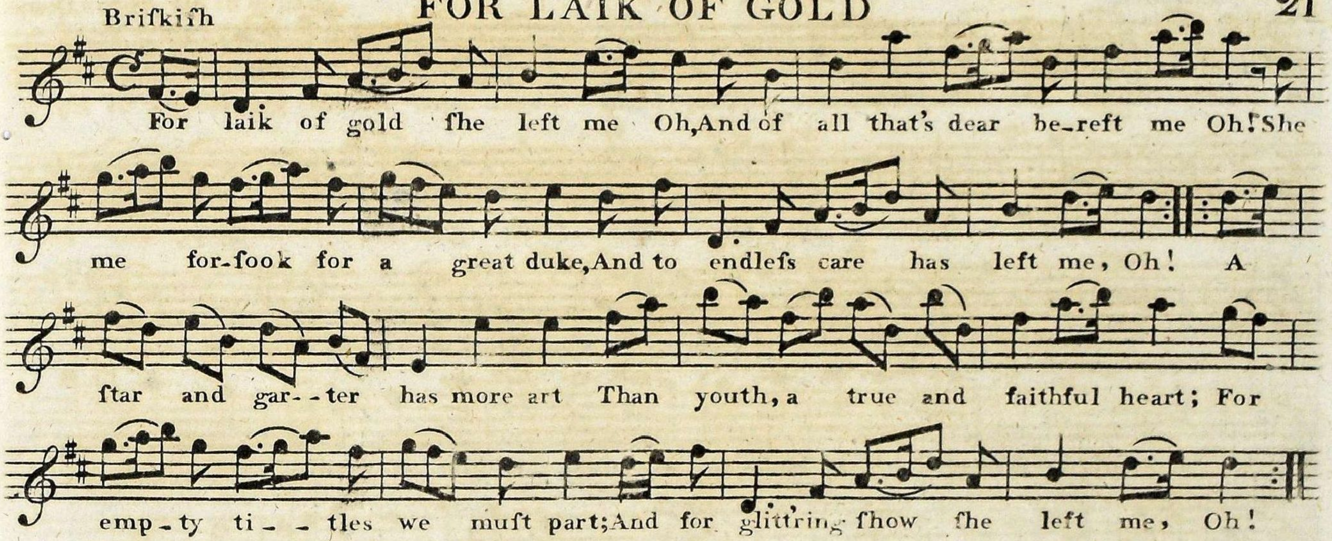
2

Last night I met him on the bawk,
Where yellow corn was growin-,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn riggs are bonny.

3

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely shou'd be granting;
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn riggs are bonny.

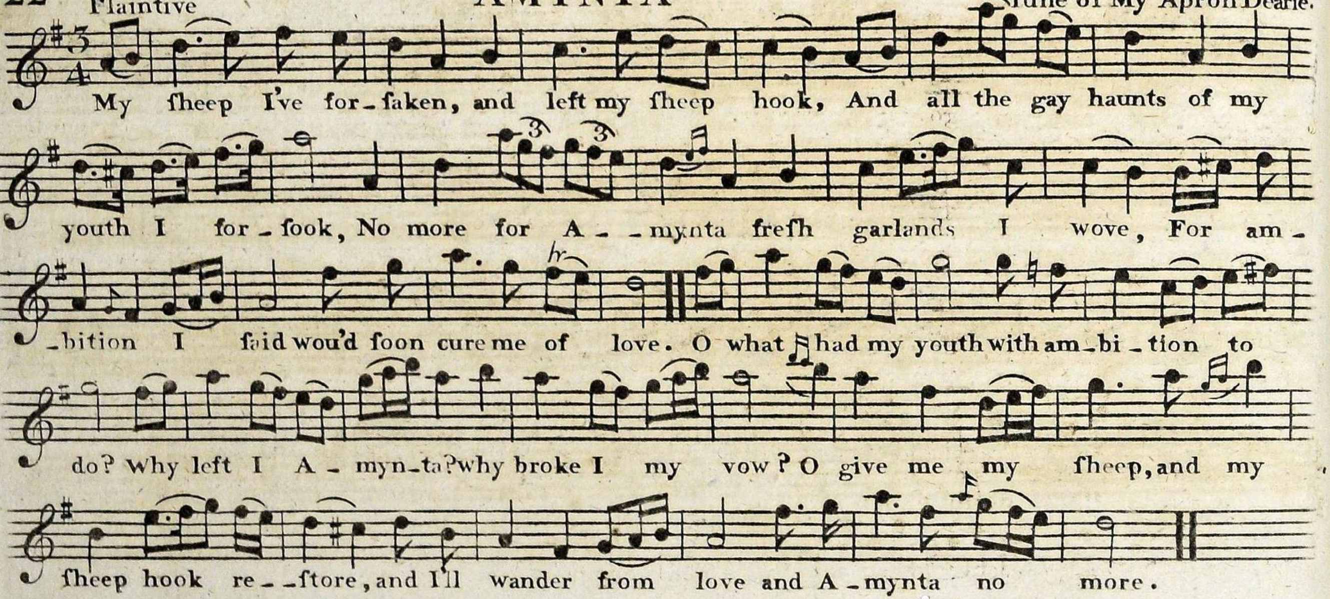
FOR LAIK OF GOLD



No cruel fair fhall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Thro'diftant climates I muft rove,
Since Jeanie fhe has left me, Oh!
Ye Pow'rs above, I to your care
Commit my lovely, charming fair;
Your choiceft blefsings on her fhare,
Tho' fhe's for ever left me, Oh!

AMYNTA

Plaintive — Tune of My Apron Dearie.



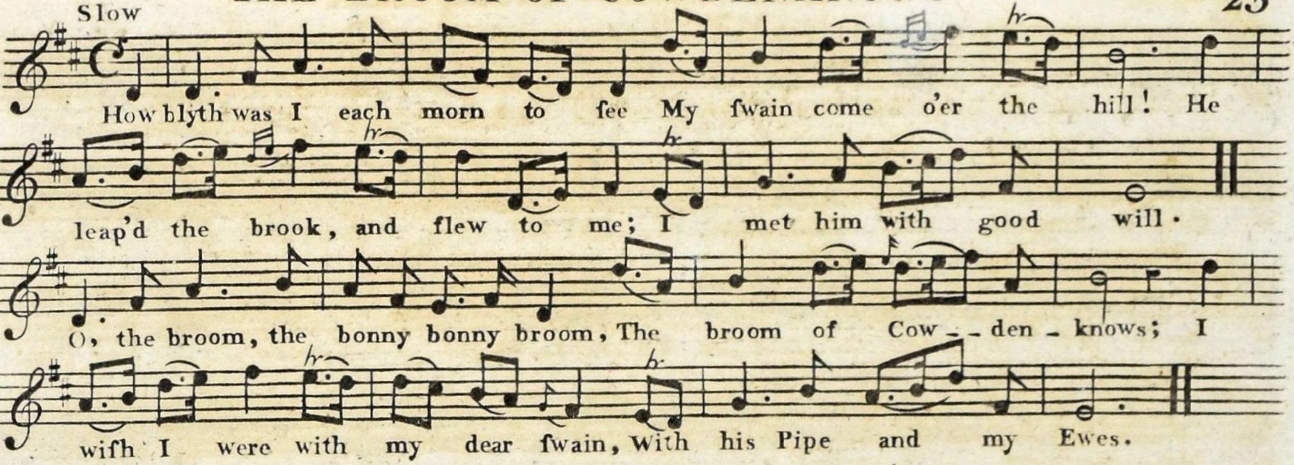
2

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me from love;
O fool, to imagine that ought can ſubdue
A love ſo well founded, a paſsion ſo true!
O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow.
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheep hook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

3

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor ſhepherd! Amynta no more can be mine;
Thy tears are all fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain;
The moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow.
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheep hook reſtore
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS



2

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks round me lay:
He gather'd in my fheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day. O, the broom, &c.

3

He tun'd his pipe and reed fo fweet,
The birds ftood lift'ning by;
The fleecy fheep ftood ftill and gaz'd
Charm'd with his melody. O, the broom, &c.

4

While thus we fpent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play;
I envy'd not the faireft dame,
Tho' e'er fo rich and gay. O, the broom, &c.

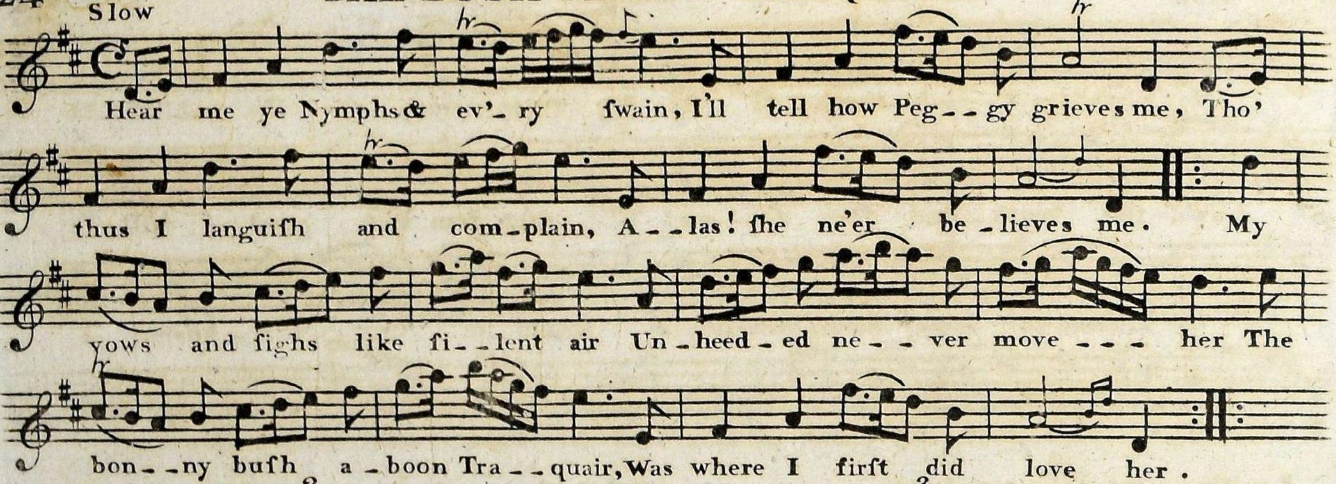
5

He did oblige me every hour,
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He ftole my heart; cou'd I refufe
Whate'er he afk'd of me? O, the broom, &c.

6

Hard fate that I muft banifh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becaufe I lov'd the kindeft fwain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where laft was my repofe:
I wifh I were with my dear fwain;
With his Pipe and my Ewes.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR



2

That day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſoothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

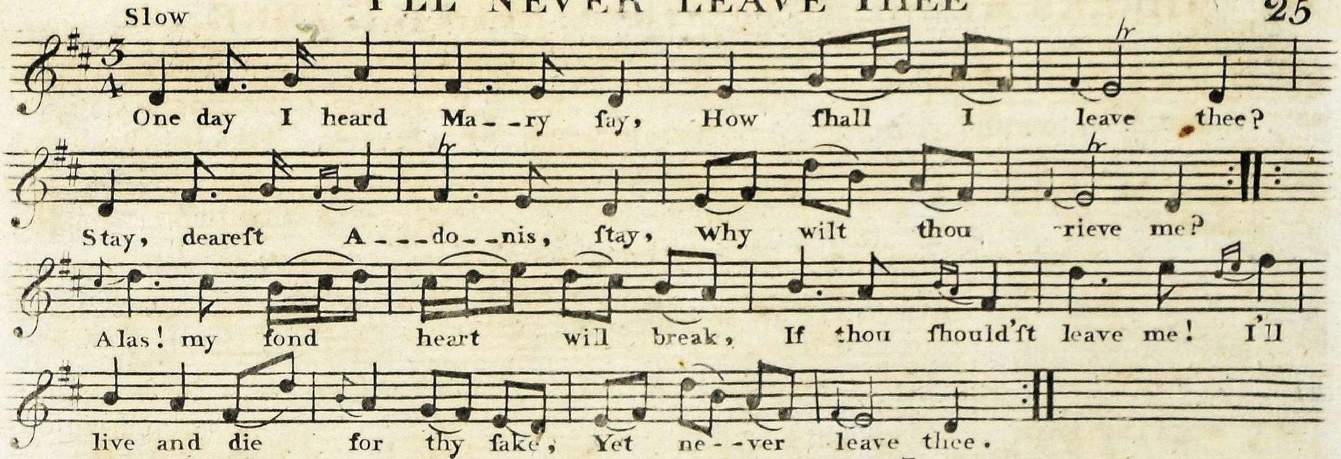
3

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain;
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May
It's ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

4

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me.
Oh! make her partner in my pains;
Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not my love will turn deſpair,
My paſsion no more tender;
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair;
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE



2

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love to grieve thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may'ſt believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

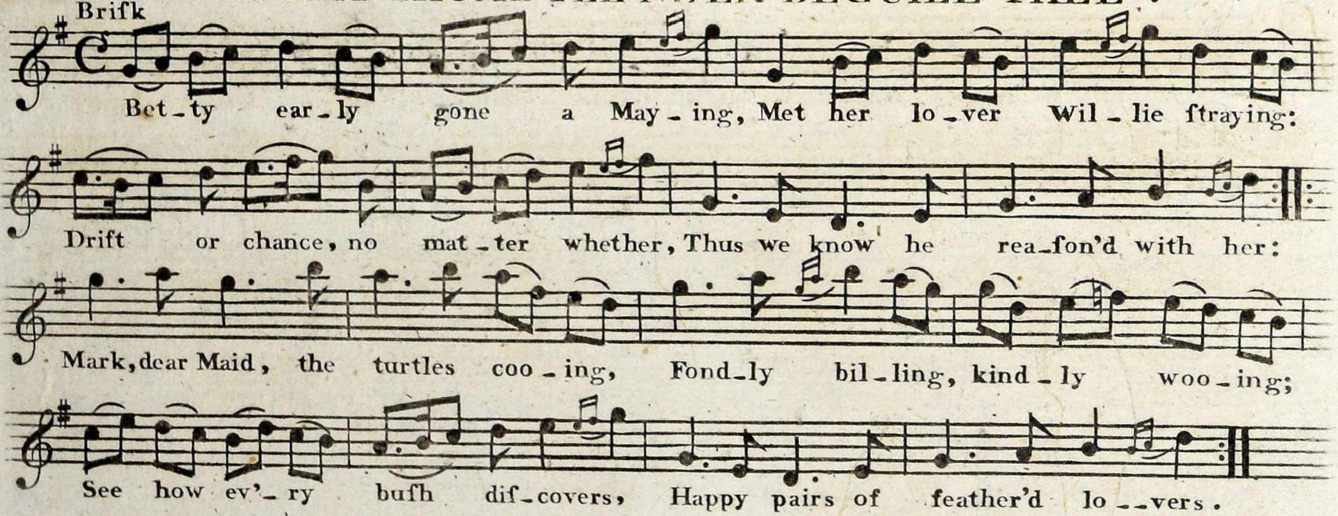
3

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguiſh ſoothe!
This breaſt ſhall receive thee:
My paſsion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

4

But leave thee — leave thee, lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad;
I'll never leave thee?
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.

THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.



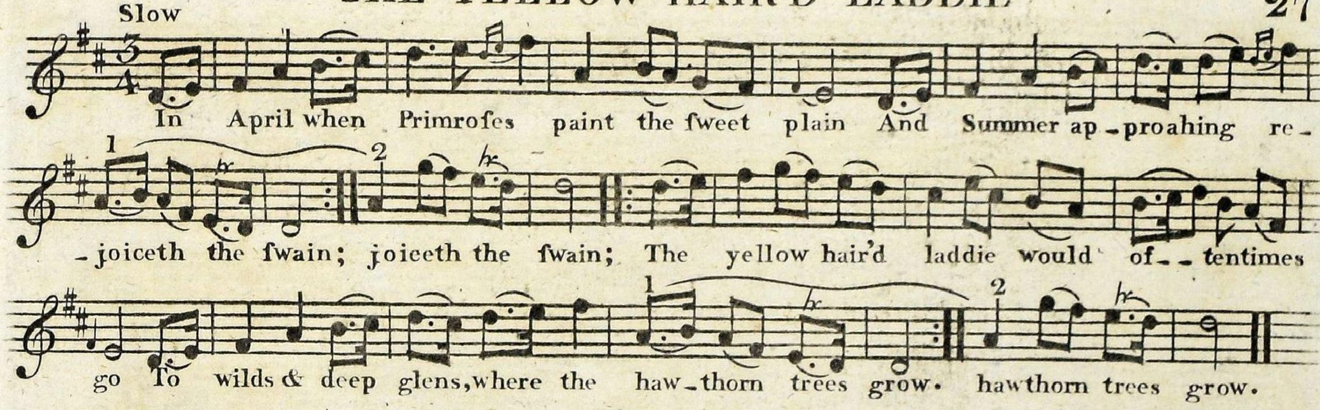
2

See the op'ning blufhing rofes,
All their fecret charms difclofes;
Sweet's the time, ah! fhort's the meafure,
Of their fleeting hafty pleafure!
Quickly we muft fnatch the favour
Of their foft and fragrant flavour;
They bloom to day, and fade tomorrow,
Droop their heads, and die in forrow.

3

Time, my Befs, will leave no traces
Of thofe beauties, of thofe graces;
Youth and love forbid our ftaying;
Love and youth abhor delaying;
Deareft maid, nay, do not fly me;
Let your pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful Willie,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE



2

There under the fhade of an old facred thorn,
With freedom he fung his loves ev'ning & morn:
He fang with fo faft and enchanting a found,
That fylvans and faries unfeen danc'd around.

3

The fhepherd thus fung: Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dafh'd with a fcornfu' proud air,
But Sufie was handfome, & fweetly could fing,
Her breath like the breezee perfum'd in the fpring.

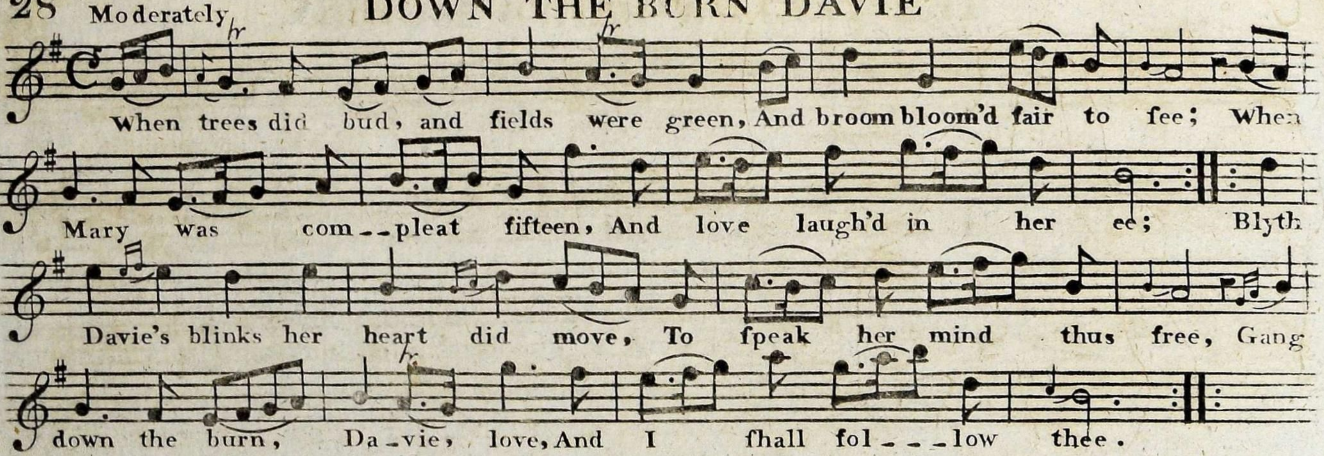
4

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconftant, & never fpoke truth;
But Sufie was faithful, good humour'd & free,
And fair as the goddefs who fprung from the fea.

5

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four;
Then fighing he wifhed, would parents agree,
The witty fweet Sufie his miftrefs might be.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE



2

Now Davie did each lad furpafs,
That dwelt on yon burn fide;
And Mary was the bonnieft lafs,
Juft meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rofy, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

3

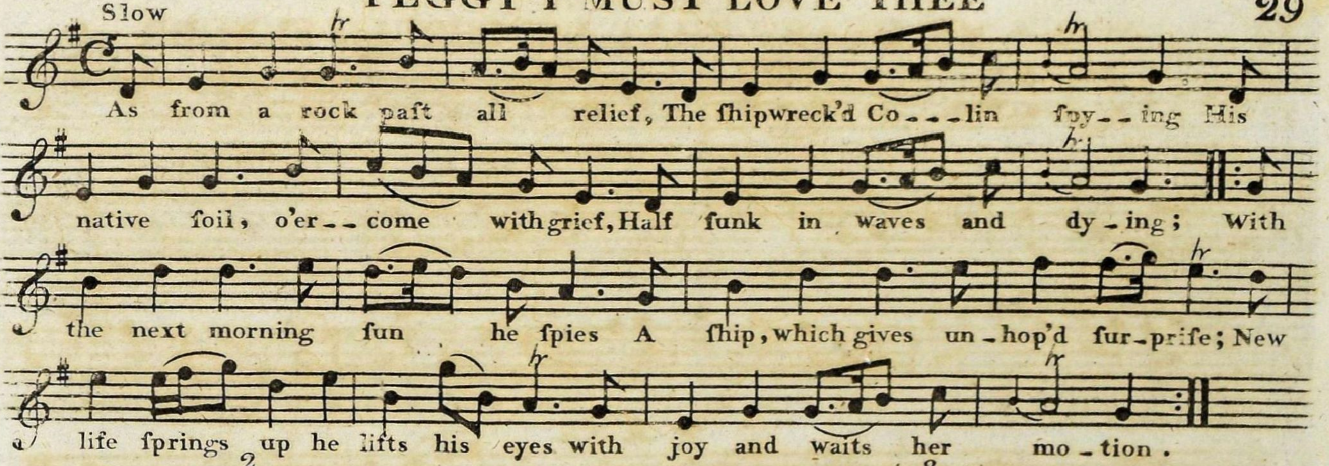
As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they faid.
His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
And with her bofom play'd;
'Till baith at length impatient grown
To be mair fully bleft,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only faw the reft.

4

What pafs'd, I guefs, was harmlefs play,
And naithing fure unmeet:
For ganging hame, I heard them fay,
They lik'd a wa'k fae fweet:

And that they aften fhould return,
Sic pleafure to renew.
Quoth Mary, love, I like the burn
And ay fhall follow you.

PEGGY I MUST LOVE THEE



2

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was and deſerted;
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droop'd I, 'till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd more baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

3

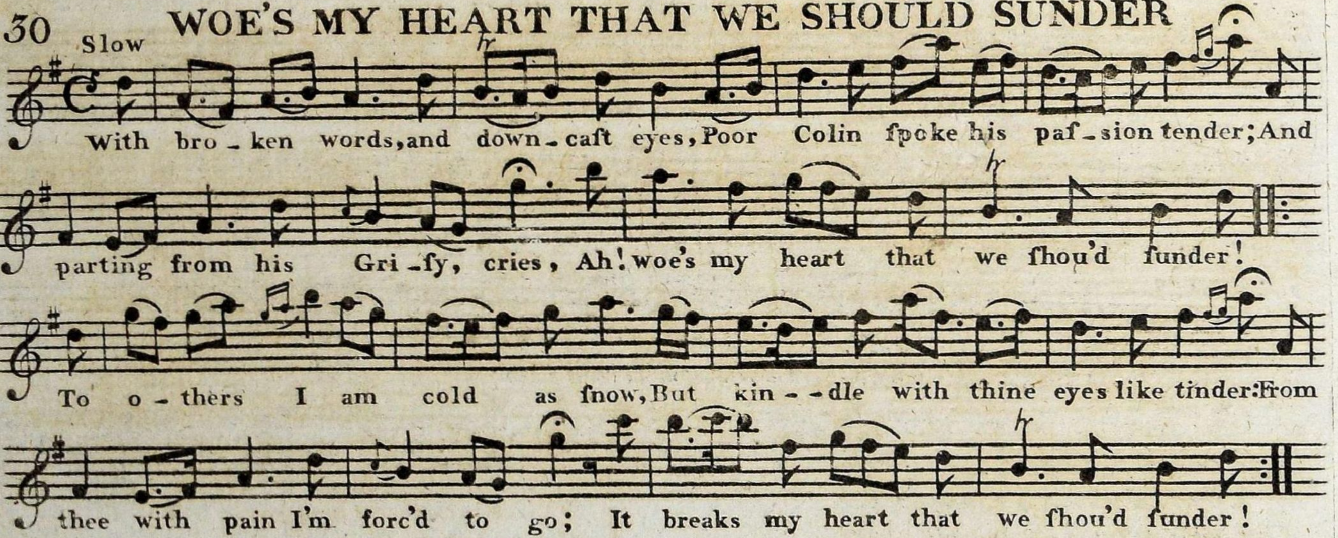
Then now, ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more denying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves by ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe:
Why ſhou'd we happy minutes loſe,
Since, Peggy, I muſt love thee?

4

Men may be fooliſh if they pleaſe,
And deem'd a lover's duty
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my caſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear;
Falſe Betty's charms now diſappear,
Since Peggy's far outſhine them.

WOE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER

Slow



2

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot move;
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder;
Nor time, nor place, ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder!
The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder;
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder!

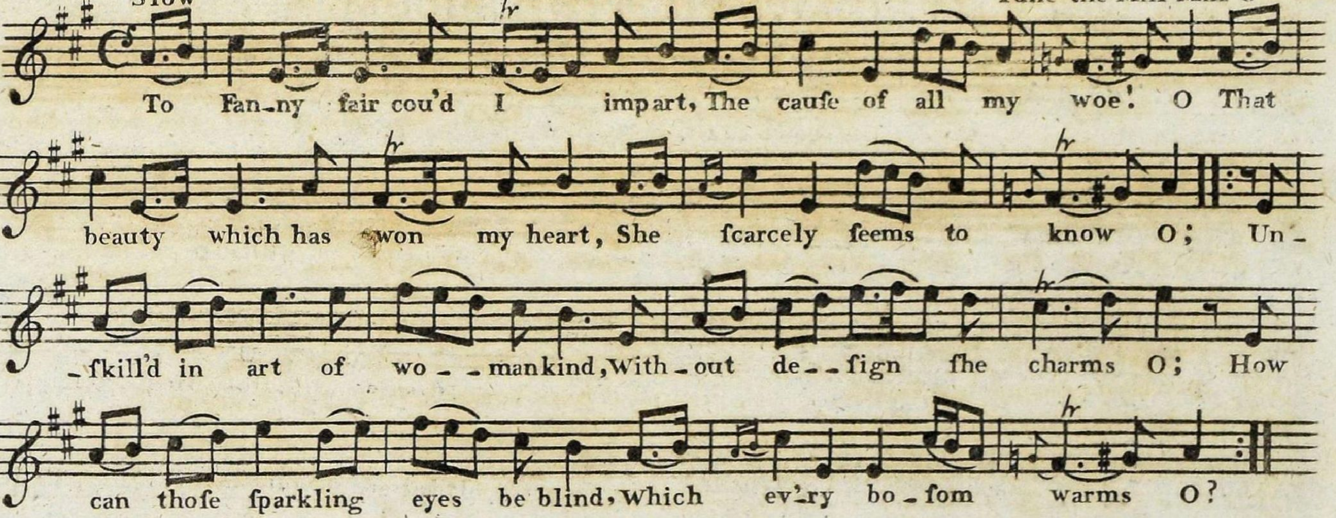
3

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me tho' we ſunder!
Ye Gods, take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder!

TO FANNY FAIR

Slow

Tune the Mill Mill O



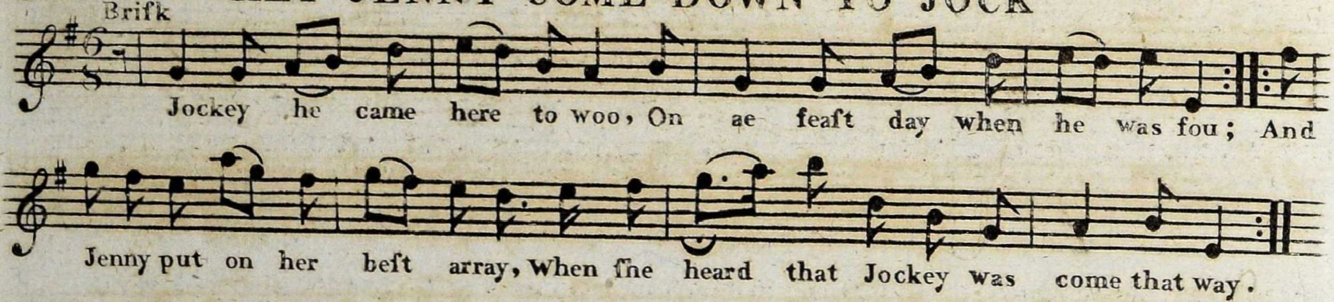
2

She knows her power is all deceit,
The conſcious bluſhes ſhow O
Thoſe bluſhes to the eye more ſweet
Than th'op'ning budding roſe O:
Yet the delicious fragrant roſe,
That charms the ſenſe ſo much O,
Upon a thorny briar grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch O.

3

At firſt when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was bleſt O;
But as I would approch more near,
At once I loſt my reſt O:
Th'inchanting ſight, the ſweet ſurprize,
Prepare me for my doom O;
One cruel look from thoſe bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb O.

HEY JENNY COME DOWN TO JOCK



2

Jenny ſhe gai'd up the ſtair,
Sae privily to change her ſmock;
And aye ſae loud her mither did rair,
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock!

3

Jenny ſhe came down the ſtair,
And ſhe came bakein and bingein ben
Her ſtays they were lac'd, and her waiſt it was jimp,
And a braw well made manti gown.

4

Jockey's ta'en her by the hand,
Says bonny laſs, will ye fancy me?
My father is dead and left me ſome land
Wi' braw houſes, twa or three;

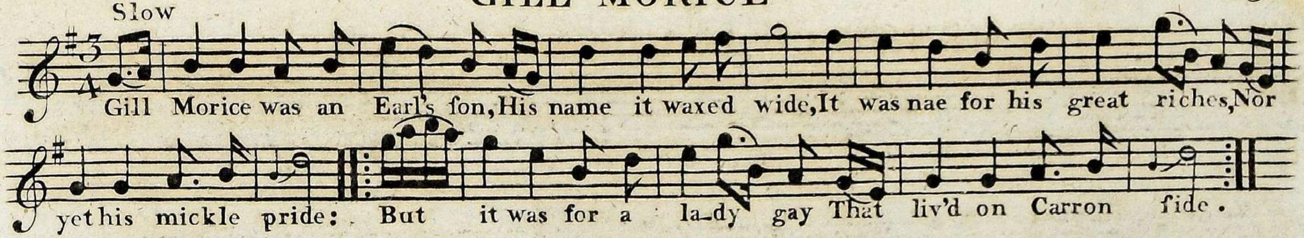
5

And I will gi' them a' to you,
A heath, quoth Jenny, I fear ye mock.
Then foul fa' me gin it be nae true,
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

6

Jenny ſhe's gane up the gate,
And a' her coats as white as her ſmock,
And ae ſo loud as her mither did cry,
Wow, ſirs, has nae Jenny got Jock!

GILL MORICE



2

Where will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoſe & ſhoon,
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady cum?
Ye maun rin this errand, Willie,
And ye may rin wi' pride;
When other boys gae on their feet,
On horſeback ye ſall ride.

3

Oh no! Oh no! my maſter dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll nae gae to the auld Baron's
For to tryſt furth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie, he ſaid,
How can ye ſtrive againſt the ſtream?
For I ſall be obey'd.

4

But, Oh my maſter dear, he cry'd,
In Green Wood ye're your lane;
Gi' o'er ſic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
For fear ye ſhou'd be ta'en.
Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha',
Bid her come here wi' ſpeed:
If ye refuſe my high command,
I'll gar thy body bleed.

5

Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' good but the hem;
Bid her cum to the good Green Wood,
And bring nane but her lane:
And there it is, a ſilken ſark;
And her hand ſew'd the ſleeve;
And bid her cum to Gill Morice:
Speer nae bauld Baron's leave.

6

I will gae your black errand,
Tho' it be to thy coſt;
Sen ye by me will ne'er be warn'd,
In it ye ſall find froſt.
The Baron he's a man of might,
He ne'er coud bide a taunt,
As ye will ſee before it's night;
How ſma ye'll hae to vaunt.

7

Now, ſen I maun your errand rin,
Sae fair againſt my will,
I'ſe make a vow, & keep it true,
It ſall be done for ill.
And when he came to broken brigg,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And when he came to graſs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

8

And when he came to Barnard's ha',
Wau'd neither chap nor ca';
But fet his bent bow to his breift,
And lightly lap the wa'.
He wau'd tell nae man his errand,
Tho' twa ftood at the gate;
Bot ftraight into the ha' he cam,
Whair grit folks fit at meat.

9

Hail! hail! my gentle fire & dame!
My mefsage winna' wait;
Dame, ye maun to the GreenWood gang,
Before that it be late;
Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' good but the hem:
Ye maun gae to the good GreenWood
Ev'n by yourfelf alane.

10

And there it is, a filken fark;
Your ain hand few'd the fleeve;
Ye maun come fpeak to Gill Morice;
Speir nae bauld Baron's leave.
The lady ftamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her eye;
Bot a' that fhe could fay or do,
Forbid he wad nae be.

11

It's furely to my bow'r woman;
It ne'er cou'd be to me.
I brought it to Lady Barnard,
I trow that ye be fhe.
Then up & fpake the wylie nurfe,
(The bairn upon her knee)
If it be come frae Gill Morice,
It's dear welcome to me.

12

Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurfe,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
I brought it to Lady Barnard:
I trow ye be na fhe.
Then up & fpake the bauld Baron;
An angry man was he;
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
In flinders gart a' flee.

13

Gae bring a robe of yon cliding,
That hings upon a pin;
And I'll gae to the good GreenWood,
And fpeak with your leman.
Bide at hame now, Lord Barnard,
I warn ye bide at hame;
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

14

Gill Morice fits in good GreenWood,
He whiftled and he fang;
O what means a' thefe folks coming;
My mother tarries lang.
When Lord Barnard to GreenWood came,
Wi' meikle dule and care;
There firft he faw the brave Gill Morice
Keming his yellow hair.

15

Nae wonder, fure, Oh Gill Morice,
My lady loo'd ye weel,
The faireft part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
Yet ne'erthelefs, now Gill Morice,
For a' thy great beauty,
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born
That head fall gae wi' me

16

Now he has drawn his trufty brand,
And flait it on the ftrae;
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
He's gard cauld iron gae,
And he has ta'en Gill Morice' head,
And fet it on a fpeir;
The meaneft man in a' his train
Has got that head to bear.

17

And he has ta'en Gill Morice up,
Laid him acrofs his fteid,
And brought him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady fat on caftle wa',
Beheld both dale and down,
And there fhe faw Gill Morice' head
Come trailing to the town.

18

Far mare I loo that bloody head,
Bot' and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, & a' his lands,
As they lie here and there.
And fhe has ta'en her Gill Morice,
And kifs'd both mouth & chin,
I once was fow of Gill Morice,
As hip was o' the ftane.

19

I got ye in my father's houfe,
Wi' miekle fin and fhame;
I brought thee up in good Green Wood,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle fat,
And fondly feen thee fleep;
But now I'll go about your grave,
The fa't tears for to weep.

20

And fyne fhe kifs'd his bloodcheek,
And fyne his bloody chin,
Better I loo'd my Gill Morice,
Than a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ye ill woman!
An ill deed mait ye die;
Gin I had ken'd he'd been your fon,
He'd ne'er been flain for me.

21

Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard,
Upbraid me not, for fhame!
Wi' that fame fpeir, O pierce my heart!
And put me out of pain.
Since naithing but Gill Morice' head,
Thy Jealous rage can quell,
Let that fame hand now take her life
That ne'er to thee did ill.

22

To me no after days nor nights
Will e'er be faft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy fighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enough of bloods by me's been fpilt;
Seek not your death frae me;
I rather it had been myfell
Than either him or thee.

23

With waefow wae I hear your plaint,
Sair, fair, I rew the deed,
That e'er this curfed hand of mine
Did gar his body bleed.
Dry up your tears, my windfome dame,
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;
You fee his head upon my fpeir,
His heart's blood on the ground.

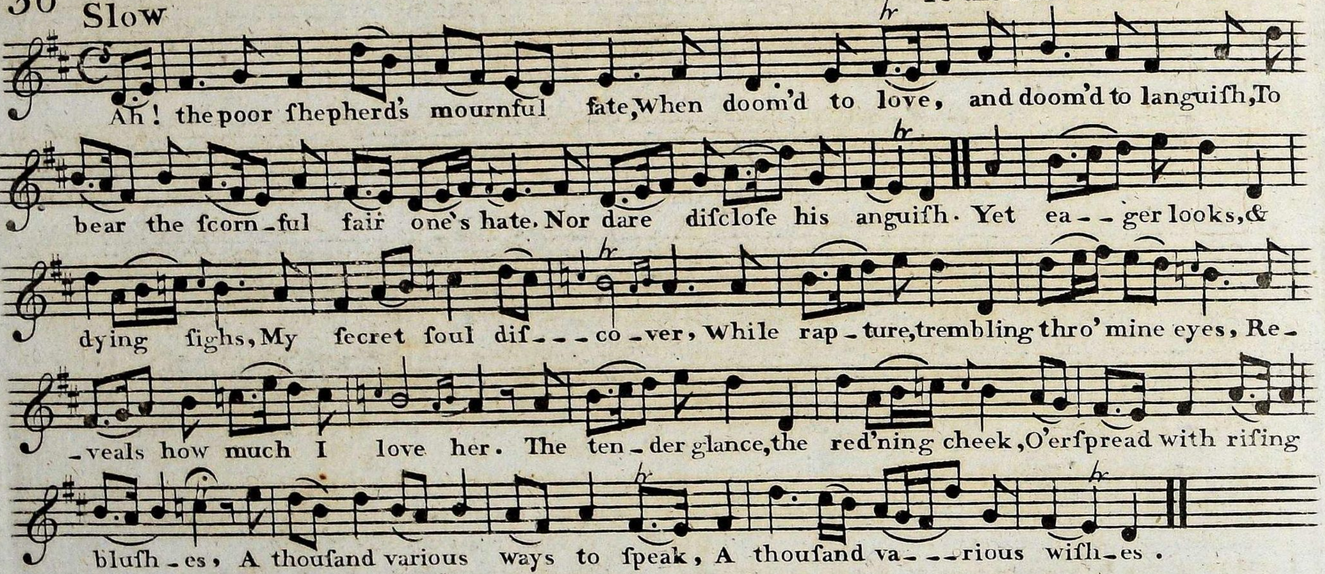
24

I curfe the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thought the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' fic fpeed
The comely youth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was flain.

AH! THE POOR SHEPHERDS

To the Tune of Gallowſhiels

Slow

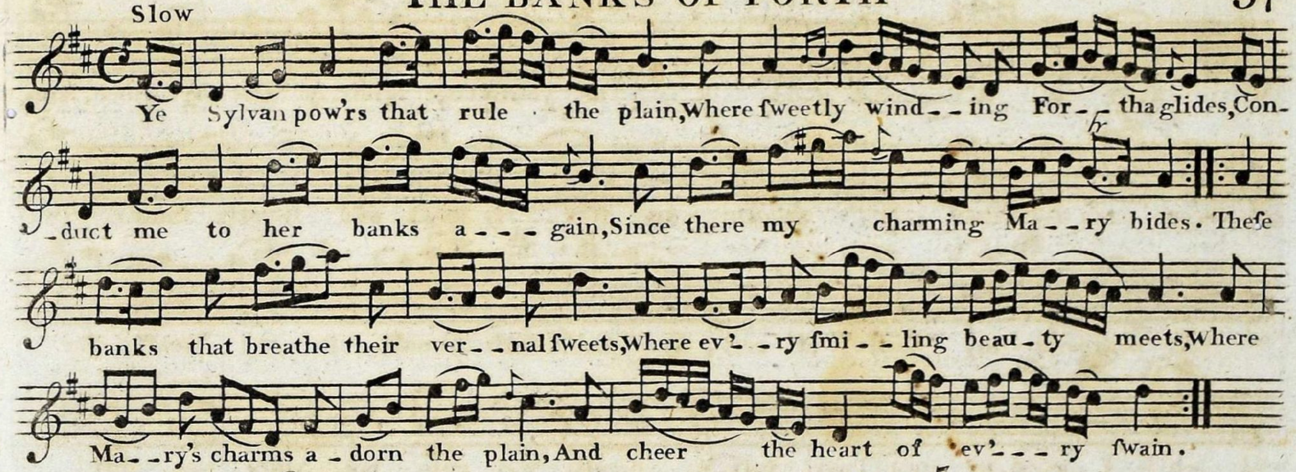


2

For Oh! that form ſo heav'nly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling;
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and ev'ry grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;

'Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes purſue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

THE BANKS OF FORTH



2

Oft in the thick embow'ring grove,
  Where birds their muſic chirp aloud
Alternately we ſung our loves,
  And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral ſmile
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely proſpect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the ſky.

3

Once on the graſsy bank reclin'd,
  Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
  The charming Mary lull'd aſleep;
My heart then leap'd with inward bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd and ſtole a kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and gently blam'd,
Why, Damon! are you not aſham'd?

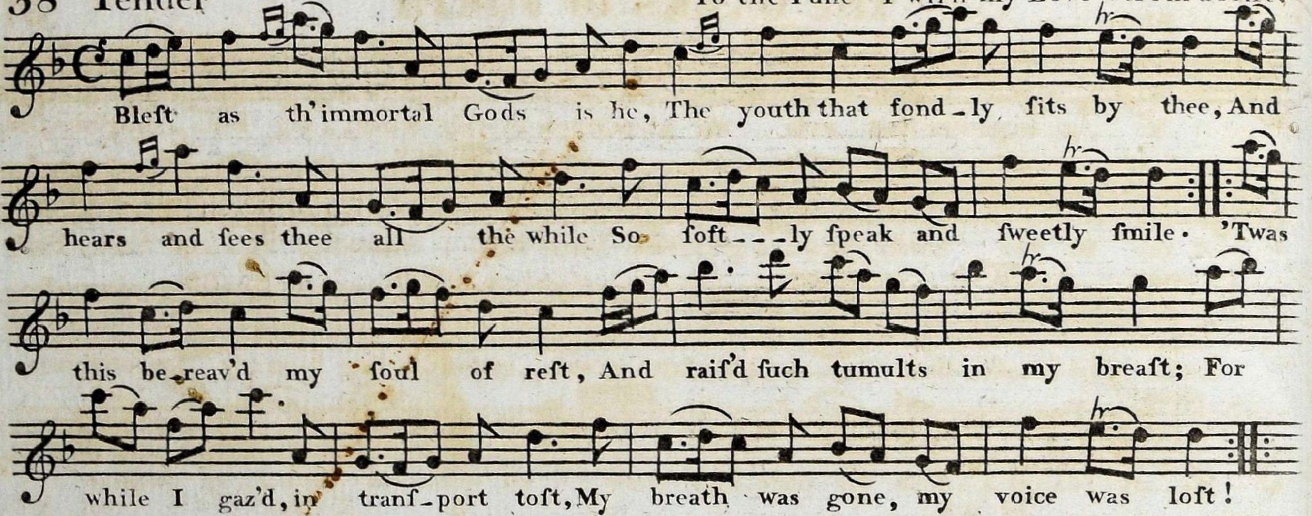
4

Ye ſylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,
  To whom we ſwains our cares impart,
Reſtore me to theſe bleſs'd abodes,
  And eaſe, Oh! eaſe my love ſick heart:
Theſe happy days again reſtore,
When Mall and I ſhall part no more,
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing arms,
And crown my bliſs with all her charms.

BLEST AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS

 Tender

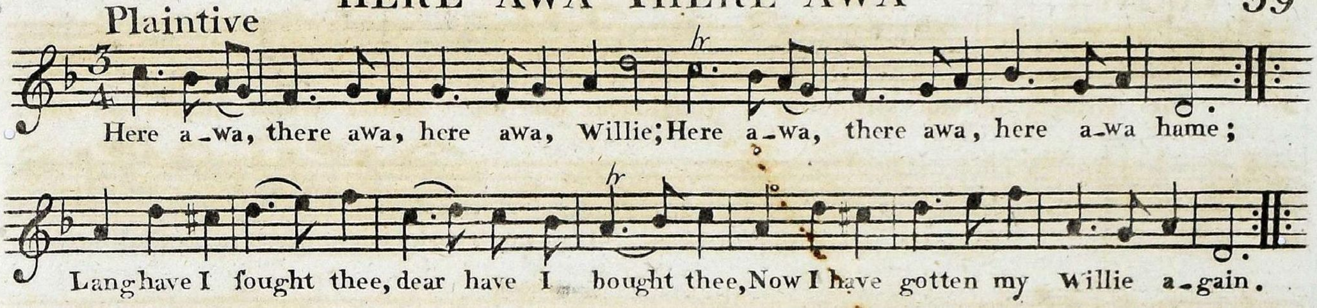
To the Tune "I wifh my Love were in a Mire".



2

My bofom glow'd; the fubtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darknefs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulfe forgot to play;
I fainted, funk, and dy'd away!

HERE AWA THERE AWA



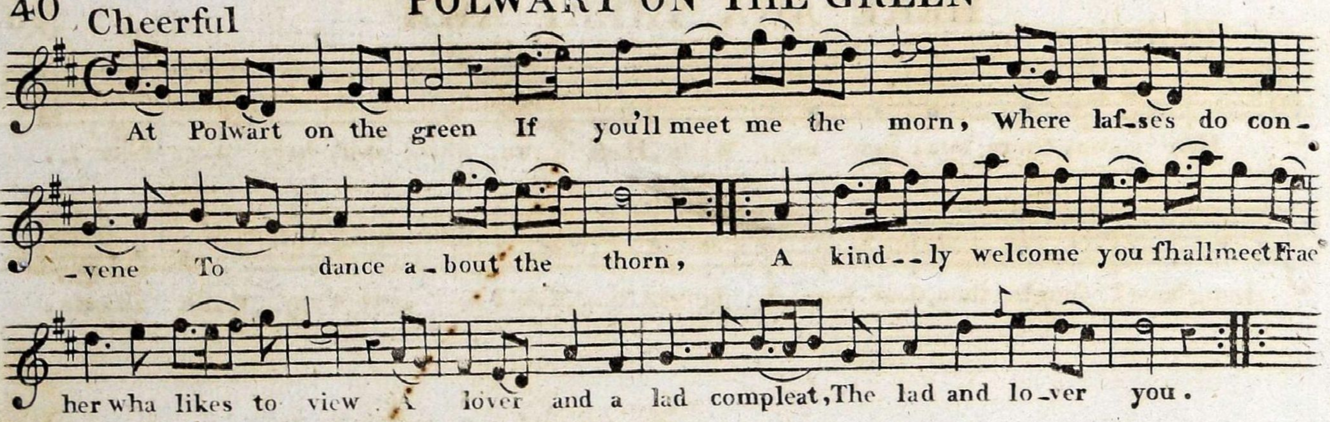
2

Through the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
Through the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
Whate'er betide us, nought ſhall divide us;
Love now rewards all my ſorrow and pain.

3

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
Come love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleaſes while Willie's at hame.

POLWART ON THE GREEN



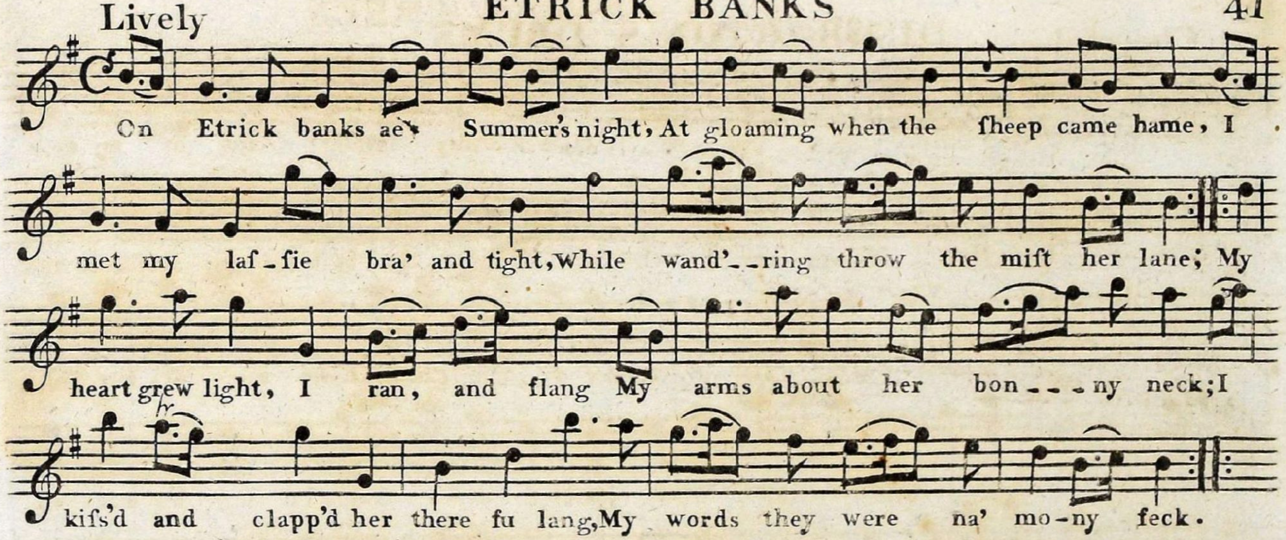
2

Let dorty dames ſay na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the Snaw,
While inwardly they bleeze:
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs nae to be free.

3

At Polwart on the green,
Among the new mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome day;
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To tak a part of mine.

ETRICK BANKS



2

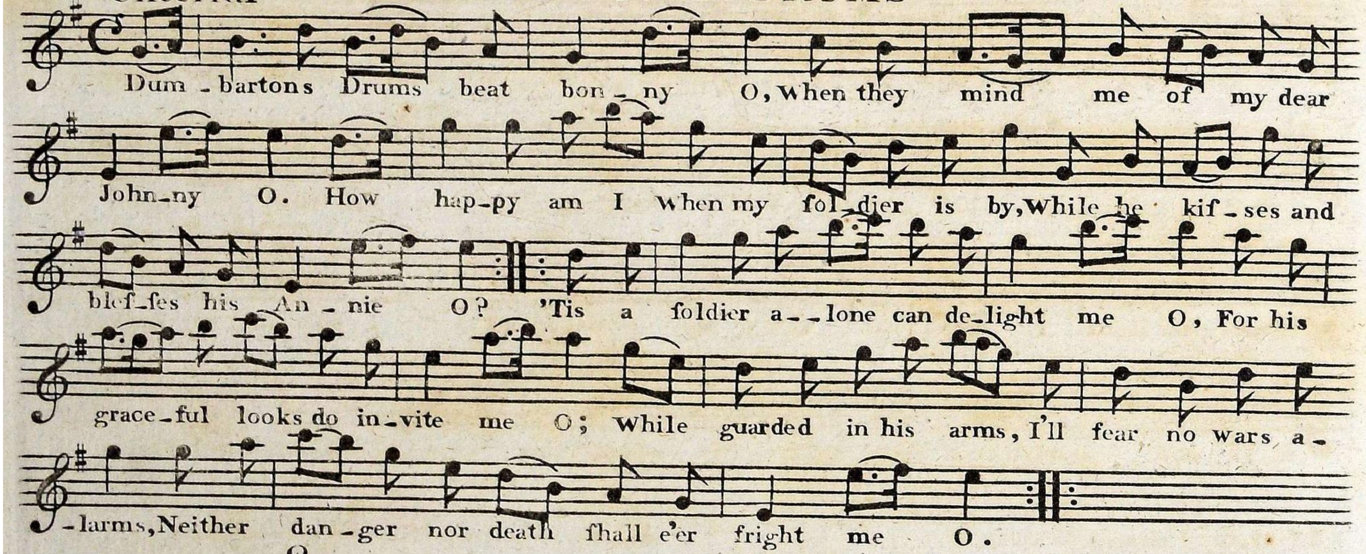
I said, my lassie, will ye go
To Highland hills, the Erse to learn.
And ye shall hae baith cow and yew,
When you come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith there's meal comes in, (ne'er fash)
And herring at the broomy law;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

3

All day, when we had toil'd enough,
When Winter's frost and snaw begin,
And when the sun gaes west the Loch,
At night when you fa' fast to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
And thus the dreary night we'll end,
Till tender kids and lamb - time bring
Our pleasant Summer back again.

Cheerful

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS



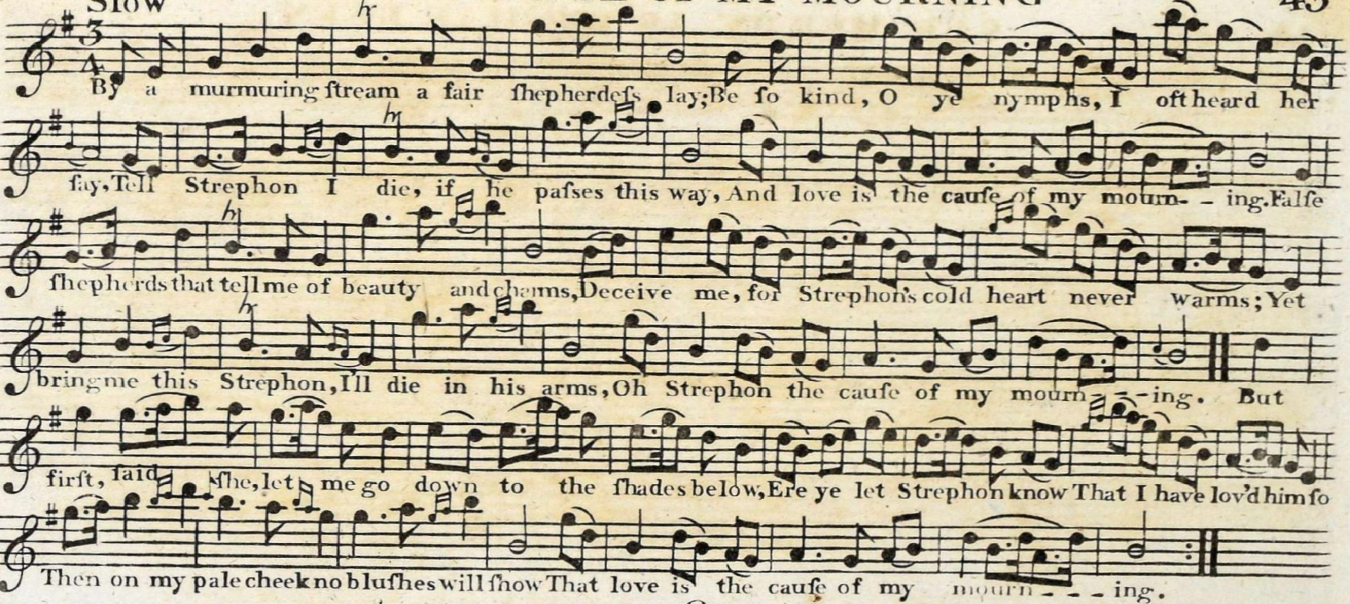
2

My love is a handſome laddie O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy O:
Tho' commiſsions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him ane this year,
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a cadie O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery O,
Unacquainted with rogues & their knavery O:
He minds no other thing,
But the ladies or the king!
For every other care is but ſlavery O.

3

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady O,
Farewell all my friends and my daddy O:
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready O.
Dumbarton's drums ſounds bonny O;
They are ſprightly, like my dear Johnny O,
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſses and he bleſses his Annie O!

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING

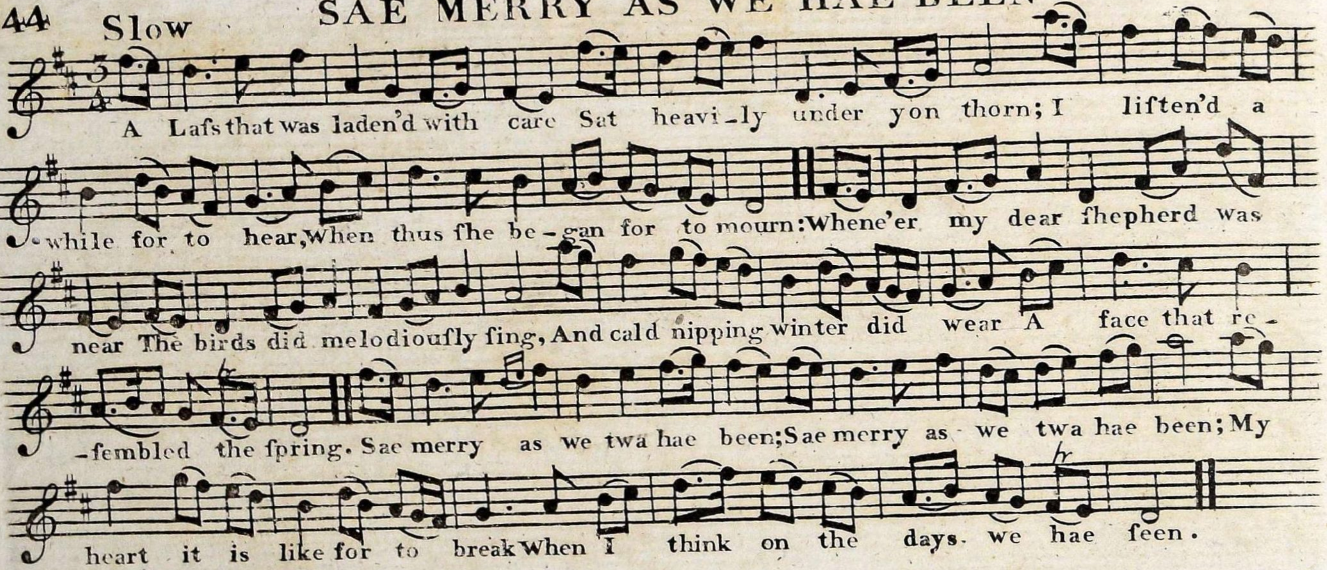


2

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſ'd when Strephon came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh
But finding her breathleſs, Oh Heav'n's did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the cauſe of my mourning.
Reſtore me, my Chloris, ye nymphs uſe your art,
They, ſighing, reply'd, 'twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.
Ah, then, is Chloris dead,
Wounded by me! he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
Down to the ſilent ſhade.
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leanin his head
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

SAE MERRY AS WE HAE BEEN

Slow

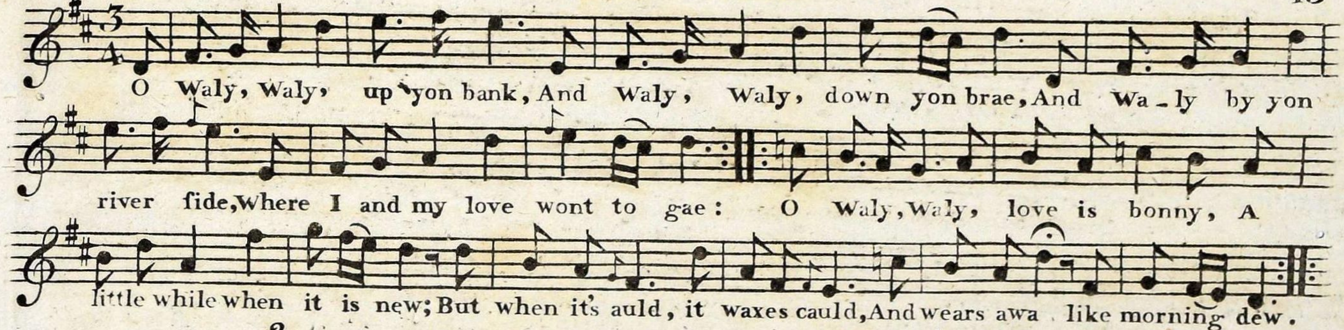


Our flocks feeding clofe by his fide,
He gently prefsing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
My dear, he would aft to me fay,
What makes you hard hearted to me?
Oh! why do you thus turn away
Frae him wha is dying for thee?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my fight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the reft of the folk
Were merrily feated to fpin,
I fet myfelf under an oak,
And heavily figh'd for him.
Sae merry, &c.

Slow

WALY WALY



2

I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty tree!
But firſt it bow'd, and ſine it brak,
And ſae did my fauſe love to me.
When cockle ſhells turn ſiller bells,
And muſsels grow on ev'ry tree;
When froſt and ſnaw ſhall warm us a',
Then ſhall my love prove true to me.

3

Now Arthur's ſeat ſhall be my bed,
The ſheets ſhall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
St. Anton's well ſhall be my drink,
Since my true love's forſaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,
And tak a life that wearies me?

4

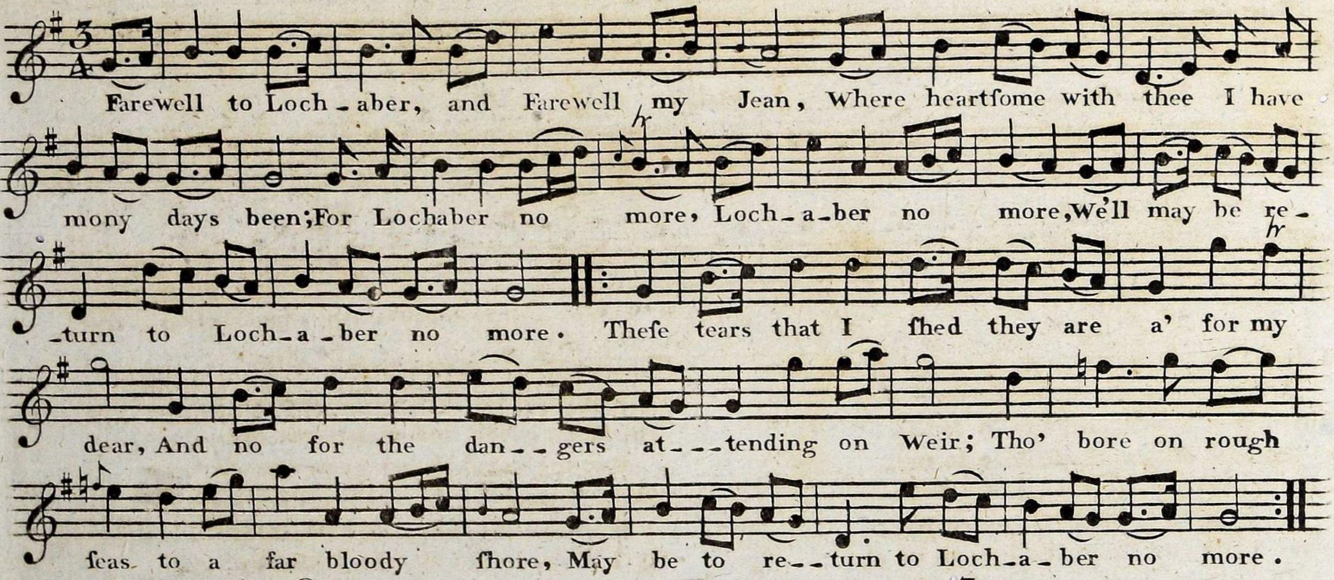
'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemency,
'Tis no ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glaſgow town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee;
My love was clad in velvet black,
And I myſelf in cramaſie.

5

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd
That love had been ſae ill to win,
I'd lockt my heart in caſe of gold,
And pinn'd it with a ſilver pin.
Oh! Oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee,
And I myſell were dead and gane,
For maid again I'll never be!

 Slow

LOCHABER



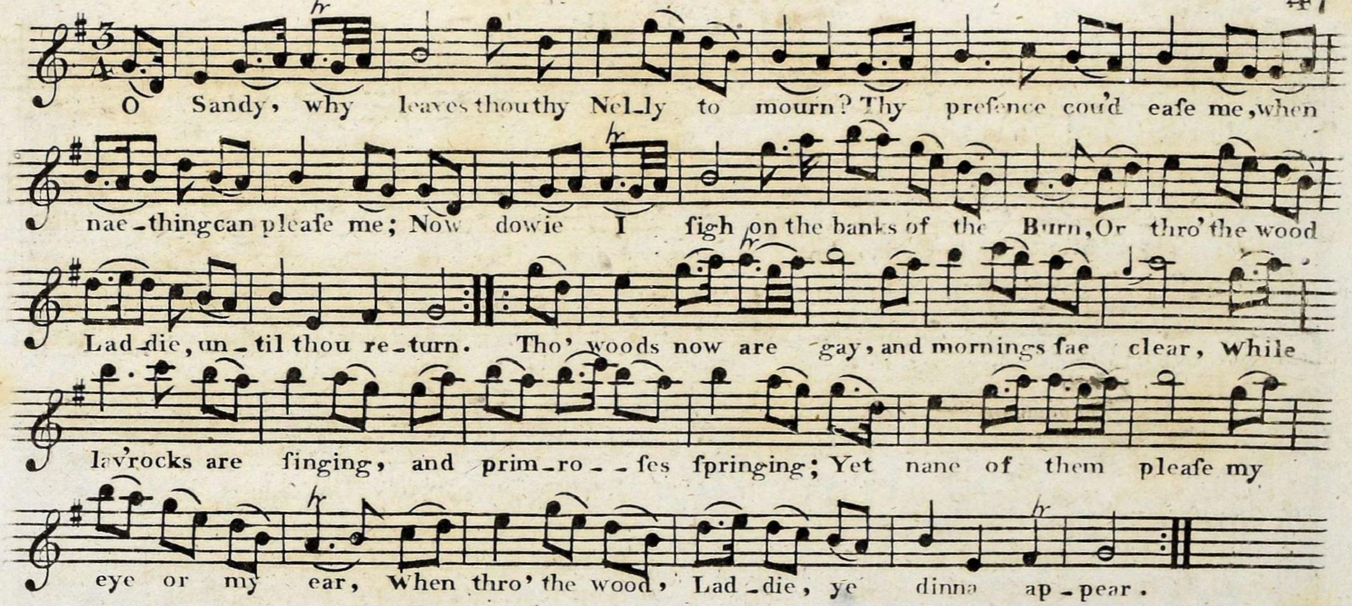
2

Tho' hurricanes rife and rife ev'ry wind
They'll ne'er make a tempeft like that in my mind;
Tho' loudeft of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my love on the fhore,
To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd;
By eafe that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I muft deferve it before I can crave.

3

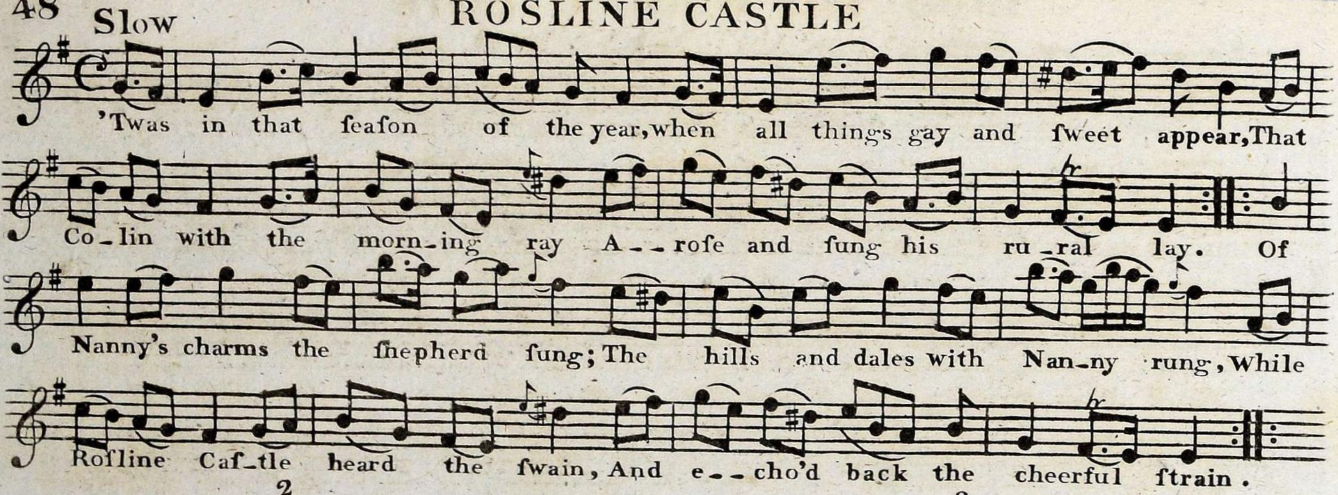
Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excufe,
Since honour commands me, how can I refufe.
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lafs, to win honour and fame,
And if I have luck to come glorioufly hame,
A heart I'll bring to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE



That I am forfaken, fome fpare not to tell:
I'm 'fafh'd wi' their fcorning,
Baith evening and morning;
Their jeering gaces aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, Laddie, I wander my fell.
Then ftay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away;
But quick as an arrow,
Hafte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour, 'till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, fing and play.

ROSLINE CASTLE



2

Awake, ſweet muſe! the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms: awake and ſing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a ſong;
To Nanny raiſe the cheerful lay;
O! bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

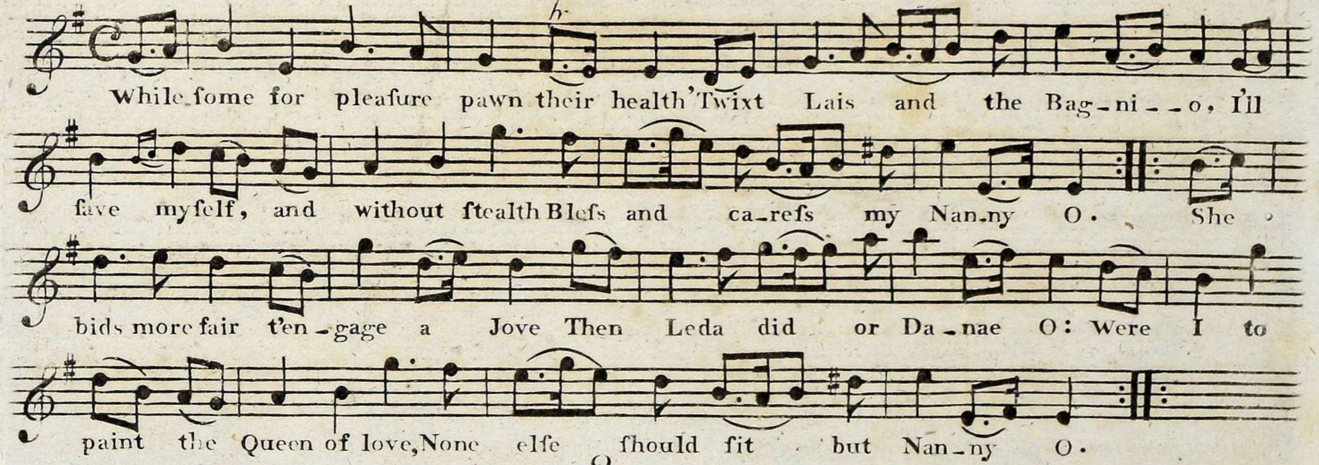
3

O hark, my love! on ev'ry ſpray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng;
And love inſpires the melting ſong:
Then let my raptur'd notes ariſe;
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

4

O! come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine:
O! hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the ſpring;
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd breaſt of mine!

MY NANNY O



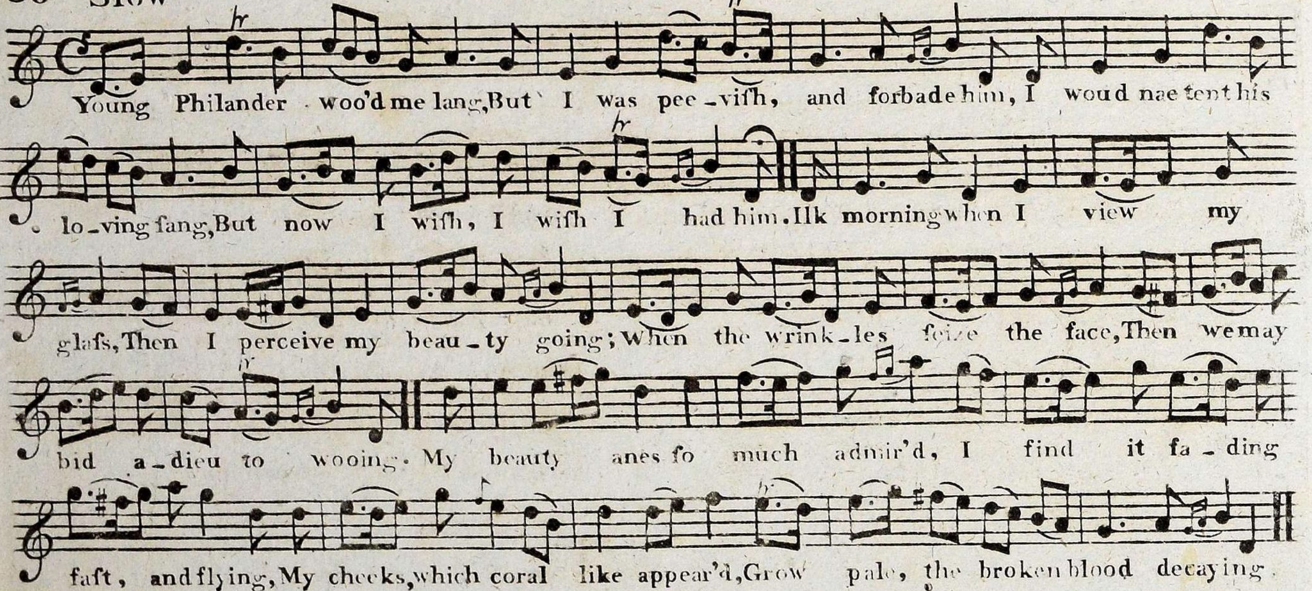
2

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely O!
I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely O.
Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I
Breathe in the bless'd Britannia, O
None's happiness I shall envy,
As long's ye grant me Nanny O.

My bonny, bonny, Nanny O
My lovely charming Nanny O;
I care not tho' the whole world know
How dearly I love Nanny O.

YOUNG PHILANDER

Slow



2

Ah! we may fee ourfelves to be
Like fummer fruit that is unfhaken;
When ripe, they foon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.
Ufe then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil
Fifteen is a feafon rare,
But five and twenty is the devil.
Juft when ripe, confent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
Women are like other fruit,
They lofe their relifh when too mellow.

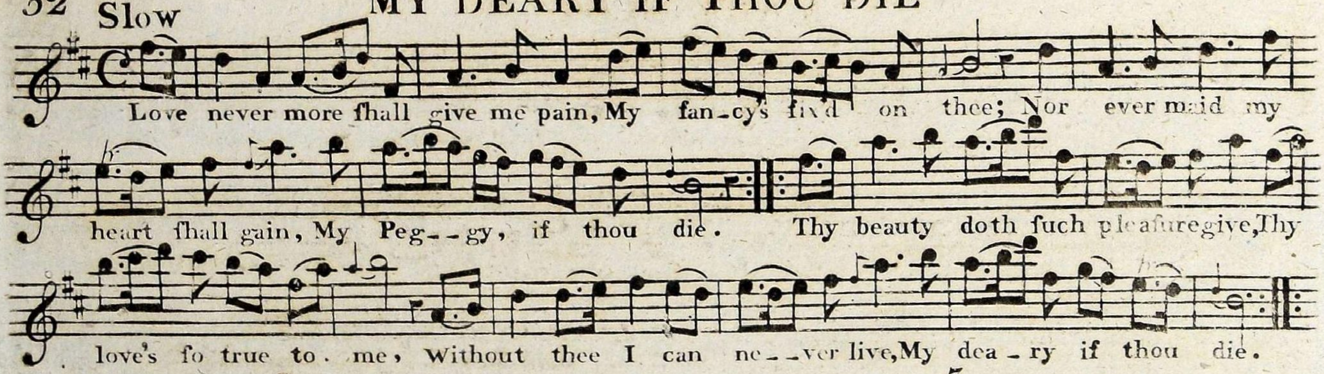
3

If oppertunity be loſt,
You'll find it hard to be regained;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
Tho' but myſel nane can be blamed:
If then your fortune you reſpect,
Take the occaſion when it offers;
Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,
Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.
I, by his fond expreſsions, thought
That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
But now, alas !'tis turn'd to nought,
And paſt my hope he's gane a ranging.

4

Dear maidens, then, take my advice,
And let nae coyneſs prove your ruin;
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
Your ſuiters will give over wooing.
Then maidens auld you nam'd ſhall be,
And in that fretful rank be number'd,
As lang as life; and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
A puniſhment and hatred brand,
With which we cannot be contented:
Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
That the miſtake may be prevented.

MY DEARY IF THOU DIE



2

If fate ſhall tear thee from my breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waſte,
In ſighs the ſilent day.
I ne'er can ſo much virtue find,
Nor ſuch perfection ſee;
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee.

3

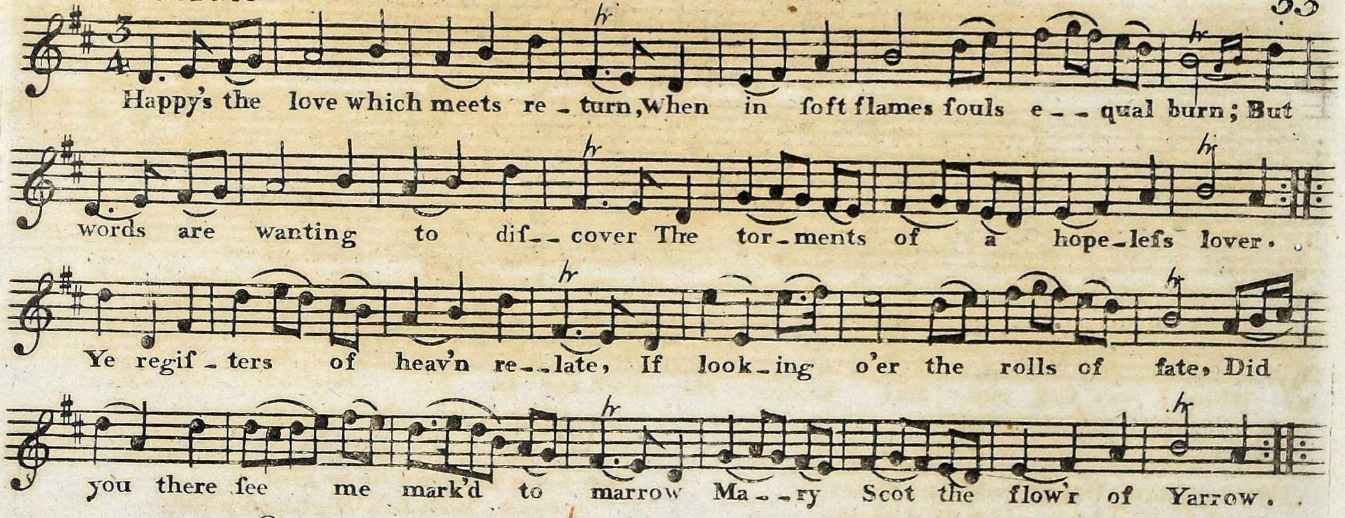
No new blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, who can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage.
'Twas this that, like the morning ſun,
Gave Joy and life to me;
And when its deſtin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

4

Ye pow'rs that ſmile on virtuous love,
And in ſuch pleaſures ſhare;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair:
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from theſe arms,
I'm loſt, if Peggy die.

MARY SCOT

Moderate



2

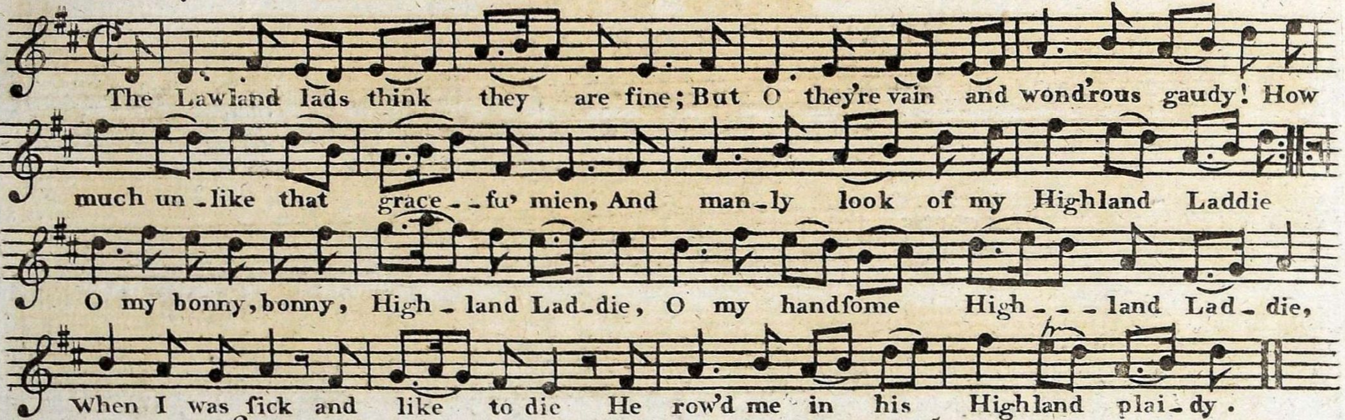
Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the Gods above must share;
While mortals with despair implore her,
And at a distance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile:
Revive and bless me with a smile:
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

3

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair!
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish.
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

Lively

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE



2

If I were free at will to chuse
  To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
  With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

3

The bravest beau in Burrows town,
  In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown,
  He's finer far in's Tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

4

O'er Benty hill with him I'll run,
  And leave my Lawland kin and dady;
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
  He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
  O my bonny, &c.

5

A painted room, and silken bed,
  May please a Lawland Laird or Lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
  Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

6

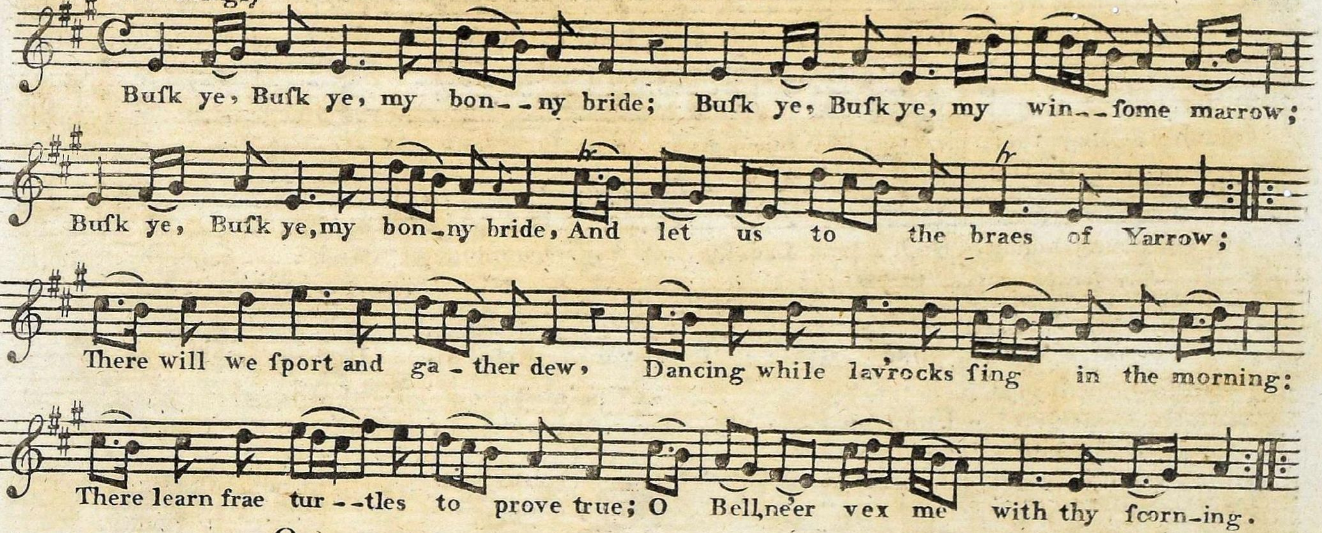
Few compliments between us pass;
  I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie;
And he ca's me his Lawland Lass,
  Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

7

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
  Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
  While Heav'n preserves my Highland Laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

BUSK YE BUSK YE

Soothingly



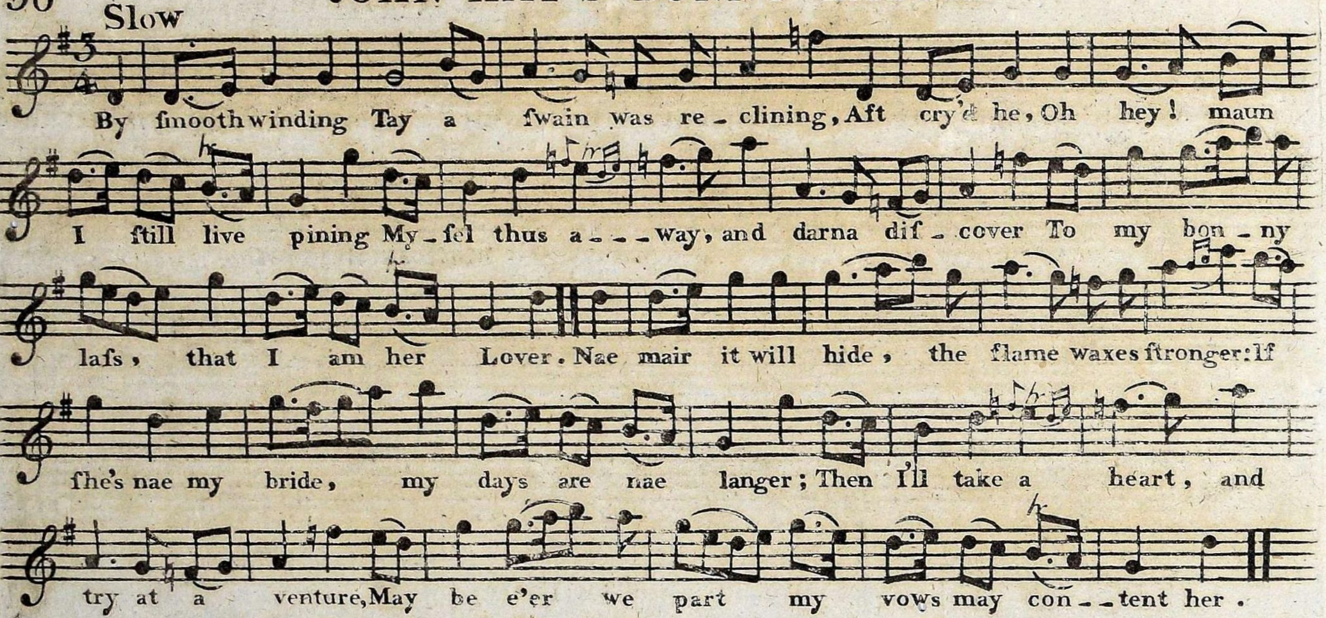
2

To weſtlin breezes Flora yeilds,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks more freſh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſsom,
Yet haſtily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

3

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny Bell,
Haſte to my arms and there I'll guard thee;
With free conſent my fears repel;
I'll with my care and love reward thee;
Thus ſang I ſaftly to my fair,
Wha raiſ'd my hopes with kind relenting,
O queen of ſmiles, I aſk na mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's conſenting.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE



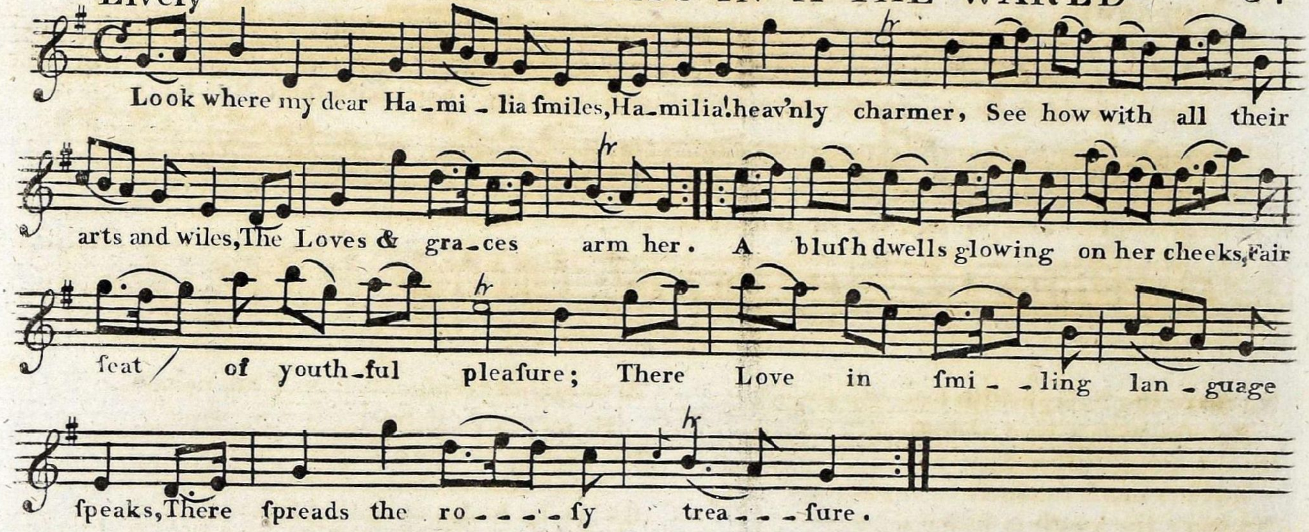
2

She's freſh as the ſpring, & ſweet as Aurora,
When birds mount & ſing, bidding day a good morrow:
The ſward of the mead, enamell'd with daiſies,
Look wither'd & dead, when twin'd of her graces.
But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, & flow'rs ſmell the ſweeter:

'Tis heaven to be by her when her wit is a flowing;
Her ſmiles & bright eye ſet my ſpirits a glowing.
The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
I'm all in a fire, dear maid to careſs ye:
For a' my deſire is Hay's Bonny Laſsie.

Lively

THE BONNIEST LASS IN A THE WARLD

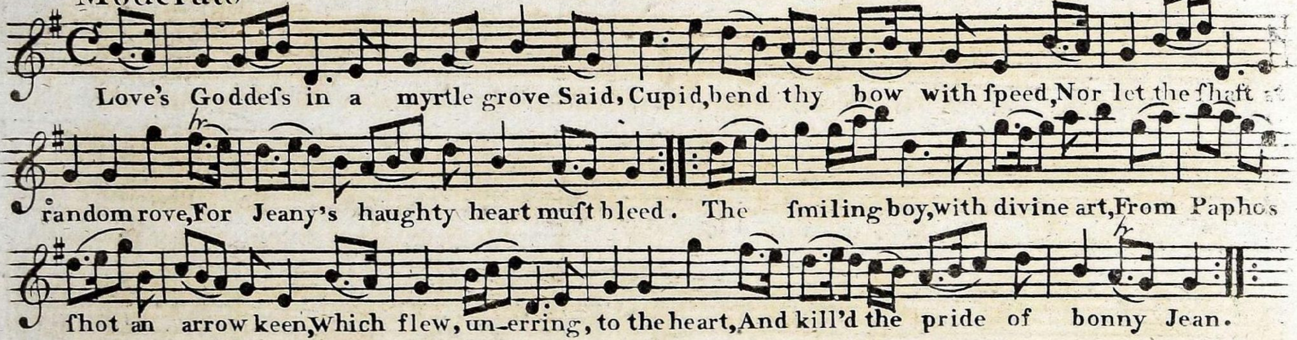


2

O faireſt maid, I own thy pow'r;
I gaze, I ſigh, and languiſh:
Yet, ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguiſh.
But eaſe, O charmer, eaſe my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

BONNY JEAN

Moderato



2

No more the Nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes Willy's kind addreſses;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt every day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny Jean.

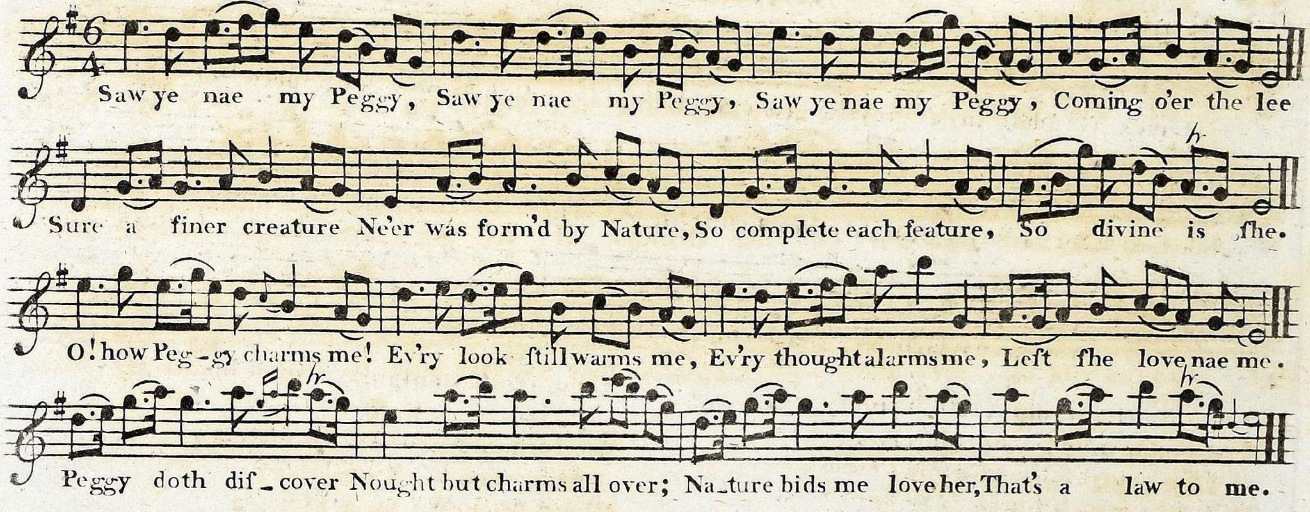
3

A thouſand tranſports crow'd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeems a jeſt
Now, when his Jeany is turn'd kind;
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean:
The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny Jean.

4

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhort'ned ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen;
With breaking day, he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY



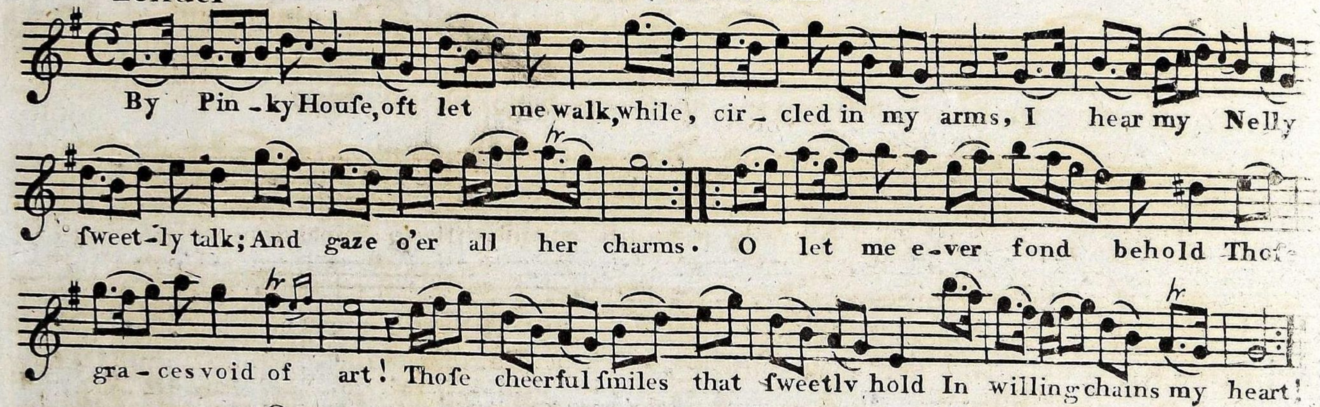
2

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover.
No I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be.
For ſince love inſpires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her abſence tires me,
Nought can pleaſe but ſhe.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate ſeems to detain her;
Could I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll lie down before her,
Bleſs, ſigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
Till ſhe pity me.

PINKY HOUSE

Tender



2

O come, my love! and bring a-new
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulneſs of air, in you
By Nature's hand deſign'd!
What beauty, like the bluſhing Roſe,
Firſt lighted up this flame;
Which, like the ſun, for ever glows
Within my breaſt the ſame!

3

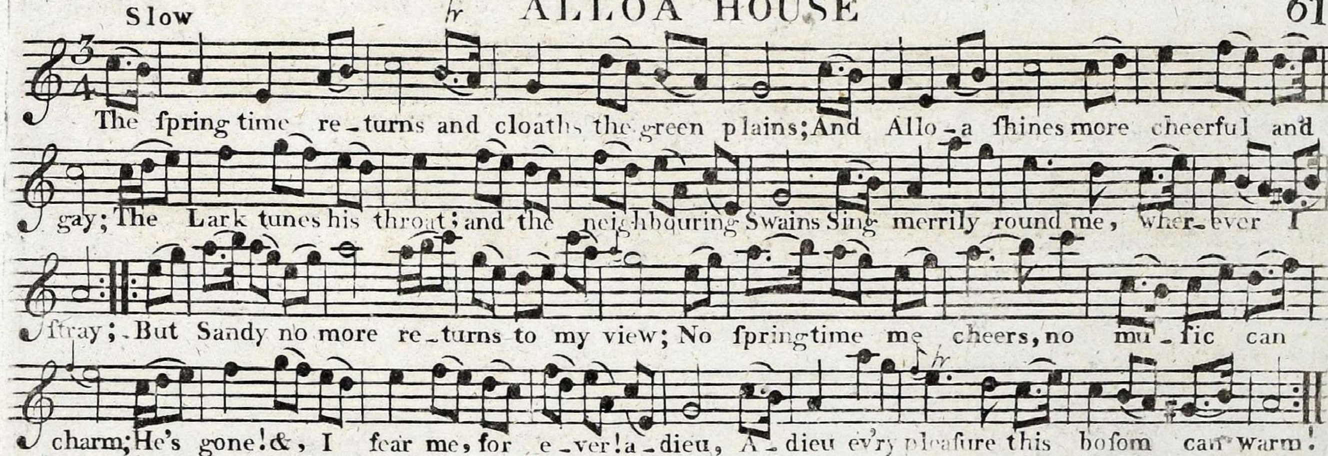
Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How ſeldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O gather from my Nelly's charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe;
That bluſhing modeſty that warms;
That native art to pleaſe!

Come then, my love! O come along,
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inſpirerer of my ſong,
O fill my longing arms!

4

A flame like mine can never die,
While charms ſo bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine!

ALLOA HOUSE



2

O Alloa Houſe! how much art thou chang'd!
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander, where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to pleaſe me my Sandy once ſtrove!
Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told;
Here liſtened, too fond, whenever you ſung:
Am I grown leſs fair then, that you are turn'd cold.
Or fooliſh, believ'd a falſe flattering tongue.

3

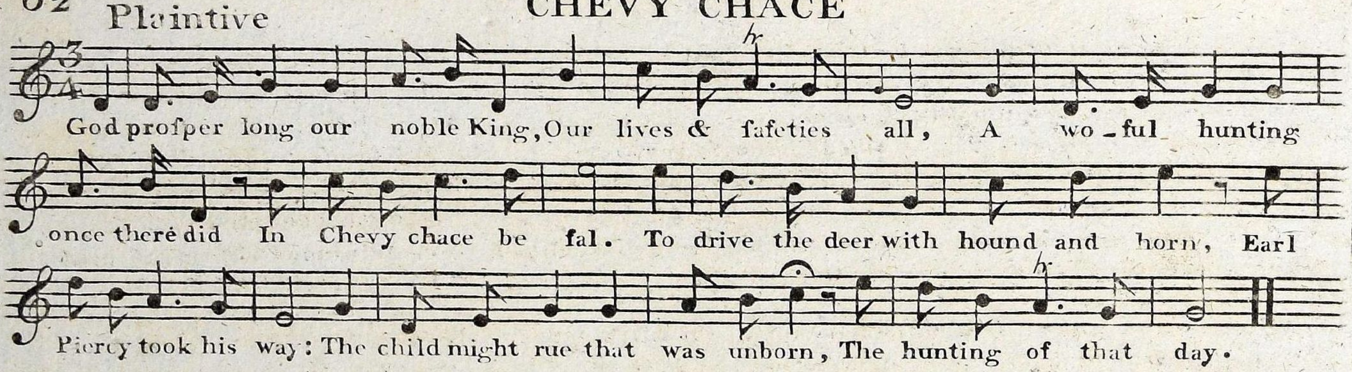
So ſpoke the fair maid; when ſorrow's keen pain,
And ſhame, her laſt fault'ring accents ſuppreſt;
For fate at that moment brought back her dear ſwain,
Who heard, &, with rapture, his Nelly addreſt;
My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my love,
No pow'r ſhall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! no more thy fond ſhepherd reprove,
Who knows thy worth, & adores all thy charms.

4

She heard; and new Joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame;
And will you, my love! be true, ſhe reply'd;
And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the ſame,
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?

O Nelly! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu to all ſorrow! what ſoul is ſo blind.
As not to live happy for ever with you.

CHEVY CHACE



2

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods
Three ſummer's days to take;
The choiceſt harts of Chevy chace
To kill and bear away;
Theſe tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland where he lay;

3

Who ſent Earl Piercy preſent word,
He would prevent the ſport.
The English Earl, nor fearing him,
Did to the woods reſort,
With twenty hundred bow men bold
All choſen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their ſhafts aright.

4

The gallant grey hounds ſwiftly ran,
To chace the fallow deer.
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day light did appear;
And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks ſlain.
Then, having din'd the drovers went
To rouſe them out again.

5

The bow men muſter'd on the hill,
Well able to endure;
Their backſides all with ſpecial care,
That day were guarded ſure.
The hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the wood,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills & dales
An echo ſhrill did make.

6

Earl Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promiſed
This day to meet me here:
But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did ſay:

7

Lo yonder doth Lord Douglas come,
His men in armour bright:
Full fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
All marching in our ſight;
All pleaſant men of Teviot dale,
Dwell by the river Tweed.
Then ceaſe your ſports, Earl Piercy ſaid,
And take your bows with ſpeed.

8

And now with me my countrymen,
Your courage to advance;
For there was ne'er a champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horse back come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man
With him to break a spear.

9

Lord Douglas on a milk white steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shin'd like gold.
Shew me said he whose men ye be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chace
And kill my fallow deer.

10

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Piercy, he
Who said, we list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be;
Yet we will spend our dearest blood
The choicest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

11

Ere thus I will out braved be,
One of us two shall die.
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I.
But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of those our harmless men;
For they have done no ill:

12

Let thee and me the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurst be he, said Earl Piercy,
By whom this is denied.
Then steps a gallant 'squire forth,
Witherington by name;
Who said, he would not have it told
To Henry, his King, for shame,

13

That ere my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You be two Earls, said Witherington,
And I a 'squire alone.
I'll do the best that I may do,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

14

Our Scottish archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good & true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore English slew.
To drive the deer with hound & horn,
Douglas bade on the bent:
A captain mov'd with meikle pride;
The spears in shivers went.

15

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.
O but it was a grief to me,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
Were scatter'd here and there!

16

At last, these two stout Earls did meet,
Like chieftains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no Lord,
And made a cruel fight.
They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

17

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas ſaid,
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottiſh King.
Thy ranſom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the moſt corageous knight
That ever I did ſee.

18

No, Douglas, quoth Lord Piercy then;
Thy proffer I do ſcorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.
With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck Lord Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow;

19

Who never ſpake more words than theſe,
Fight on my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Piercy ſees me fall.
Then, leaving life, Lord Piercy took
The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, Lord Douglas, for thy life
Would I have loſt my land.

20

Oh, but my very heart doth bleed
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure a more renowned knight
Miſchance did never take.
A knight among the Scots there was,
Who ſaw Earl Douglas die;
Who ſtraight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Piercy.

21

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd
Who, with a ſpear ſo bright,
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight.
He paſs'd the Engliſh archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then
He thruſt his hateful ſpear.

22

With ſuch vehement force & might,
It did his body gore,
The ſpear ran thro' the other ſide,
A large cloth yard or more.
So thus did both theſe nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain.
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
His noble Lord was ſlain;

23

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree,
An arrow of a cloth yard's length,
Unto the head drew he;
Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery then,
So right his ſhaft he ſet,
The grey gooſe wing that was thereon,
In his heart blood was wet.

24

This fight did laſt from break of day
Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rang the evening bell,
The battle ſcarce was done.
With the Lord Piercy there was ſlain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Baron;

25

Sir George, & alſo good Sir Hugh,
Both knights of good account;
Good Sir Ralph Roby there was ſlain,
Whoſe proweſs did ſurmount.
For Witherington I needs muſt wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were ſmitten off,
He fought ſtill on his ſtumps.

26

And with Earl Douglas there was ſlain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never fly;
Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir David Lamb, ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be;

27

And the Lord Maxwell in likewiſe
Did with Earl Douglas die.
Of fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears
Went home but fifty three.
Of twenty hundred Engliſhmen
Scarce fifty five did flee:
The reſt were ſlain at Chevy chace,
Under the greenwood tree.

28

Next day did many widows come
Their huſbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their hands in briniſh tears
But all could not prevail.
Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times
When they were cold as clay.

29

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas ſuddenly
Was with an arrow ſlain.
Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith't will no better be:
I truſt I have in my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

30

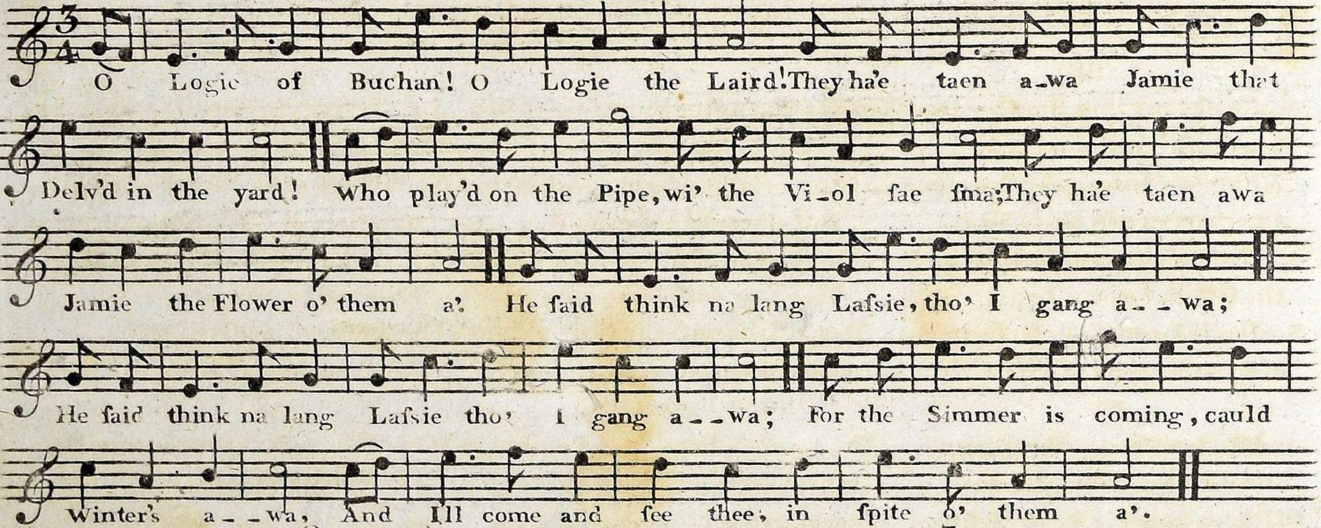
Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was ſlain at Chevy chace.
O heavy news, King Henry ſaid,
England can witneſs be,
I have not any captain more,
Of ſuch account as he.

31

Now of the reſt of ſmall account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy chace,
Made by the Earl Piercy.
God ſave the King, and bleſs the land
With plenty, joy and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may ceaſe.

Moderato

LOGIE OF BUCHAN



2

Sandy has Oufen, has Gear, and has Kye;
A Houfe and a Hadden, and Siller forby.
But I'd tak mine ain Lad wi' his Staff in his hand
Before I'd ha'e Him wi' his Houfes and Land.
Cho^s. He faid think na lang Lafsie. &c.

3

My Daddy looks fulky, my Minny looks four,
They frown upon Jamie, becaufe he is poor,
Tho' I loe them as weel as a Daughter fhou'd do,
They are no half fae dear to me, Jamie, as You.
Cho^s. He faid think na lang Lafsie. &c.

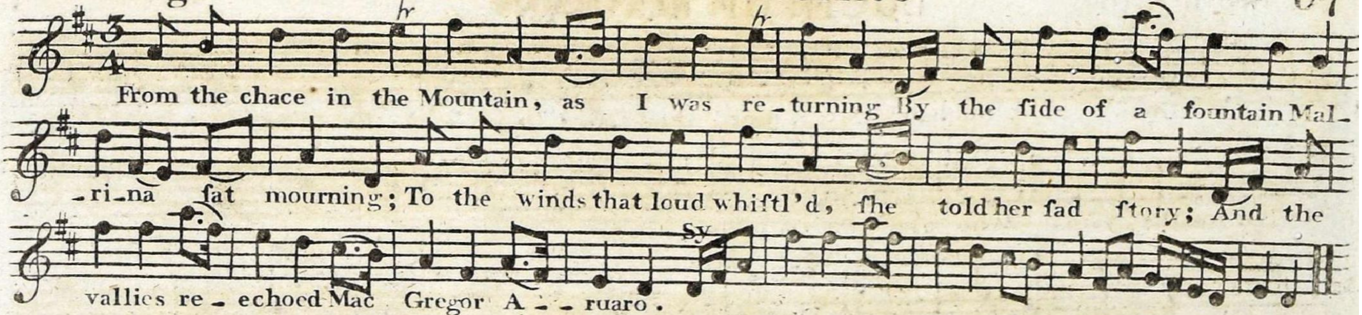
4

I fit on my Creepie and fpin at my Wheel
And think on the Laddie that loed me fae weel,
He had but a Saxpence, He brak it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa.

Cho^s. Then hafte ye back Jamie, and bide na awa,
Then hafte ye back Jamie, and bide na awa,
Simmer is coming, cauld Winter's awa,
And Ye'll come and fee me in fpite o' them a'.

Largo

MAC GREGOR ARUARO



2

Like a flaſh of red light'ning o'er the heath came Macara,
More fleet than the roe_buck on the lofty Beinn lara.
Oh where is Mac Gregor, ſay where does he hover.
You ſon of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover.

3

Then the voice of ſoft ſorrow, from his boſom thus ſounded,
Low lies your Mac Gregor, pale mangl'd and wounded.
Overcome with deep ſlumber, to the rock I convey'd him,
Where the ſons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him.

4

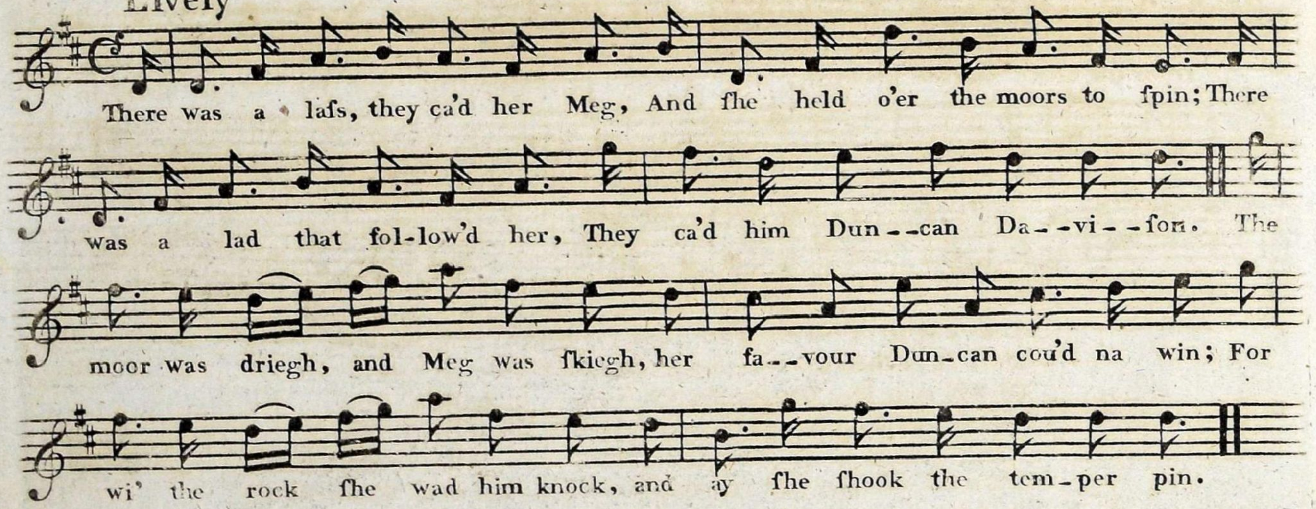
As the blaſt from the mountain ſoon nips the freſh bloſsom,
So died the fair bud of fond hope in her boſom.
Mac Gregor! Mac Gregor! loud echoe reſounded,
And the hills rung in pity, Mac Gregor is wounded.

5

Near the brook in the valley, the green turf did hide her,
And they laid down Mac Gregor ſound ſleeping beſide her,
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black ſlander;
Near the roaring loud waters their ſpirits oft wander.

DUNCAN DAVISON

Lively



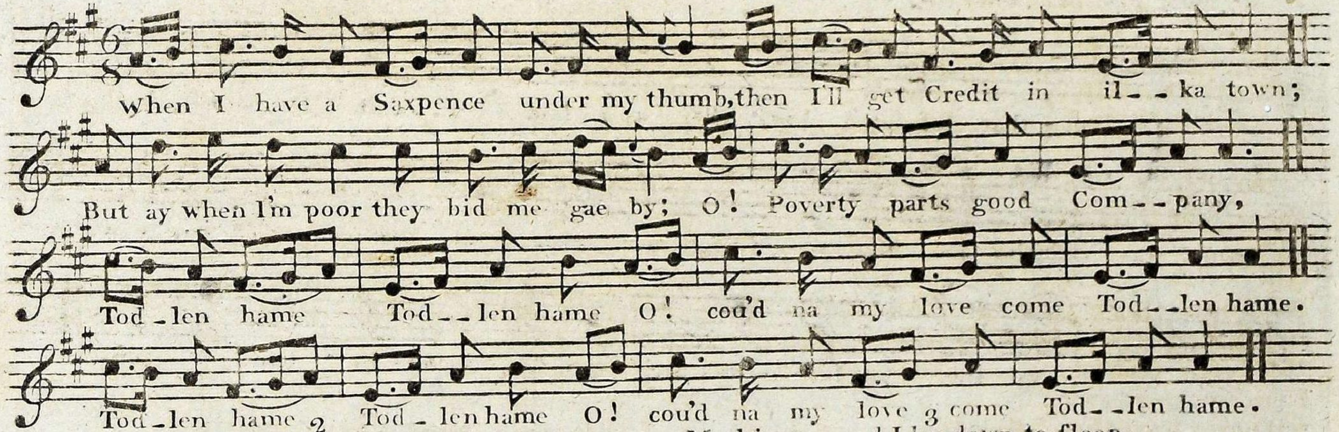
2

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their ſhanks,
And ay ſhe ſet the wheel between:
But Duncan ſwoor a haly aith
That Meg ſhou'd be a bride the morn,
Then Meg took up her ſpinnin graith,
And flang them a'out o'er the burn.

3

We will big a wee, wee houſe,
And we will live like King and Queen,
Sae blythe and merry's we ſhall be,
When ye ſet by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk,
A man may fight and no be ſlain;
A man may kiſs a bony laſs,
And ay be welcome back again.

Slow **TODLEN HAME**



2

Fair fa' the gude wife and fend her gude fale,
She gies us white Bannocks to drink her brown Ale,
Syne if her Tippony chance to be fma;
We'll take a gude Scoure o't and ca' it awa'.
Todlen hame, Todlen hame,
As round as a neep I came Todlen hame.

3

My kimmer and I lay down to fleep,
And twa pint ftoups at our bed feet,
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry,
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I.
Todlen but and Todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes Todlen hame.

4

Leez me on Liquor, my Todling dow,
Ye're ay fo gude humour'd when wetting your mou,
When fober fae four, you'll fight wi a flee
That tis blyth fight to the bairns and me.
Todlen hame, Todlen hame,
When round as a neep I come Todlen hame.

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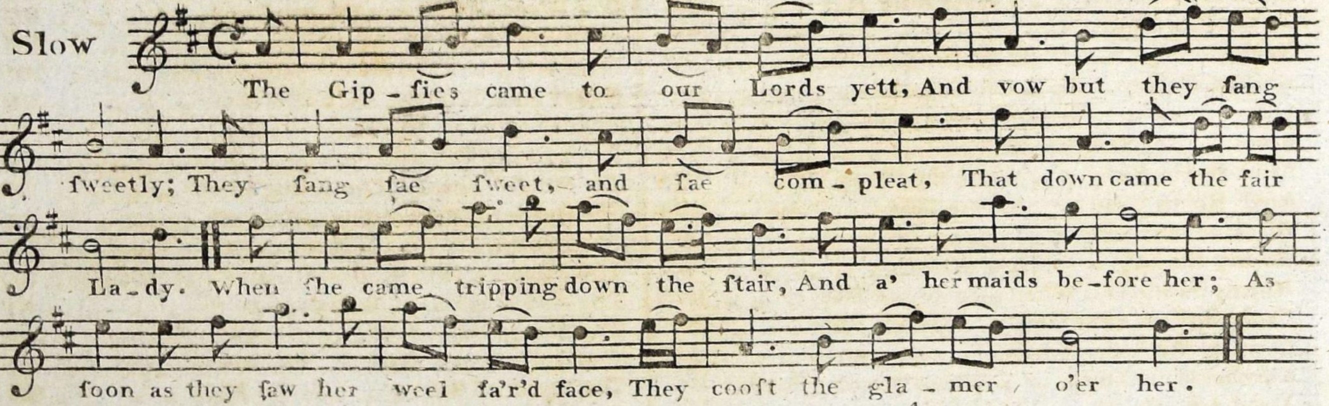
JOHNY FAA



2

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had ſworn,
I'll follow the Gypſie laddie.
Yeſtreen I lay in a weel made bed,
And my good Lord beſide me;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever ſhall betide me.

3

Oh! come to your bed ſays Johny Faa,
Oh! come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and ſwear by the hilt of my ſword,
That your Lord shall nae mair come near ye.
I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
And I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and ſwear by what paſs'd yeſtreen,
That my Lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

4

I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,
And I'll make a hap to my deary;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my Lord ſhall nae mair come near me.
And when our Lord came hame at e'en
And ſpeir'd for his fair Lady,
The tane ſhe cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's awa wi' the Gypſie laddie.

5

Gae ſaddle to me the black, black ſteed,
Gae ſaddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or ſleep,
I'll gae ſeek my fair Lady.
And we were fifteen well made men,
Altho' we were nae bonny;
And we are a' put down for ane,
The Earl of Caſilis' Lady.

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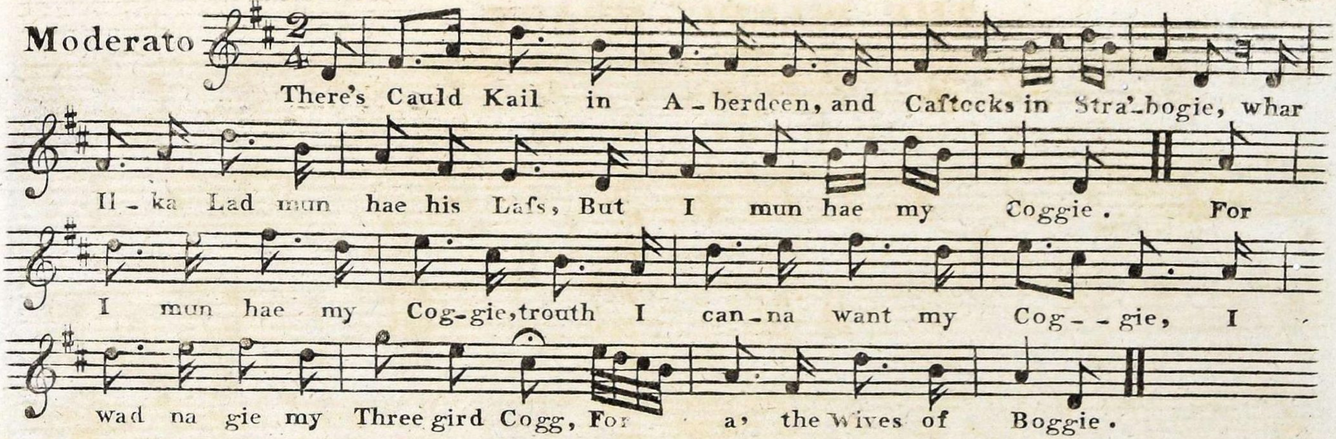
CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN



2

Johnny Smith has got a Wife
Wha ſcrimps him o' his Coggie,
But were ſhe mine, upon my life
I'd duck her in the Boggie,
Cho.s For I mun hae my Coggie.&c.

3

Twa, or three todling Waens they hae,
The pride o' a' Stra'boggie;
When e'er the Totums cry for meat
She curſes ay his Coggie.
Cho.s Crying "wae betide the three gird Cogg"
"Oh wae betide the Coggie,"
"It does mair Skaith, than a' the ills"
"That happen in Stra'bogie."

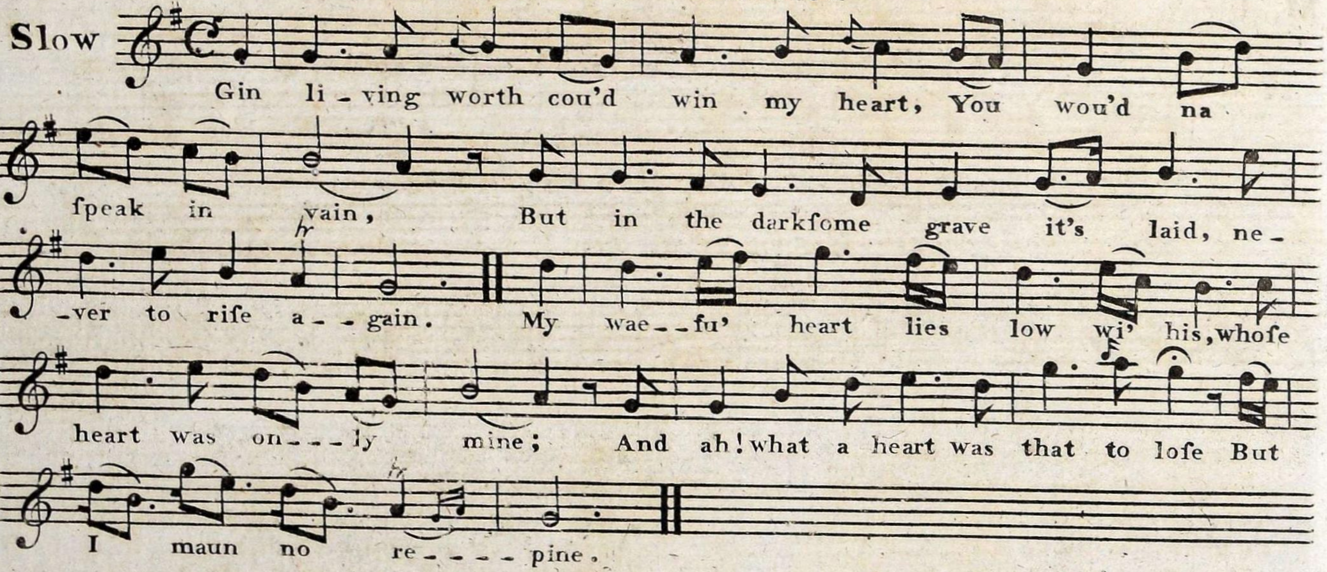
4

She fand him anes at Willie Sharps;
And what they maiſt did laugh at,
She brack the Bicker, ſpil'd the Drink,
And tightly gouff'd his haffet.
Cho.s Crying "wae betide the three gird Cogg&c

5

Yet heres to ilka Honeſt Soul
Wha'll drink wi' me a Coggie;
And for ilk ſilly whinging fool,
We'll drake them thro' the Boggie.
Cho.s For I mun hae my Coggie, Sirs
I canna want my Coggie,
I wadna gie my three gird Cogg
For a' the Queens in Boggie.

THE WAEFU' HEART



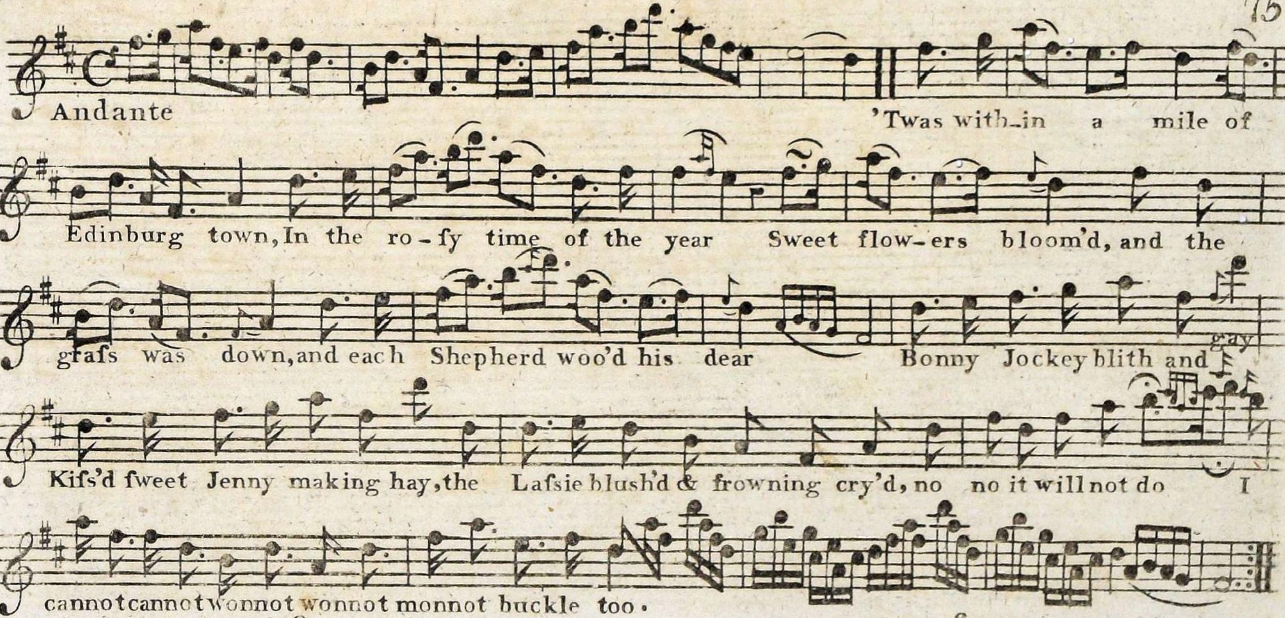
2

Yet Oh gin Heav'n in mercy ſoon
Wou'd grant the boon I crave,
And take this life, now naething worth,
Sin Jamie's in his grave.
And ſee, his gentle ſpirit comes
To ſhew me on my way.
Surpriſ'd nae doubt I ſtill am here
Sair wond'ring at my ſtay.

3

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
And Oh! wi' what gude will
I follow whereſoe'er ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill.
She ſaid, and ſoon a deadly pale,
Her faded cheeks poſſeſt,
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
Her ſorrows ſunk to reſt.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH



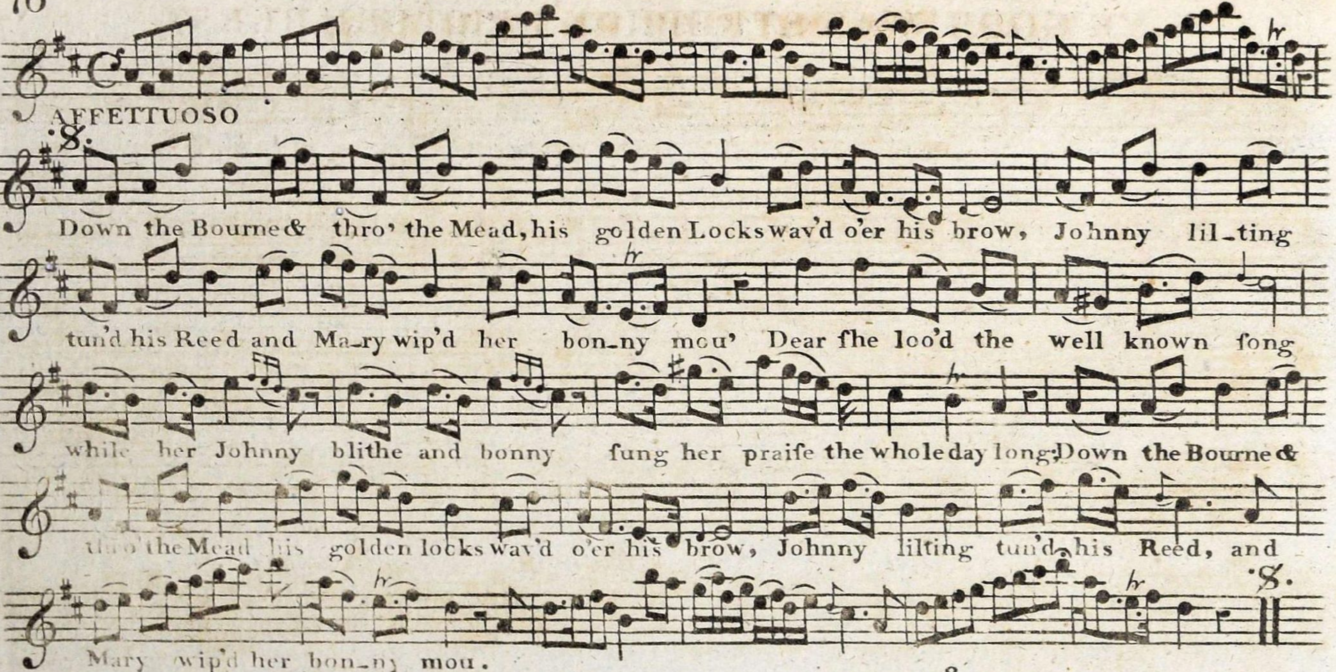
2

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the Laſs,
Contented ſhe earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the graſs,
Bonny Jockey blith and free
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet ſtill ſhe bluſh'd & frowning cry'd no no, it will not do
I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot monnot buckle too.

3

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his Bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kiſs beſide,
And vow'd ſhe'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
Won her heart right merrily.
At Church ſhe no more frowning cry'd no no it will not do
I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot monnot buckle too

JOHNNY AND MARY



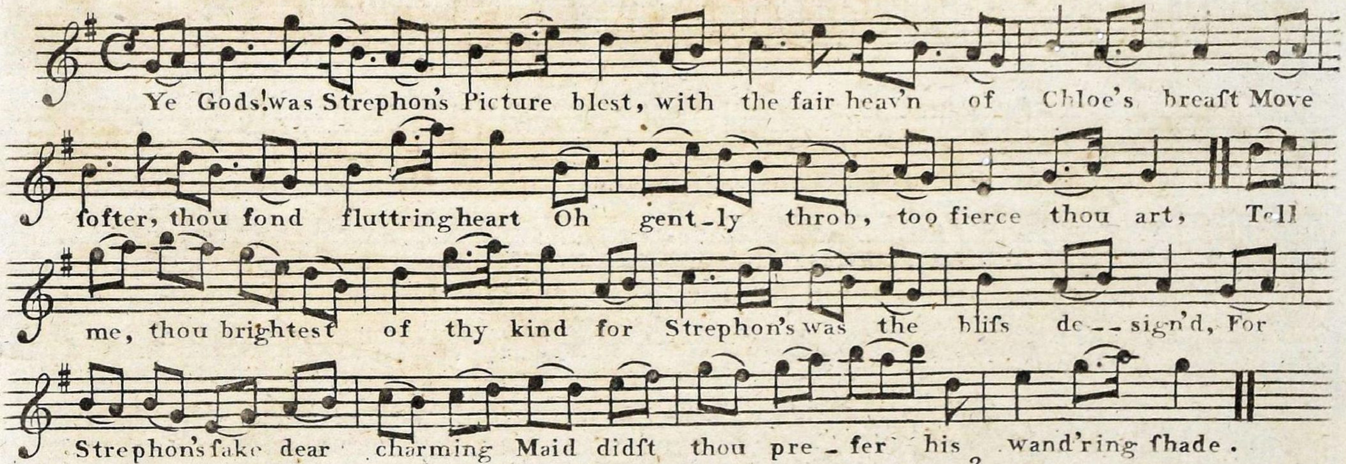
2

Costly Claiths ſhe had but few
Of Rings and Jewels nae great ſtore
Her face was fair her love was true
And Johnny wisely wish'd no more
Love's the Pearl the ſhepherd's prize
O'er the Mountain near the Fountain
Love delights the Shepherd's eyes
Down the Bourne &c.

3

Gold and Titles give not health
And Johnny cou'd nae these impart
Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
Was ſtill her faithfu' Johnny's heart
Sweet the Joy the Lovers find
Great the treasure ſweet the pleasure
Where the heart is always kind
Down the Bourne &c.

YE GODS! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST



2

And thou, bleſt ſhade, that ſweetly art
Lodg'd ſo near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
Ingroſsing all that beauteous heaven,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

3

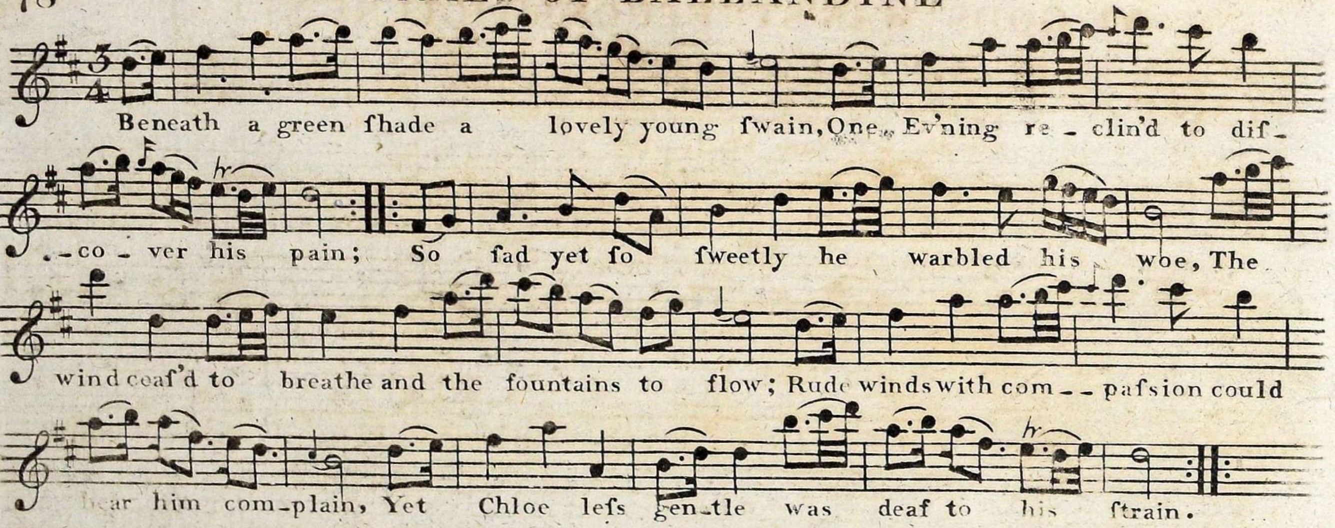
I cannot blame thee; were I lord
Of all the wealth these breasts afford
I'd be a Miſer too, nor give
An alms to keep a God alive.
Oh! ſmile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks that lifeleſs are;
Prize him whose boſom glows with fire,
With eager love and ſoft desire.

4

'Tis true, thy charms O pow'rful maid,
To life can bring the ſilent ſhade:
Thou canst ſurpaſs the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.

But, Oh! it ne'er can love like me;
I ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
Say, thou canst love, and make me blest.

THE BRAES OF BALLANDINE

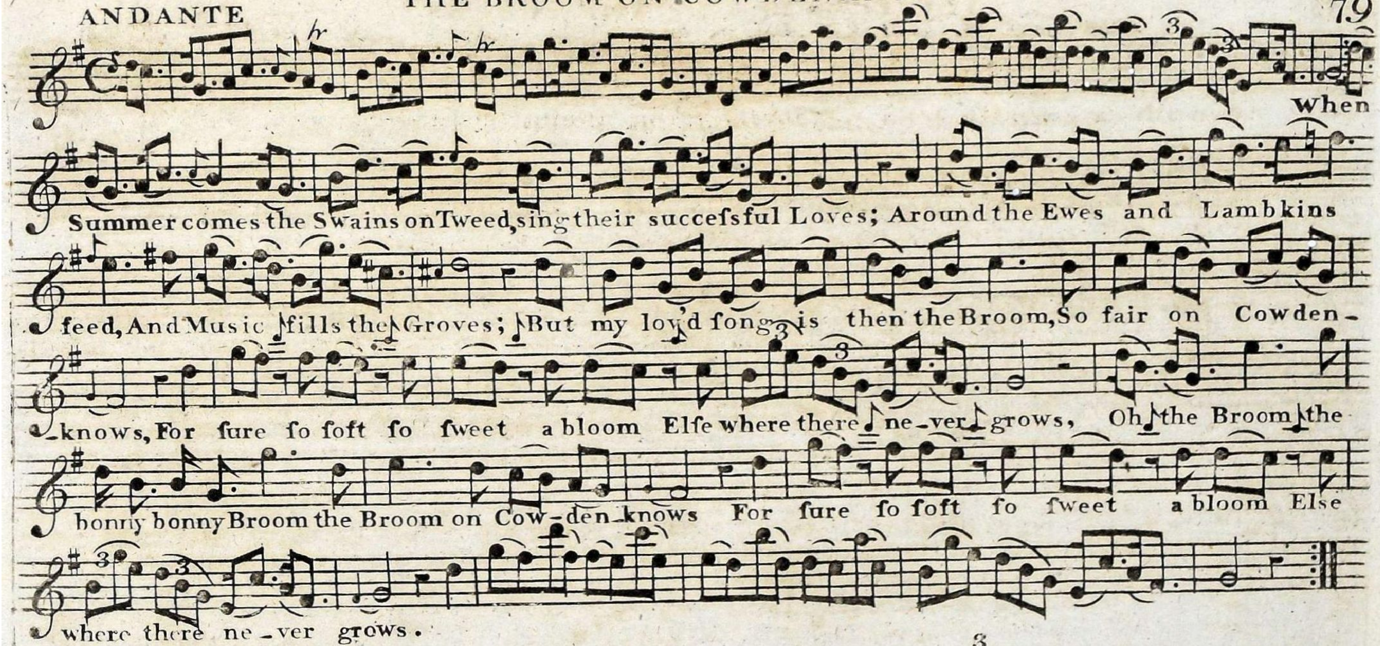


How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view;
Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn cou'd ſurvey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they;
New scenes of diſtreſs please only my ſight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes in vain relief I purſue,
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew;
From ſunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To ſunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

But, ſee! the pale moon all clouded retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madneſs that preys on my mind,
Ah wretch! how can life be worthy thy care
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

THE BROOM ON COWDENKNOWS



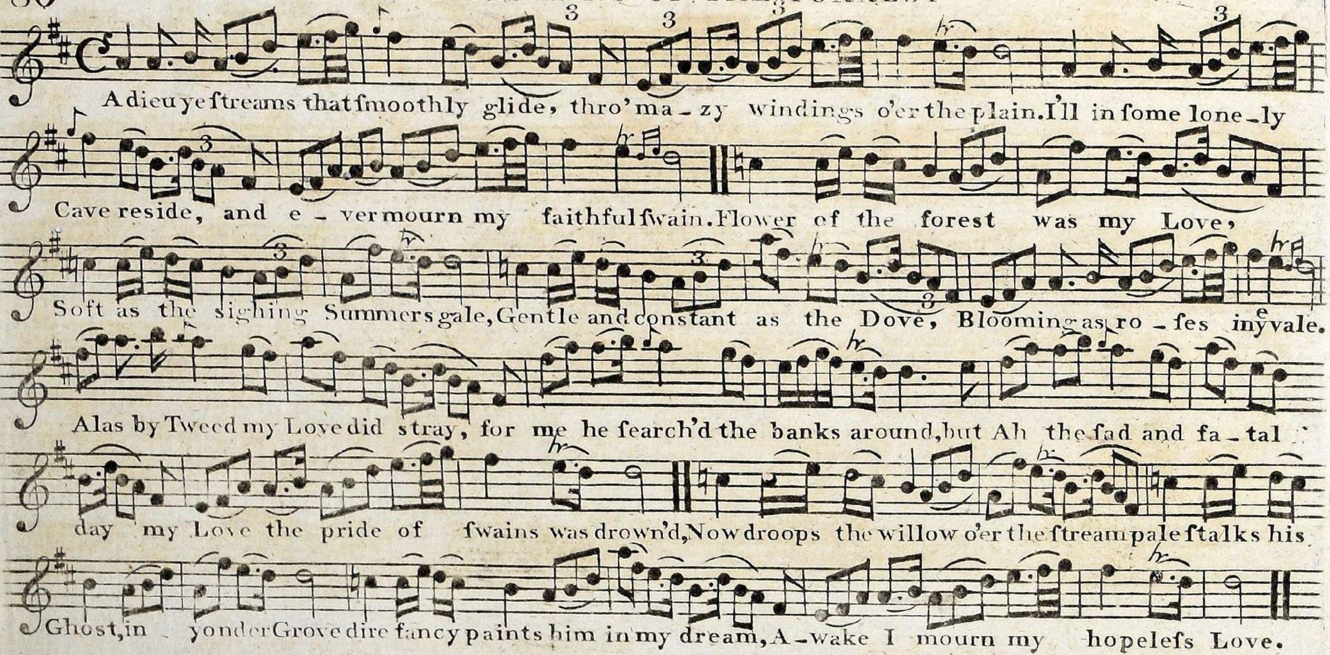
2

There Colin tun'd his Oaten Reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No Shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
Cou'd play with half such art;
He ſung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde
The Hills and Dales all round
Of Leader haughs and Leader ſide
Oh! how I bleſs'd the ſound.
Oh the Broom. &c.

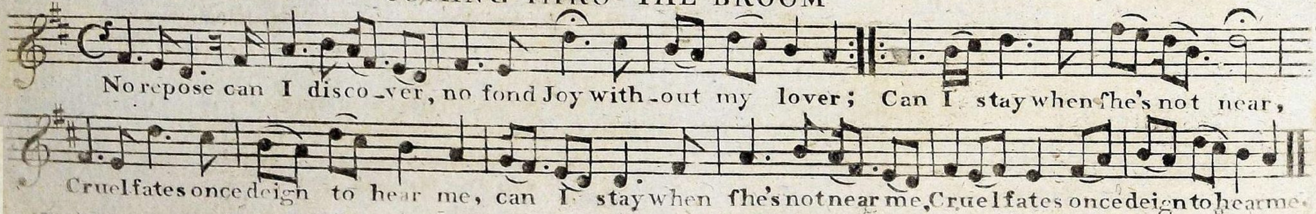
3

Not Tiviot braes ſo green and gay,
May with its Broom compare,
Not Yarrow Banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the Bush aboon Traquair;
More pleasing far are Cowdenknows
My peaceful happy home;
Where I was wont to milk my Ewes
At Eve among the Broom.
Oh the Broom. &c.

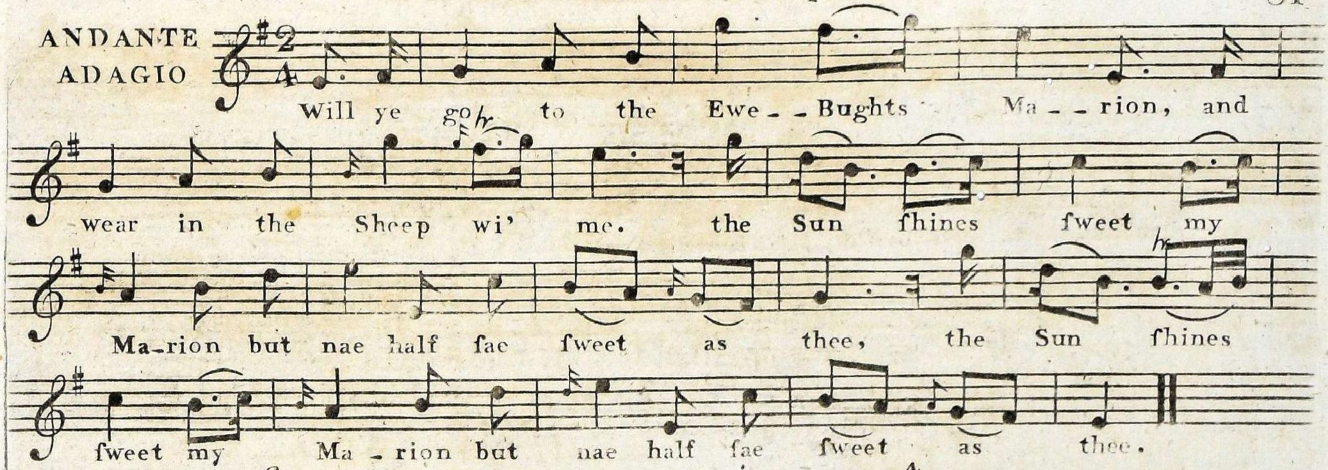
THE FLOWERS OF THE FORREST



COMING THRO' THE BROOM



THE EWE BUGHTS



2

O Marion's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blink's in her ee
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

3

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A Cow and a brawney Quey
I'll gie them a' to my Marion
Just on her bridal day.

4

And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And waiſtcoat of the London brown
And wow but ye will be vap'ring
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

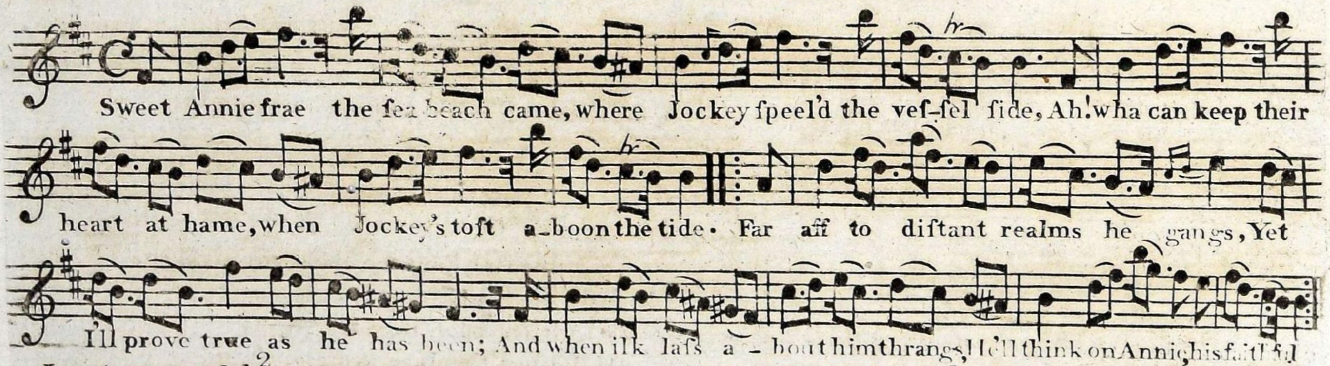
5

I'm young and ſtout my Marion
Nane dances like me on the green
And gin ye forsake me Marion
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

6

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion
And kyrtle of the cramasie
And soon as my chin has nae hair on
I shall come west and fee ye.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA BEACH CAME



2

I met our wealthy laird yeſtreen,
Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,
He praiſ'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gee.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Toſt up and down the anſome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may return again.

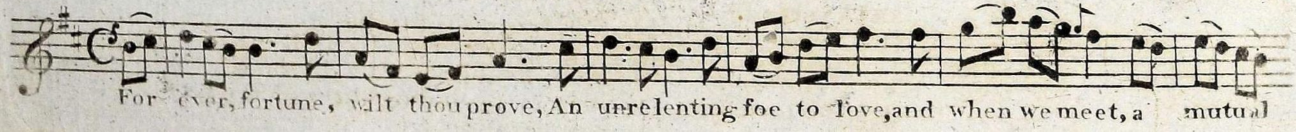
3

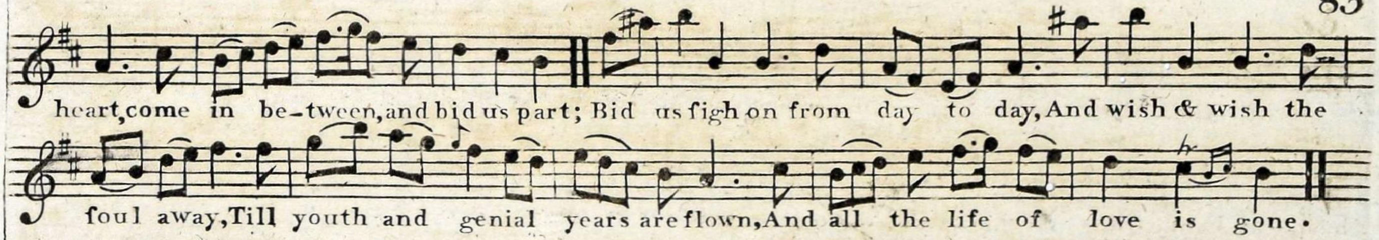
Nae mair, falſe Jamie, ſing nae mair,
And fairly caſt your pipe away;
My Jocky wad be troubled ſair,
To ſee his friend his Love betray:
For a' your ſongs and verſe are vain,
While Jockey's notes do faithful flow;
My heart to him ſhall true remain,
I'll keep it for my conſtant Jo.

4

Bla' ſaft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be calm & ſtill;
His hameward ſail with breezes ſpeed,
And dinna a' my pleaſure ſpill.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will bra' in ſiller ſhine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

LOGAN WATER

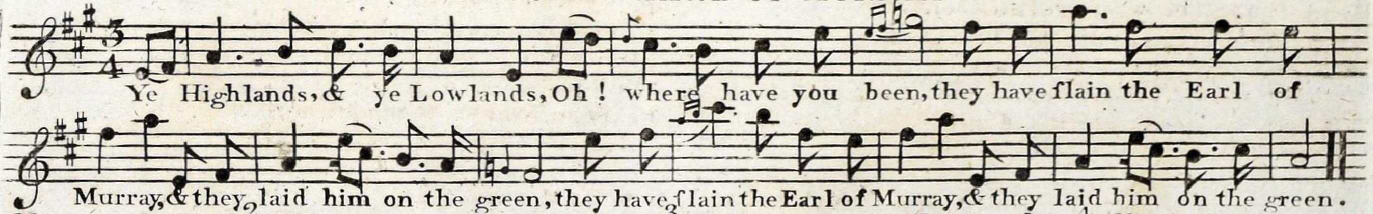




But busy busy ſtill art thou
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow;
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſsings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY



2
Now wae be to thee, Huntley,
And wherefore did you say?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.
I bade, &c.

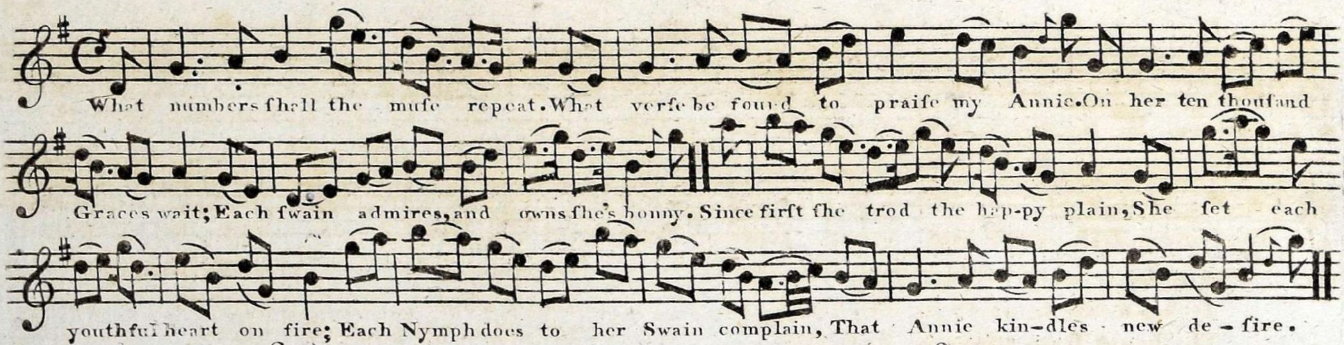
3
He was a bra' gallant,
And he rid at the ring,
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might have been a king.
And the, &c.

4
He was a bra' gallant,
And he play'd at the ba',
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Was the flower amang them a',
And the, &c.

5
He was a bra' gallant,
And he play'd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queen's love.
And the, &c.

6
Oh! lang will his Lady
Look o'er the castle Down,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town.
Ere she, &c.

ALLAN WATER



2

This lovely darling, deareſt care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like ſummer's dawn, ſhe's freſh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths conveen,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

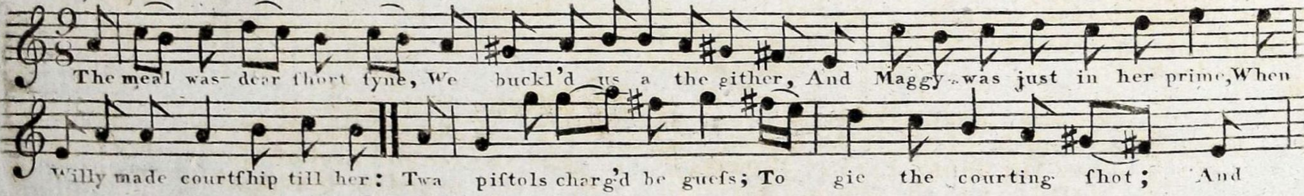
3

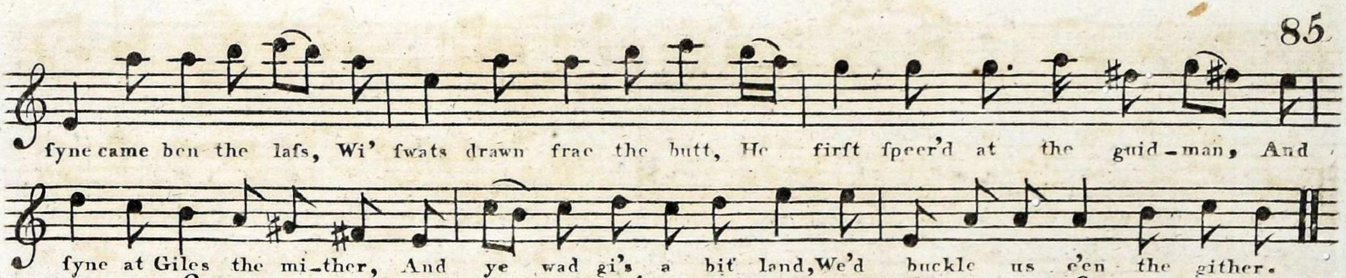
Among the croud Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His riſing ſighs expreſs his flame,
His words were few, his wiſhes many.
With ſmiles the lovely Maid reply'd,
Kind ſhepherd, why ſhould I deceive ye.
Alas! your love muſt be deny'd,
This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

4

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his ſmiles, his charms beguiling;
He ſtole away my virgin heart;
Ceaſe, poor Amyntor! ceaſe bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find
On yonder plain; the nymphs are many:
Then chuſe ſome heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

MAGGY'S TOCHER





2

My doughter ye fhall hae,
I'll gi' you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it fhall be good,
There's nane fall hae its maik,
The lafs bound in her fnood,
And Crummie wha kens her ftake:
With an auld bedden o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

3

Ye fpeak right well guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modefty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land:
We are but young ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither;
A houfe is but and ben,
And Crummie will want her Fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We have nouther pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

4

Your tocher's be good enough
For that ye need nae fear,
Twa good ftilts to the pleugh,
And ye your fell maun fteer:
Ye fhall hae twa good pecks
That anes were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to had the grots,
The ither to had the meal;
With an auld kift made of wands,
And that fall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may had your tocher.

5

Confider well guidman,
We hae but borrowed gear,
The horfe that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilfon's mare:
The faddle's nane of my ain,
And thae's but borrow'd boots,
And when that I gae hame,
I maun tak to my koots:
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look fae croufe;
Come fill us a cogue of fwats,
We'll make nae mair toom rufe.

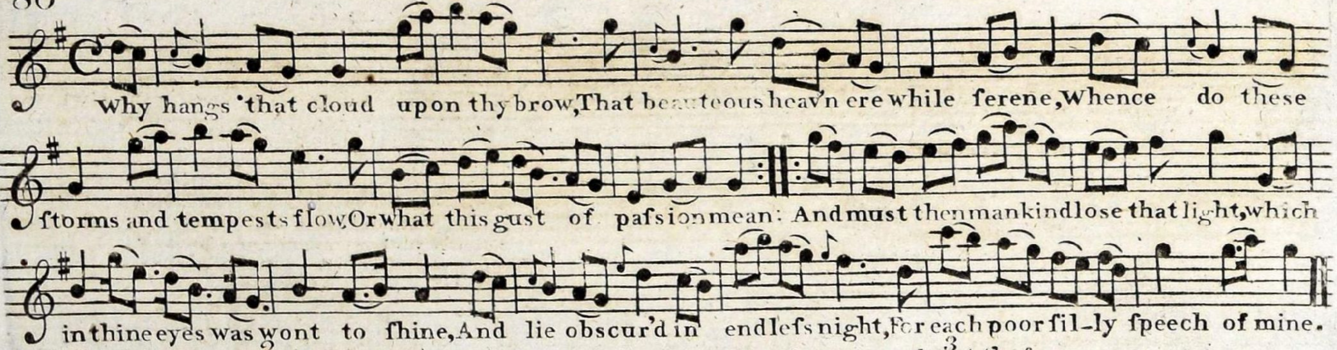
6

I like you well young lad,
For telling me fae plain,
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my ain:
But fyne that things are fae,
The bride fhe maun come furth,
Tho' a' the gear fhe'll hae'
It'll be but little worth.

7

A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on Giles the mither:
Content am I quo' fhe,
En'gar the hifsie come hither,
The bride fhe gade till her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her;
The fidler crap in at the fit,
And they cuddl'd it a'the gither.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD



2

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledged at all hands,
That could ill tongues abufe thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

3

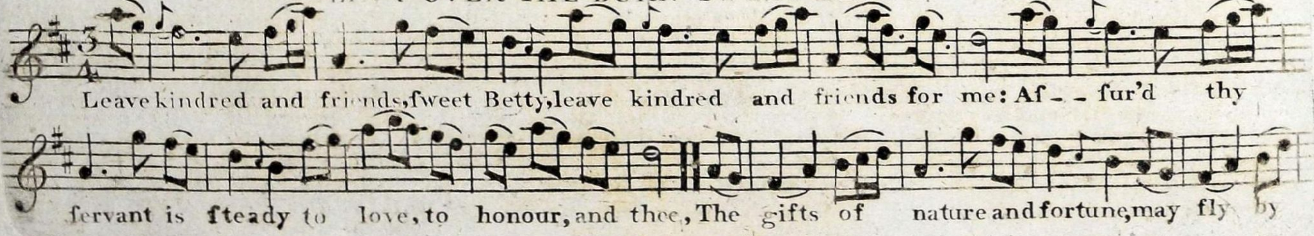
For Venus every heart t'enfnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas with unufual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure,
Or who muft not refign the field
To thee, celeftial maid, fecure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas fhield.

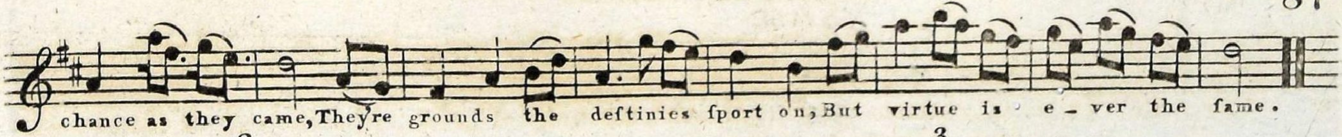
4

If then to thee fuch pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But fmile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we muft fin ere it forgive.

Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th'offender and th'offence,
But even itfelf appeaf'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

BLINK OVER THE BURN SWEET BETTY





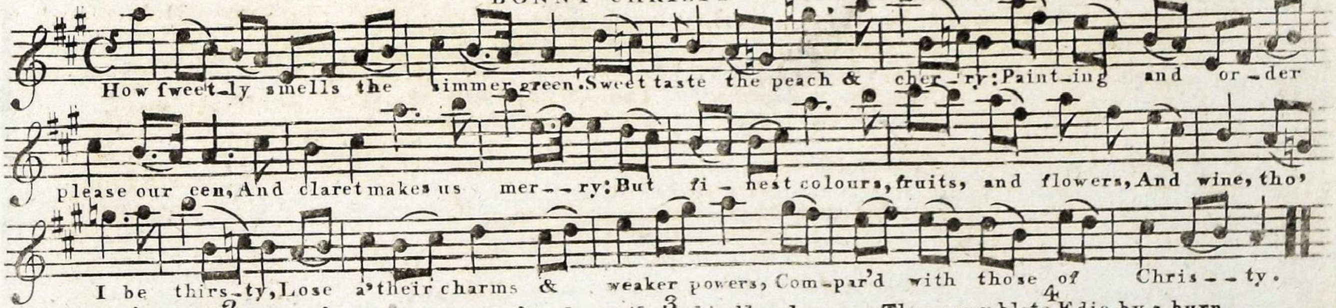
2

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Thy charms ſo heavenly appear,
That, other beauties disproving,
I'd worship thine only my dear.
And ſhou'd life's sorrows embitter
The pleasures we promis'd our loves,
To share them together is fitter,
Than moan asunder like doves.

3

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſsed,
To graſp my love in my arms!
By thee to be grasp'd! and kissed!
And live on thy heaven of charms!
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Shou'd fortune capricious prove;
Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love.

BONNY CHRISTY



2

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in consort chanting!
But if my Christy tunes her voice,
I'm wrapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ectasies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

3

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments to smother;
With ſecret sighs I vex my heart
For fear she love another.

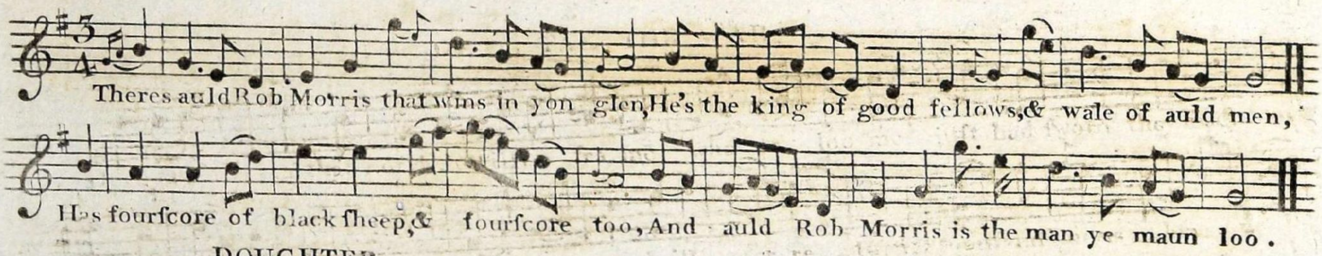
4

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
His Christy did o'erhear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wist drew near him
She spake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wisely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

5

My Christy! — witneſs, bonny stream,
Sic joys frae tears arising,
I wish this mayna be a dream;
O love the maist surprising!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wishes
He wadna with set speeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kisses.

AULD ROB MORRIS



DOUGHTER

Pray had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild will never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER

Then had your tongue, Doughter, & lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, & ye's be the bride:
He shall lie by your side, and kiss ye too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER

That auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,
His back it sticks out like ony peat creel,
He's outshin'd, inknee'd, and ringle ey'd too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

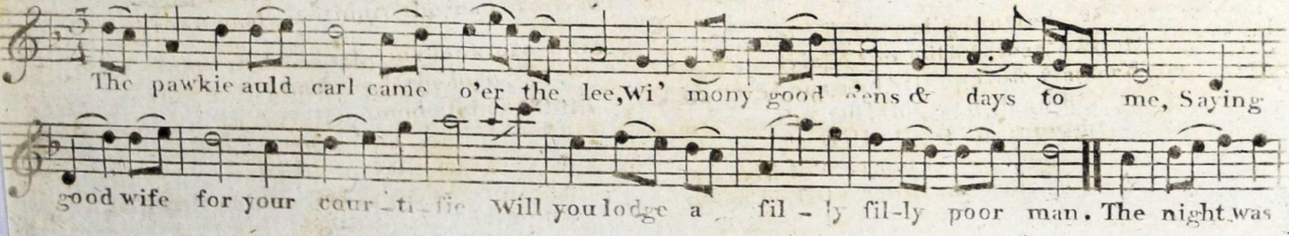
MITHER

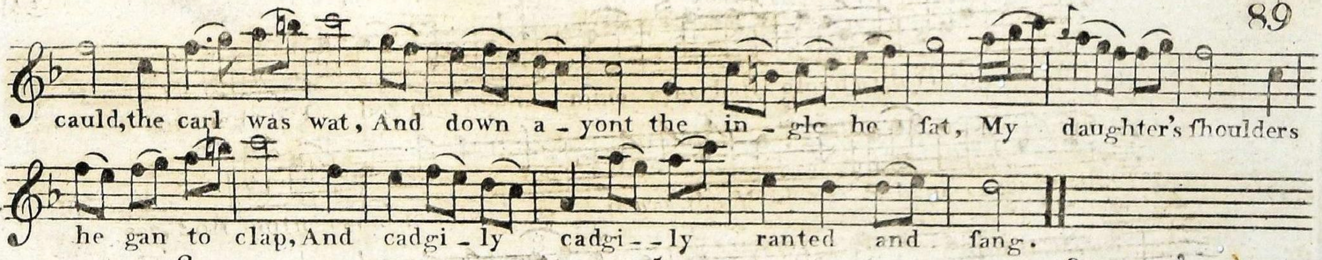
Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy you a new pan;
Then, Doughter, ye shouldna be so ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown gray:
I had fitter die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN





2

O vow! quo' he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blyth & merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, & ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa together were ſay'ng
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

3

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi'me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quo' ſhe, ann I were as white,
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw & lady like,
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

4

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raiſe a wee before the cock,
And wilily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raiſes
And at her leiſure pat on her claiſe;
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

5

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd, walladay!
For ſome of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, & ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd praiſe be bleſt!
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

6

Since naething's awa' as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the houſe, laſs, & waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The ſervant gade where the daughter lay,
The ſheets was cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife did ſay,
She's aff wi the gaberlunzie-man.

7

O fy gar ride & fy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe traytors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, & he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horſe, ſome ran a foot,
The wife was wood, & out o' her wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay ſhe curſ'd and ay ſhe bann'd.

8

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' ſnug in a glen where nane could ſee,
The twa with kindly ſport & glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang:
The priving was good, it pleaſ'd 'em baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith,
Quo' ſhe, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome gaberlunzie-man.

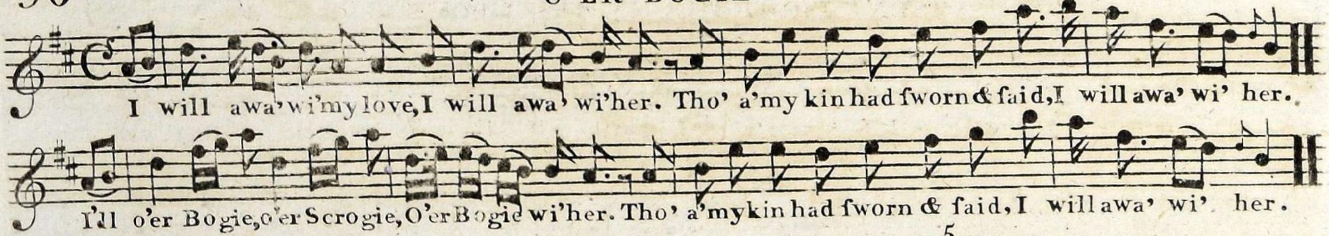
9

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill fardly wad ſhe crook her mou',
Sic a poor man ſhe'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha'nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

10

Wi' cauk & keel I'll win your bread,
And ſpindles & whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, & crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we ſhall be merry and ſing.

O'ER BOGIE



2

If I can get but her cosent,
I dinna care a ſtrae;
Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

3

For now ſhe's miſtreſs of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we shanna part
For ſiller or for land.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

4

Let rakes delight to ſwear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c

5

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colours, treats, and air,
The ſaul that sparkles in her een
Makes her a Jewel rare.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

6

Her flowing wit gives ſhining life,
To a' her other charms;
How blest I'll be when ſhe's my wife,
And lock'd up in my arms!
I'll o er Bogie &c.

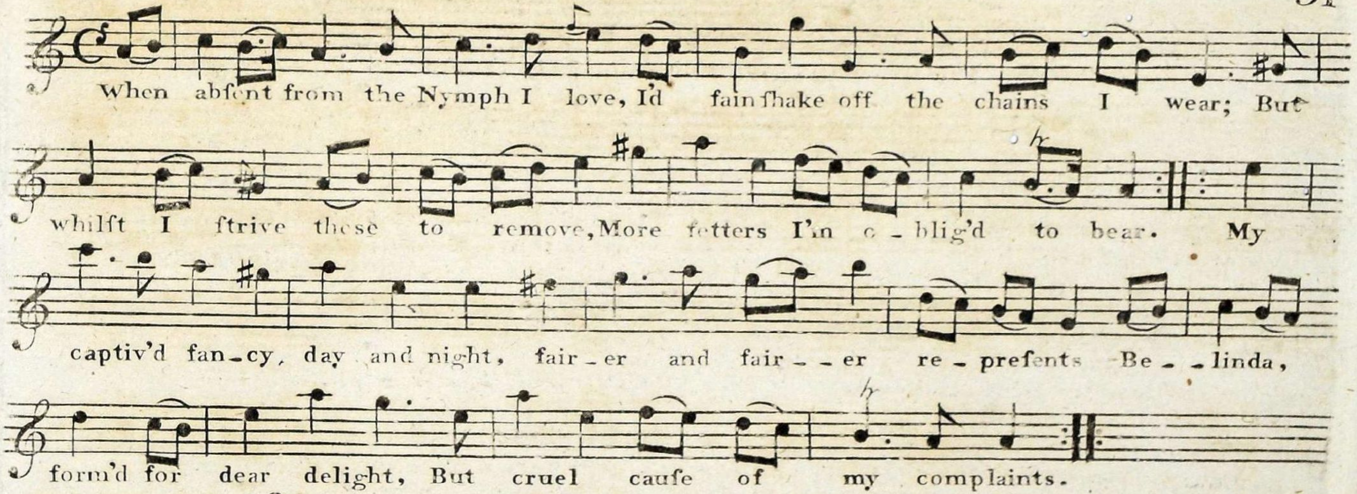
7

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her sweets I range,
I'll cry, your humble ſervant, King!
Shame fa' them that wad change.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

8

A kiſs of Betty, and a ſmile,
Albeit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's Iſle,
And offer me ye'r crown.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE



2

All day I wander through the groves,
And, fighing, hear from ev'ry tree,
The happy birds chirping their loves;
Happy compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle fleep with balmy wings
To reft fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thoufand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

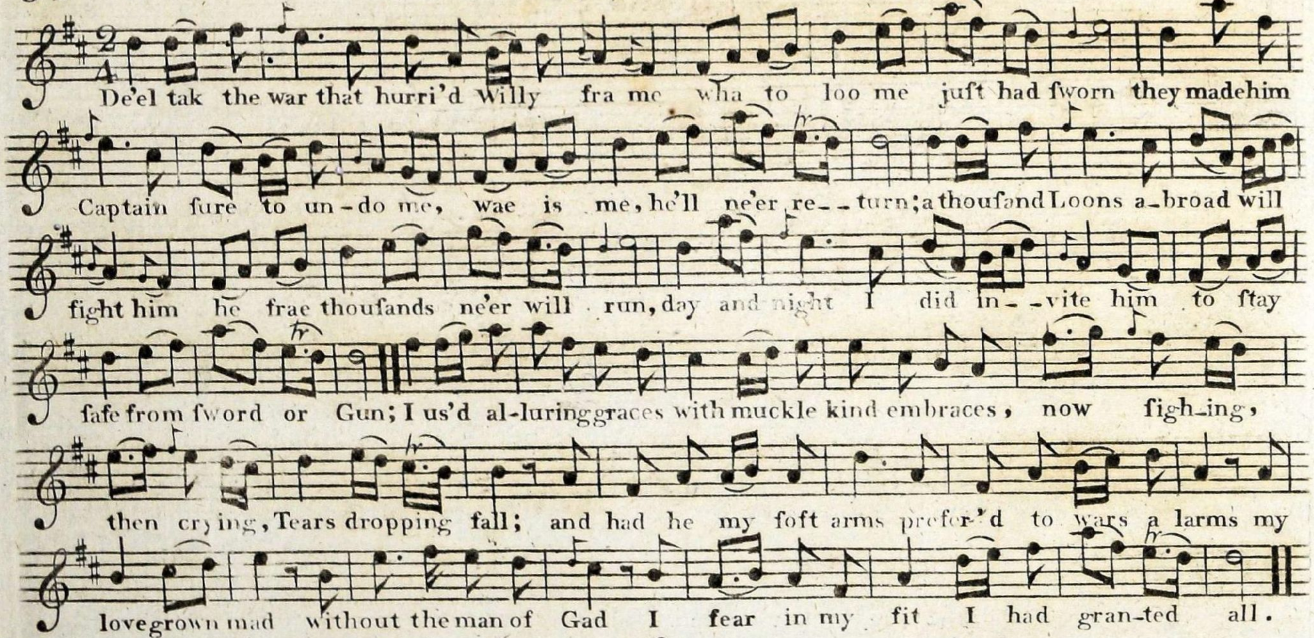
3

Sleep flies, while like the goddefs fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting fmiles and killing air,
Appears the caufe of all my pain.
A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her fweets with thrilling joy,
Whilft want of worth makes doubts arife,
That all my trembling hopes deftroy.

4

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er tranfport and defire;
My pulfe beats high, my cheeks appear
All rofes, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myfelf I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
Thus, whilft my fears my pains renew,
I fcarcely look or love a man.

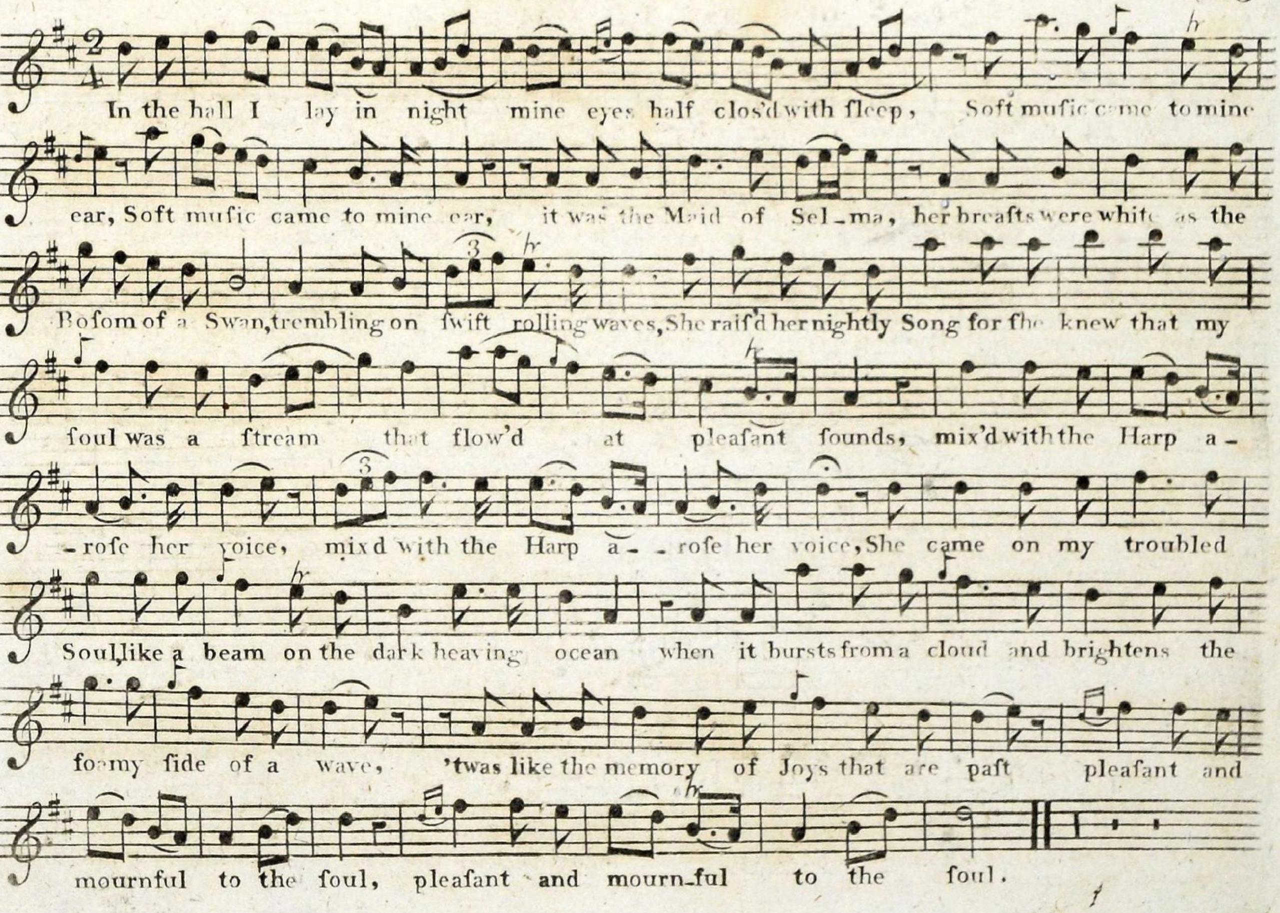
DE'EL TAK THE WAR



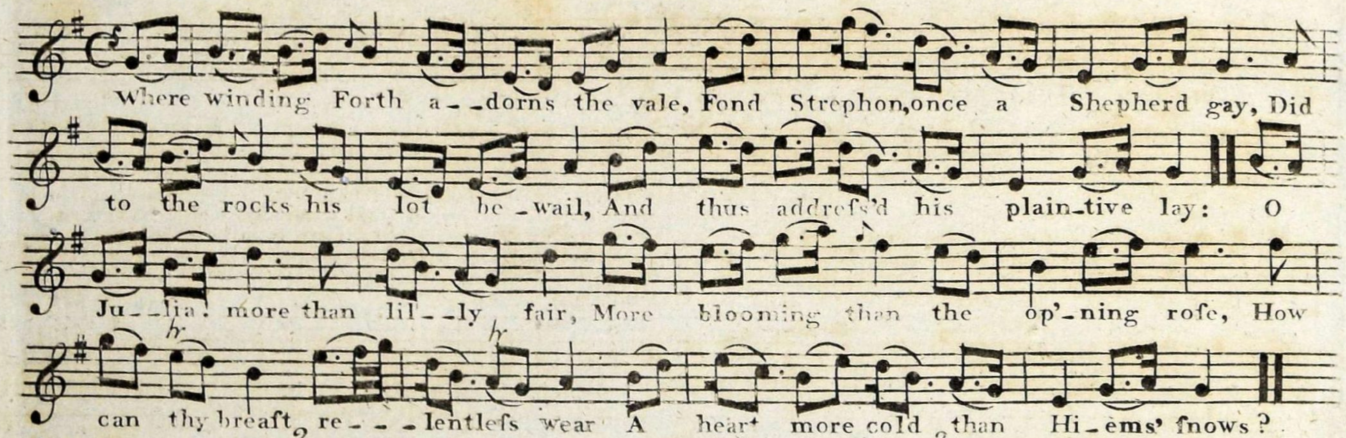
2

I waſh'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,
Snares they ſaid wou'd catch the men;
And on my head a huge commode ſat cocking,
Which made me ſhew as tall agen:
For a new Gown I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flowers did ſhine:
My love might well think me gay and bonny.
Nae Scots laſs was e'er ſo fine.

My Petticoat I ſpotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lac'd Shoes and Silken Hoſe Garter'd o'er the knee;
But Oh! the fatal thought,
To Willy these are nought,
Wha rid towns, and rifled wi' Dragoons,
When he, ſilly Loon, might ha' plunder'd me.


In the hall I lay in night mine eyes half clos'd with ſleep, Soft muſic came to mine
ear, Soft muſic came to mine ear, it was the Maid of Sel_ma, her breaſts were white as the
Boſom of a Swan, trembling on ſwift rolling waves, She raiſ'd her nightly Song for ſhe knew that my
ſoul was a ſtream that flow'd at pleaſant ſounds, mix'd with the Harp a-
-roſe her voice, mixd with the Harp a-roſe her voice, She came on my troubled
Soul, like a beam on the dark heaving ocean when it burſts from a cloud and brightens the
foamy ſide of a wave, 'twas like the memory of Joys that are paſt pleaſant and
mournful to the ſoul, pleaſant and mourn_ful to the ſoul.

CUMBERNAULD HOUSE



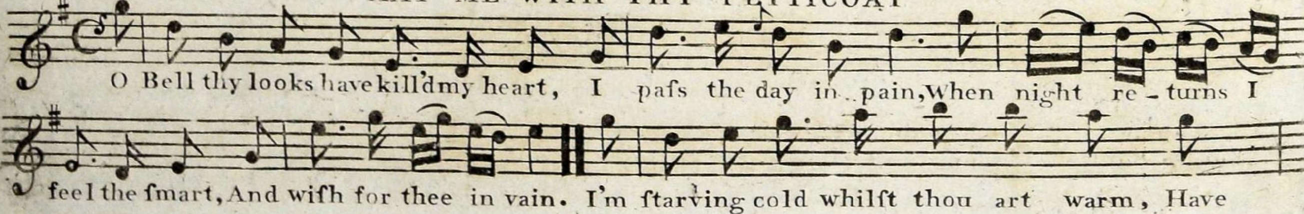
2

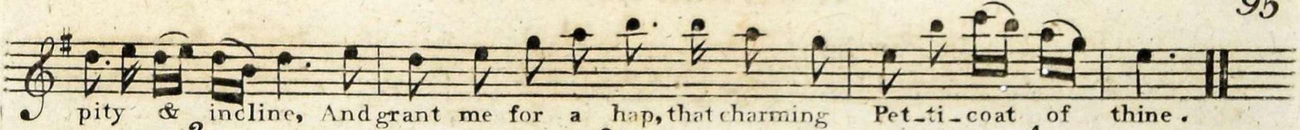
Yet nipping Winter's keeneft reign
But for a short liv'd fpace prevails;
Spring time returns, and chears each fwain,
Scented with Flora's fragrant gales.
Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,
Then, miftrefs of angelic charms,
Come fmiling like the morn of May,
And center in thy Strphon's arms.

3

Elfe, haunted by the fiend defpair,
He'll court some solitary grove,
Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,
But fwains oppref's'd with haplefs love.
From the once pleasing rural throng
Remov'd he'll bend his lonely way,
Where Philomela's mournful fong
Shall join his melancholy lay.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT



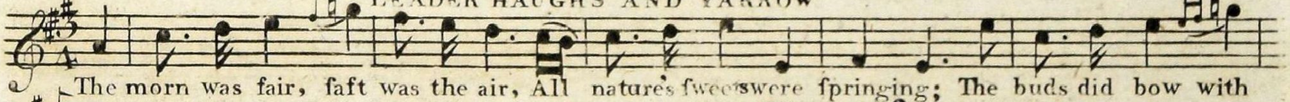


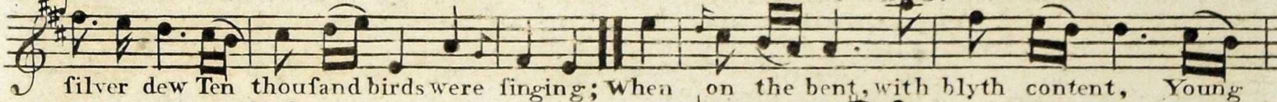
2
My raviſh'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Deluſive dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe pleaſures, which alone can cure
This panting breaſt of mine.

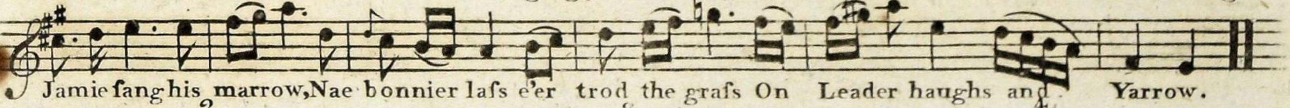
3
I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that's due to love,
And let true paſsion die.
Oh! turn, and let compaſsion ſeize
That lovely breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat could give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

4
Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its laws to ſlight,
By hind'ring the deſign.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW







2
How ſweet her face, where ev'ry grace,
In heavenly beauty's planted!
Her ſmiling een, her comely mein,
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret nor ban my fate,
But bleſs my bonny marrow:
If her dear ſmile my doubts beguile,
My mind ſhall ken no ſorrow.

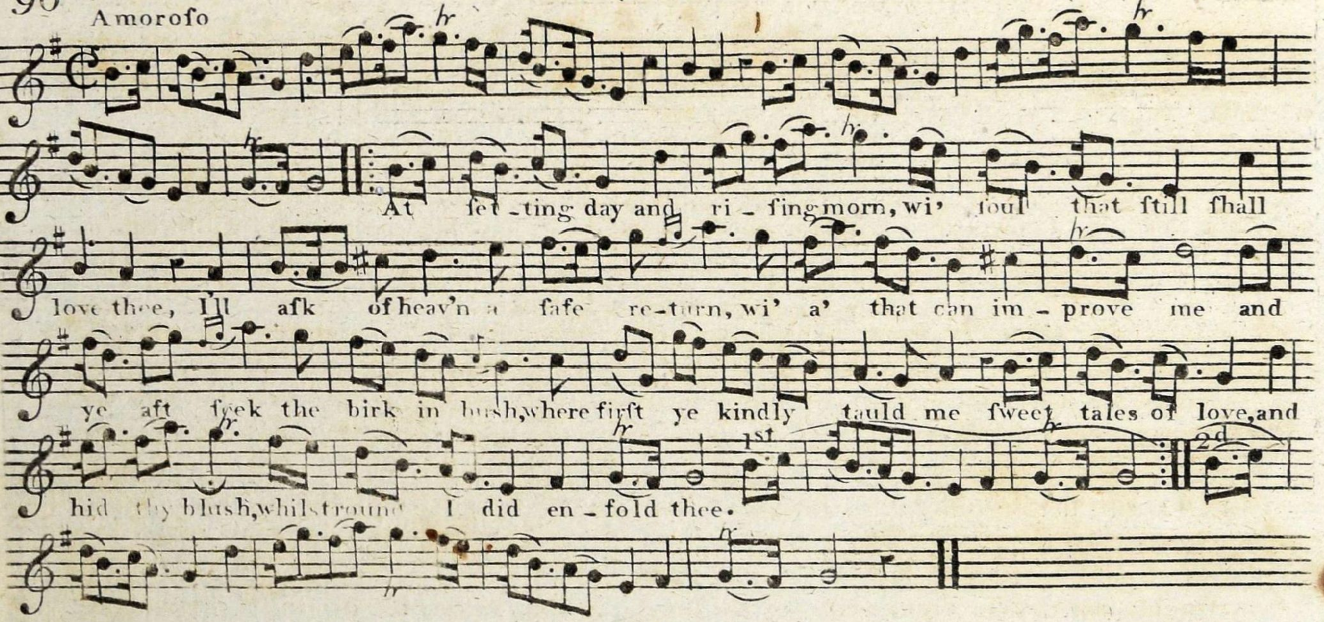
3
Yet tho' ſhe's fair, & has full ſhare
Of ev'ry charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, & ſoon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny Laſs! have but the grace
To think ere ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit, if you commit
The crying ſin of murder.

4
My wand'ring ghaiſt will ne'er get reſt,
And day and night affright ye;
But if ye're kind, & joyful mind,
I'll ſtudy to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things Joy ſhall borrow:
Thus none ſhall be more bleſt than we,
On Leader_Haughs and Yarrow.

5
O ſweeteſt Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wiſhes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this beſt of bliſses.

Thou art my ſun, and thy leaſt frown
Would blaſt me in the bloſsom:
But if thou ſhine, and make me thine,
I'll flouriſh in thy boſom.

AT SETTING DAY.

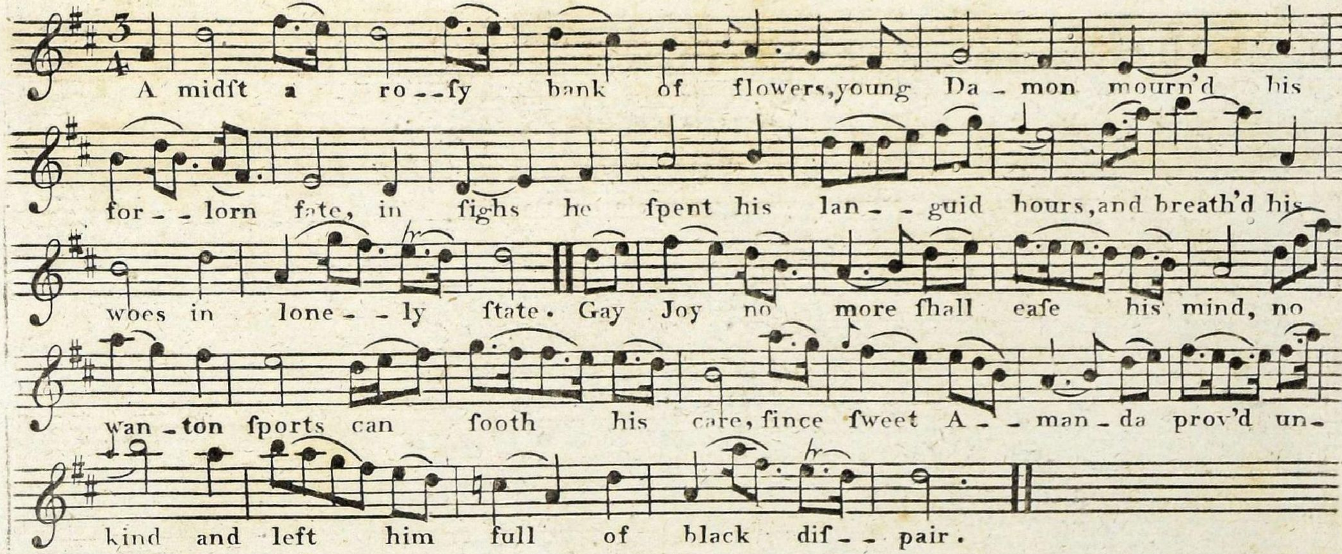


2

To a' our haunts be fure repair,
 To greenwood fhade or fountain,
Where fummer days I us'd to fhare
 Wi' thee upon the mountain.
There tell to a' the Trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, my love is yours
 A heart, which ne'er can wander.

HIGHLAND LAMENTATION.

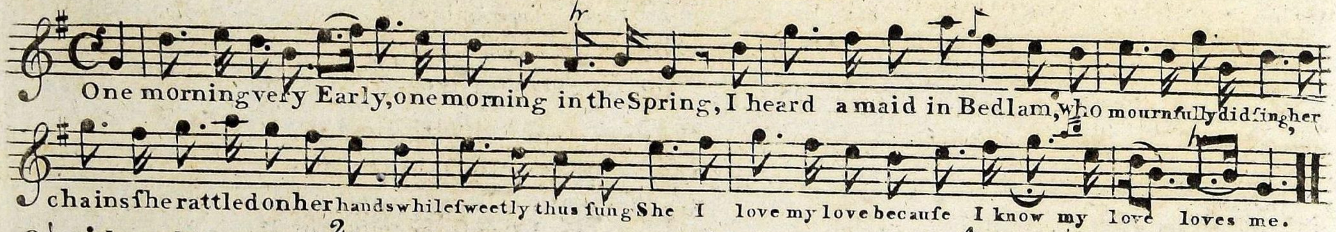
Slow



2

His looks, that were as freſh as morn,
Can now no longer ſmiles impart;
His penſive ſoul on ſadneſs born,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.
Turn, fair Amanda, cheer your ſwain,
Unſhroud him from this veil of woe;
Range every charm, to ſoothe the pain,
That in his tortur'd breaſt doth grow.

WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS



2

O! cruel were his parents, who ſent my love to ſea,
And cruel, cruel was the ſhip, which bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents, ſince they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

3

O! ſhould it pleaſe the pitying pow'rs to call me to the ſky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy would I be!
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

4

I'll make a ſtrawy garland, I'll make it won drous fine,
With roſes, lillies, daiſes, I'll mix the eglantine,
And I'll preſent it to my love when he returns from ſea
For I love my love becauſe I know my love loves me.

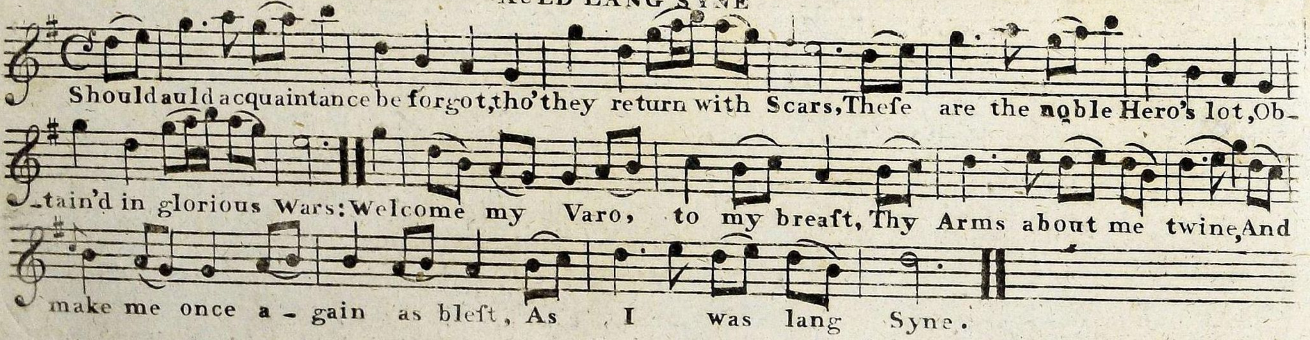
5

O! if I were a little bird to build upon his breaſt
Or if I were a Nightingale to ſing my love to reſt
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward ſhould be
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

6

O! if I were an eagle, to ſoar above the ſky,
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love might ſpy;
But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er ſhall ſee;
Yet I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

AULD LANG SYNE



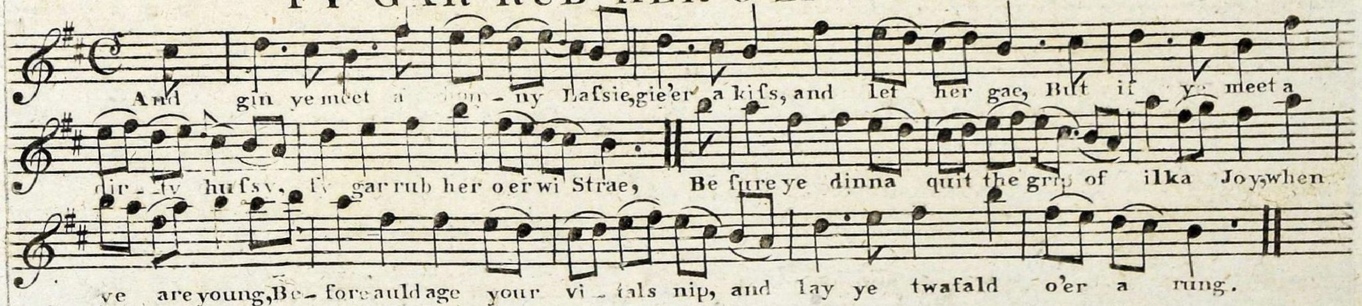
Methinks around us, on each bough;
A thouſand Cupids play,
Whilſt through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay:
Since your returu, the ſun and moon
With brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the Court, and din of ſtate;
Let that to their ſhare fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlavery great,
While bounded like a ball:
But ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
You may purſue the chace,
And, after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day;
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The Hero, pleaſ'd with the ſweet air,
The ſigns of generous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd the Pow'rs above:
Next day, with glad conſent and haſte,
Th'approach'd the ſacred ſhrine,
Where the good Prieſt the couple bleſt,
And put them out of pine.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE



2

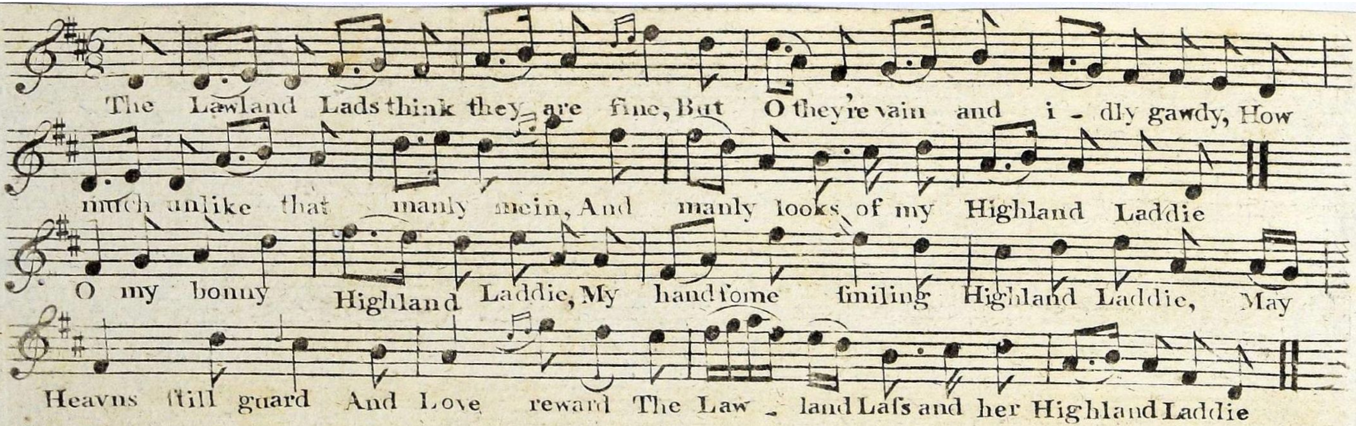
Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome time,
Then lads and laſses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the ſaſt minutes of delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſses laying a' the wyte
O you, if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith

3

Haith, ye're ill bred, ſhe'll ſmiling, ſay,
Ye'll worry me, greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen nay ſays are haf a grant.

4

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.
Theſe bennisons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the Gods indulgent grant:
Then, ſurly carles, wiſht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.



If I were free at will to chuſe,
To be the weethieſt Lawland Lady;
I'd take Young Donald without Trows,
With Bonnet blue and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny. &c.

The braweſt Beau in Burrow's Town;
In a' his Airs with Art made ready;
Compar'd to him he's but a Clown,
He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny. &c.

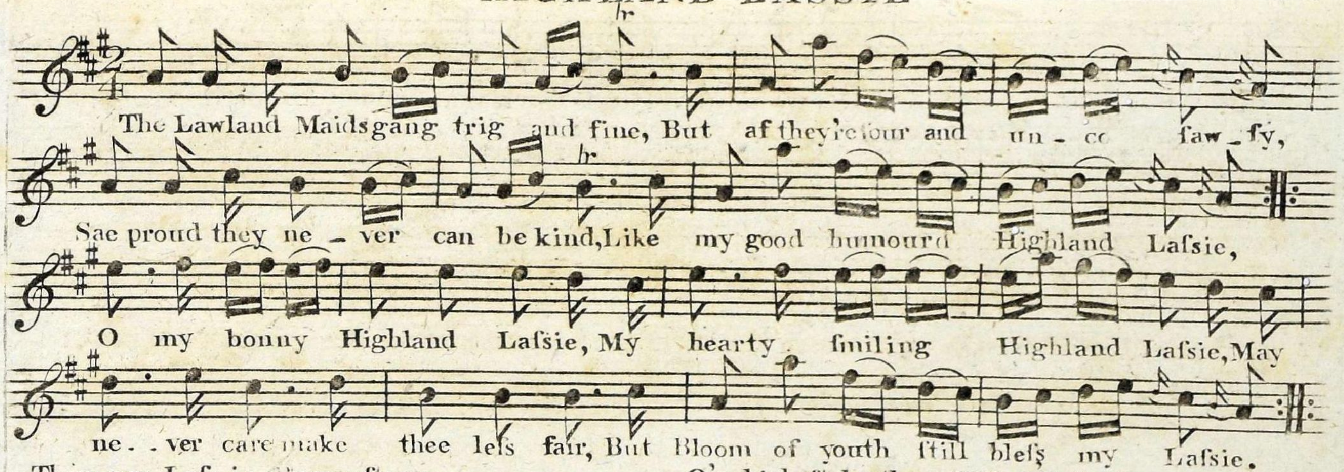
O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady;
Frae Winter's cauld and Summer ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny. &c.

A painted Room and ſilken Bed,
May pleaſe a Lawland Laird and Lady;
But I can Kiſs and be as glad,
Behind a Buſh in's Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny. &c.

Few Compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie;
And he ca's me his Lawland Laſs,
Since rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny. &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Then that his Love prove true and ſteady;
Like mine to him which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heav'n preſerves my Highland Laddie.
O my bonny. &c.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE



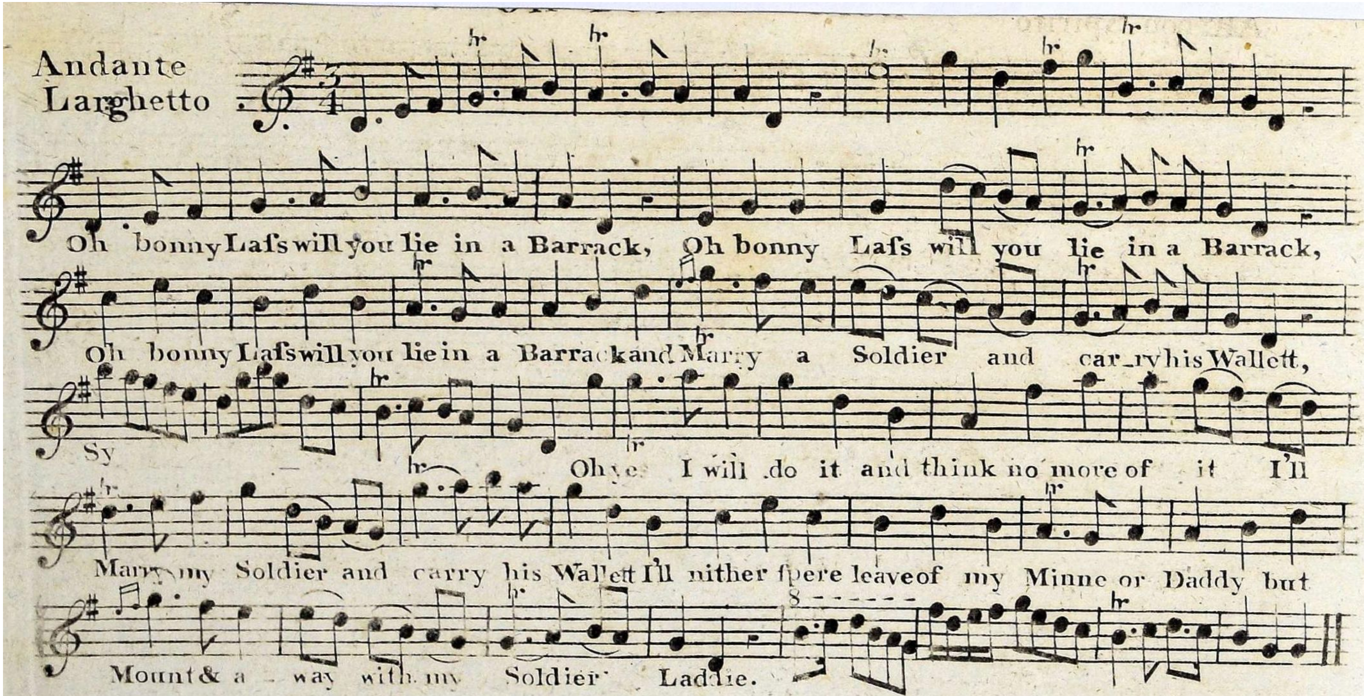
Than ony Lafs in Burrowftown,
Wha mak their cheeks wi Patches motie,
I'd take my Katie but a Gown
Bare footed in her little Cotie
O, my bonny &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Bufh
Whene'er I kifs and court my Dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wifh,
My Flighteren Heart gangs pittie pattie
O, my bonny &c.

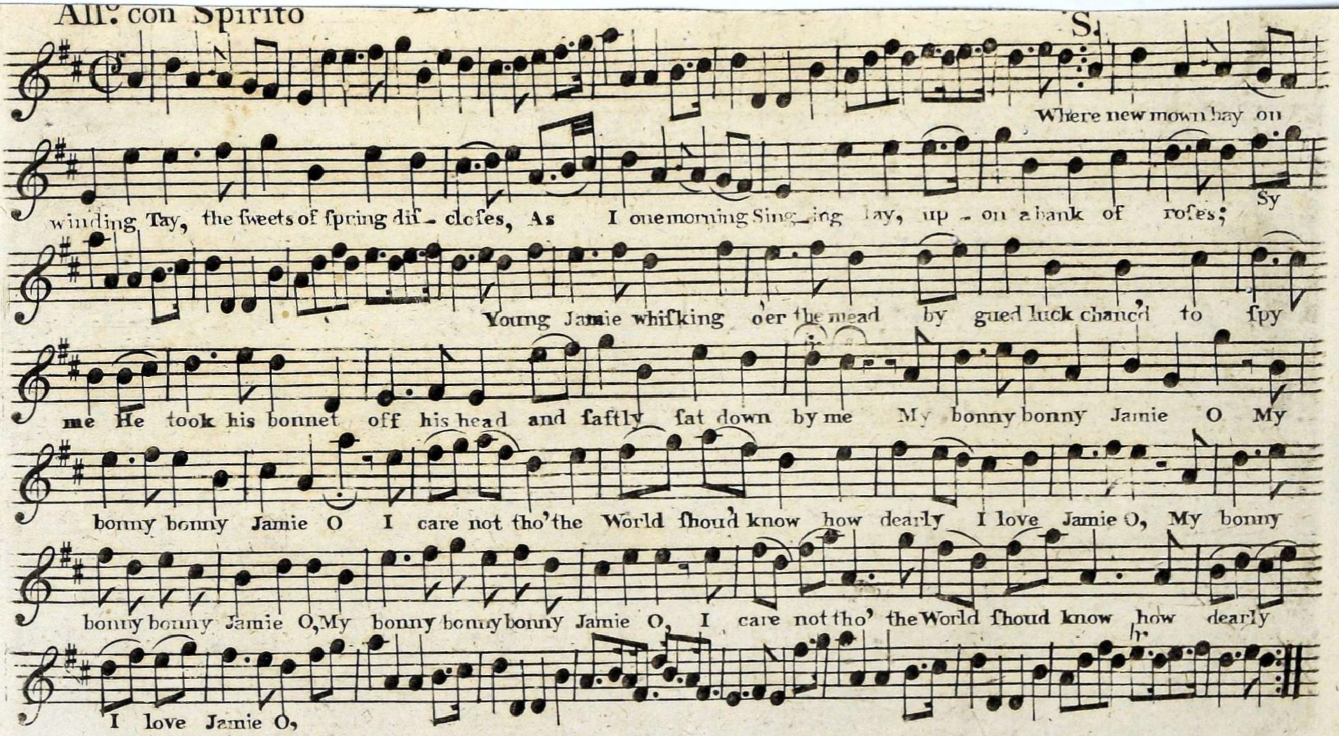
O'er higheft heathery Hills Ill ftenn,
With cockit Gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the Deer out of their Den,
To feaft my Lafs on Difhes dainty.
O, my bonny &c.

There's nane that dare by deed or word,
'Gainft her to wag a Tongue, or Finger
While I can weild my trufty Sword,
Or frae my fide whifk out a Whinger.
O, my bonny &c.

The Mountains clad with purple bloom,
And Berries ripe invite my Treafure,
To range with me, let great Fowk gloom,
While Wealth and Pride confound their pleafure.
O, my bonny &c.



Oh bonny Lafs will you go a Campaining,
Endure all the hardfhips of Battle and Famine,
When Bleeding, and Fainting, Oh cou'd you draw near me,
And kindly fupport me and tenderly chear me,
Oh yes I will go thro' thofe hardfhips you mention,
And twenty times more if you have the invention,
Nither, Danger, nor Death, nor Battle's alarm me,
My Soldier is near me and nothing can harm me.

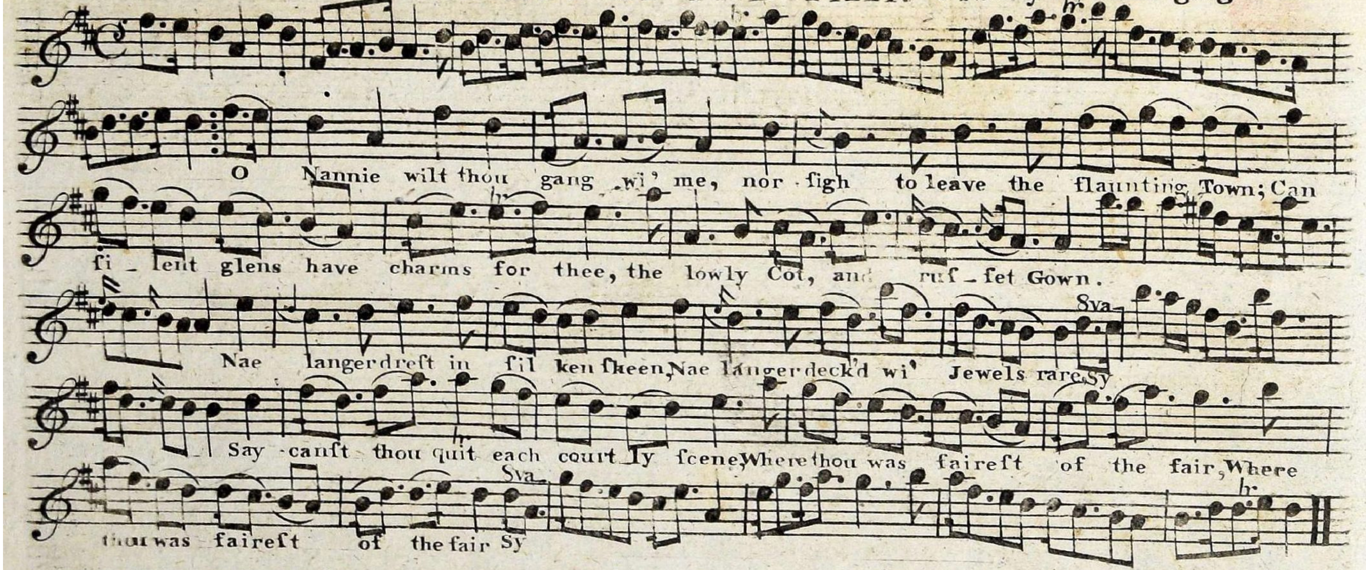


The Swain tho' I right meickle prize,
Yet now I wad na ken him;
But with a frown my heart diſguiſ'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him:
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And at my feet down lying;
His beating heart it thumpt ſae faſt,
I thought the Lad was dying.
My bonny bonny Jamie O &c.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry Paſsion feigning;
I after roughly ſhot him by,
With words fow of disdaining:
He ſeiz'd my hand and nearer drew,
And gently chiding a my pride;
So ſweetly did the Shepherd woo,
I bluſhing vow'd to be his bride.
My bonny bonny Jamie O &c.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR

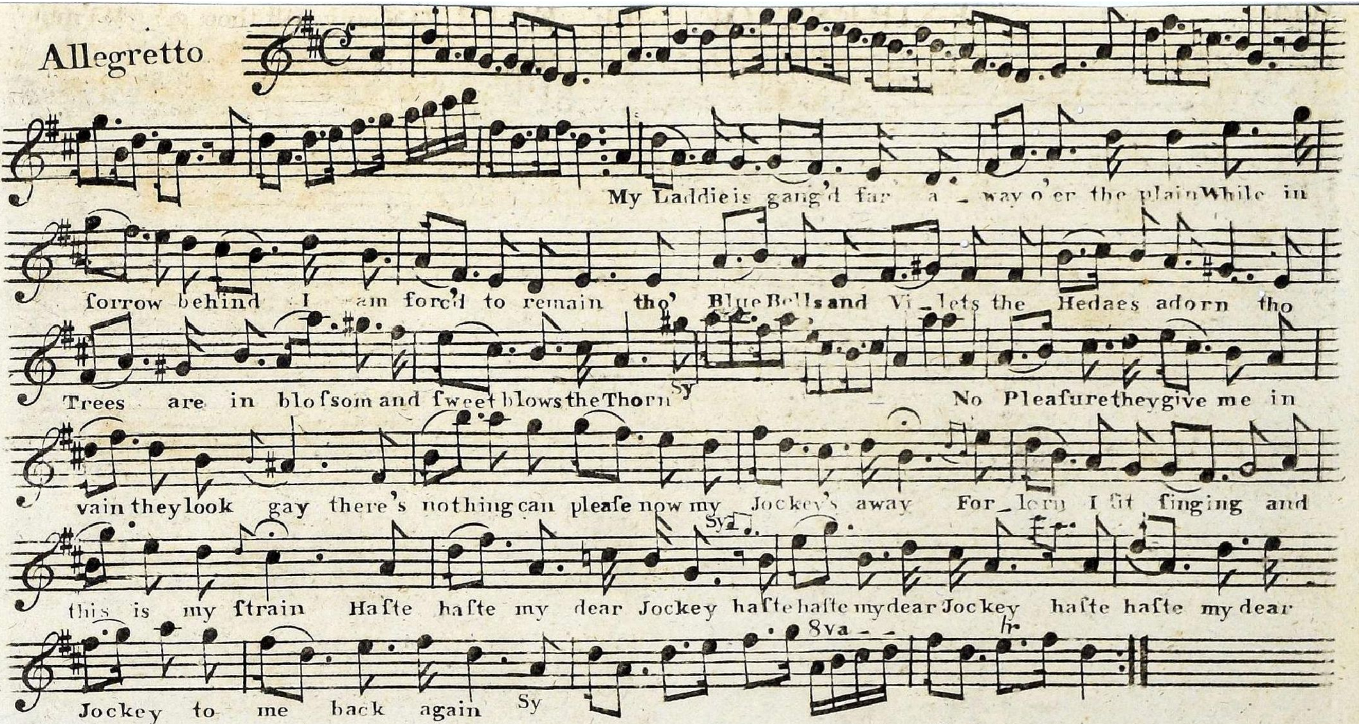
O Nanny wilt thou gang Wi' me



O Nannie when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not caſt a wiſh behind.
Say can'ſt thou face the flaky ſnow,
Nor ſhrink before the warping wind.
O can that ſaft and gentleſt mien,
Severeſt hardſhips learn to bear,
Nor ſad regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou waſt faireſt of the fair.

O Nannie can'ſt thou love ſo true,
Thro' perils kean wi' me to gae.
Or When thy Swain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with me the pang of wae.
And when thy invading pains befall,
Wilt thou aſsume the Nurſes care,
Nor wiſhful thoſe gay ſcenes recall,
Where thou waſt faireſt of the fair.

And when at laſt thy love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath,
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And chear with ſmiles the bed of death,
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou waſt faireſt of the fair.

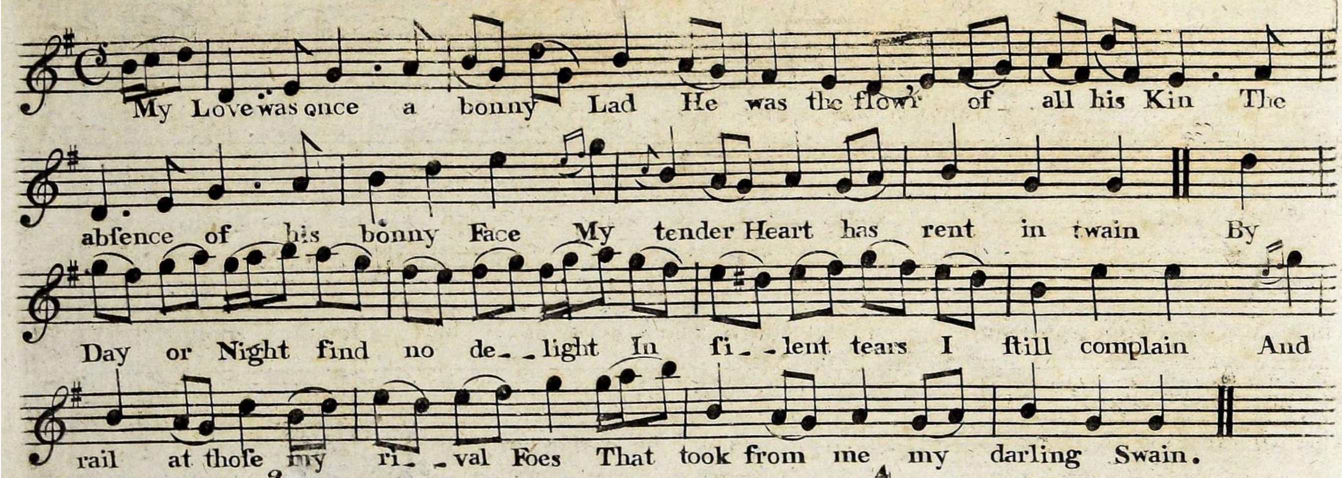


2

When Lads and their Laſses are on the Green met,
They Dance and they Sing they Laugh and they Chat,
Contented and Happy with Hearts full of Glee,
I can't without envy their Merrement ſee,
Thoſe Paſtimes offend me, my Shepherd's not there,
No Pleaſure I reliſh that Jocky don't ſhare,
It makes me to ſigh I tears ſcarce can refrain,
I wiſh my dear Jockey return'd back again.

3

But Hope ſhall ſuſtain me nor will I deſpair,
He promiſ'd he wou'd in a Fortnight be here,
On fond Expectation my wiſhes I'll feaſt,
For Love my dear Jocky to Jenny will haſte,
Then farewell each Care and adieu each vain ſigh,
Who'll then be ſo bleſt or ſo happy as I,
I'll ſing on the Meadows and alter my ſtrain,
When Jockey returns to my Arms back again.



2

Deſpair and anguiſh fills my Breaſt
Since I have loſt my blooming Roſe
I ſigh and mourn while others reſt
His abſence yields me no repoſe
To ſeek my Love I'll range and rove
Thro' ev'ry grove and diſtant plain
I ne'er will ceaſe but ſpend my Days
Till I hear from my darling Swain.

3

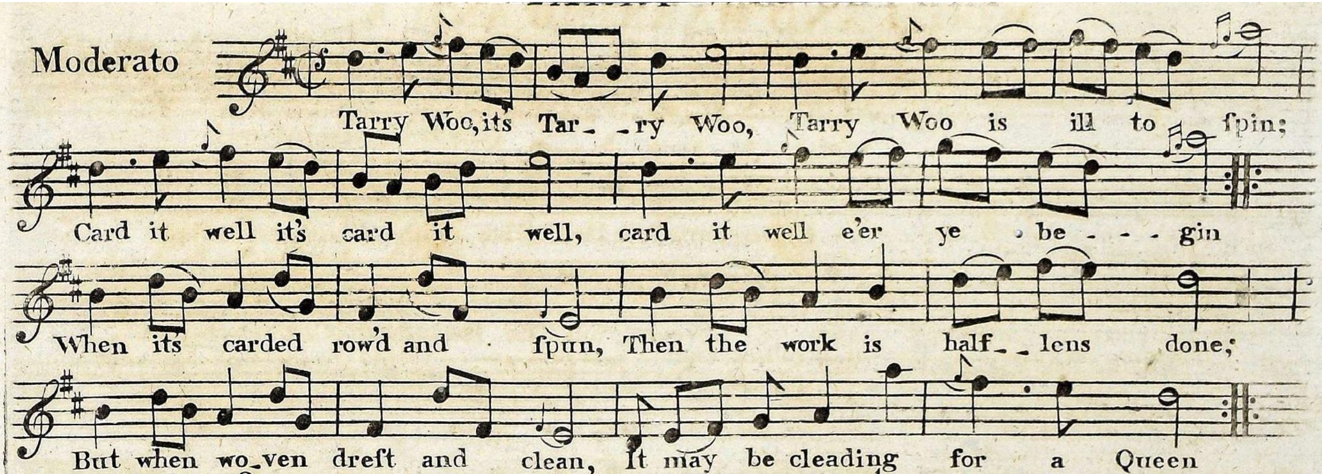
I need not ſtrange at Natures change,
Since Parents ſhew'd ſuch cruelty
Therefore my love from me do range
And knows not to what deſtiny
The pretty Kids and tender Lambs
Shall ceaſe to ſport upon the plain
But they lament in diſcontent
For th'abſence of my darling Swain.

4

Kind Neptune let me you intreat
To ſend a fair and pleaſant gale
Your Dolphins ſweet upon me wait
For to convey me on your tail
May Heavens bleſs me with ſucceſs
Whilſt croſsing on the raging Main
And ſend me o'er to that ſame ſhore
To meet my lovely darling Swain.

5

All Joy and Mirth at our return
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay
The Bells ſhall ring the Birds ſhall ſing
To grace an crown our nuptual day
Thus bleſt with charms in my loves Arms
Once more my Heart I will obtain
I'll range no more t' adiſtant ſhore
But will enjoy my darling Swain.



2

Sing my bonny harmleſs Sheep,
That feed upon the Mountains ſteep,
Bleeting ſweetly as ye go,
Thro' the Winter's froſt and ſnow;
Hart and Hind, and fallow Deer,
No be haff ſo uſeful are;
Frae Kings to him that hads the Plow,
Are a' oblig'd to Tarry Woo.

3

Up the Shepherds dance and ſkip,
O'er the Hills and Vallies trip,
Sing the Praiſe of Tarry Woo,
Sing the Flocks that bear it too;
Harmleſs Creatures without blame,
That clead the back and cram the Wame,
Keep us warm and partan fow,
Leeſe me on the Tarry Woo.

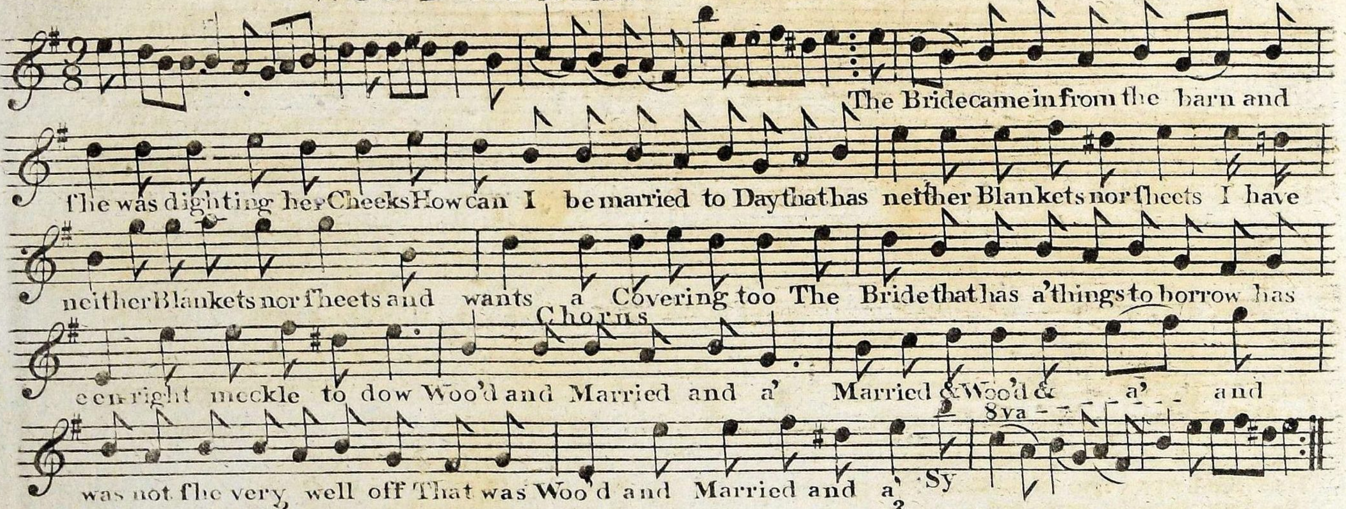
4

How happy is a Shepherd's Life,
Far frae Courts and free of ſtrife,
While the Gimmers bleet and bae,
And the Lambkins anſwer mae;
No ſuch Muſic to his Ear,
Of Thief or Fox he has nae fear
Sturdy Kent and Colly too,
Will defend the Tarry Woo.

5

He lives Content and envies none,
Not even a Monarch on his Throne,
Tho' he the Royal Sceptre ſways;
Has not ſweeter holy Days,
Who'd be a King can only tell,
When a Shepherp ſings ſae well,
Sings ſae well, and pays his due
With honeſt Heart and Tarry Woo.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A



2

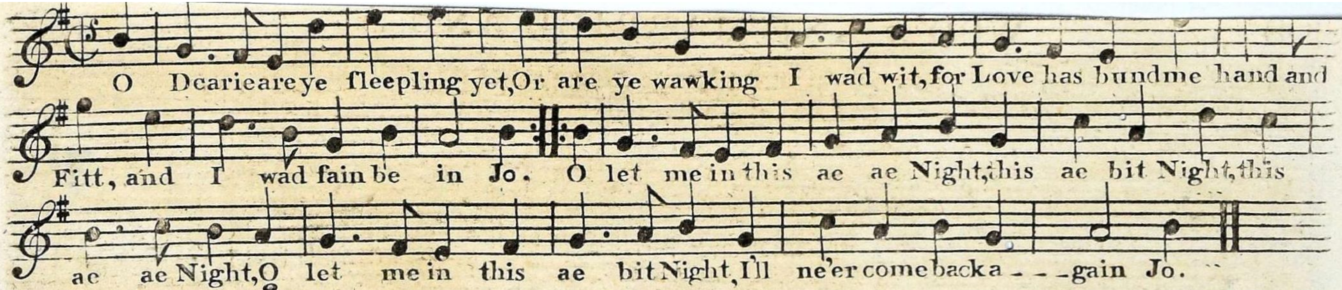
First ſpake the Brides Mother
De'il ſtick a' this Pride
I had not a Plack in my Pocket
The Day that I was a Bride
My Gown was a Linſie Winſie
And never a Sark at a'
And you have Gowns and Buſkins
More than ane or twa
Woo'd & Married &c.

3

Then ſpake the Brides Father
As he came in frae the Plough
Had your Tongue my Daughter
And you'ſe get Gear enough
The Stirk that gangs on the Tether
And our brawn baſsen'd Yade
To lead your Corn in Harveſt
What wad ye hae mair ye Jade
Woo'd & Married &c.

4

What's the matter quoth Donald
Tho' we be ſcarce of Claith's
We'll creep the cloſer together
And fley awa the Flaes
The Summer is coming on
And we'll get Puckles of Woo
We'll fee a Laſs of our ain
And ſhe'll Spin Blankets enough
Woo'd & Married &c.



2

He

The Morn it is the Term Day,
I maun awa I canna ftay,
O pity me before I gae,
And rife and let me in Jo.
O let me in &c.

He 3

I am the Laird of Winey wafe,
I comna here without a caufe,
For I have gotten mony faws,
Upon a nakit Wame Jo.
O let me in &c.

She 4

My Father walk upo the Street
My Mither the Chamber Key does keep
The Chamber door does chirp and cheep
And I darna let you in Jo.

He 5

This Night it is baith Wind weet
The Morn it will Snaw and fleet
My Boots are fticken to my feet
We ftanding in the Rain Jo.
O let me in &c.

She 6

Caft aff the Boots frae aff your Feet
Caft up the Door but dinna cheep
Caft aff the Boots frae aff your Feet
And fyne come creeping in Jo.

He 7

O well's me on this ae Night
This ae ae ae bit Night
O well's me on this ae Night
For I'll ay come back again Jo.

8

She lut him in fae privitly
She lut him in fae cannely
She lut him in fae privitly
To do the thing ye ken Jo.

She 9

O wells me on this ae Night
This ae ae ae bit Night
O wells me on this ae Night
That e'er I lut you in Jo.

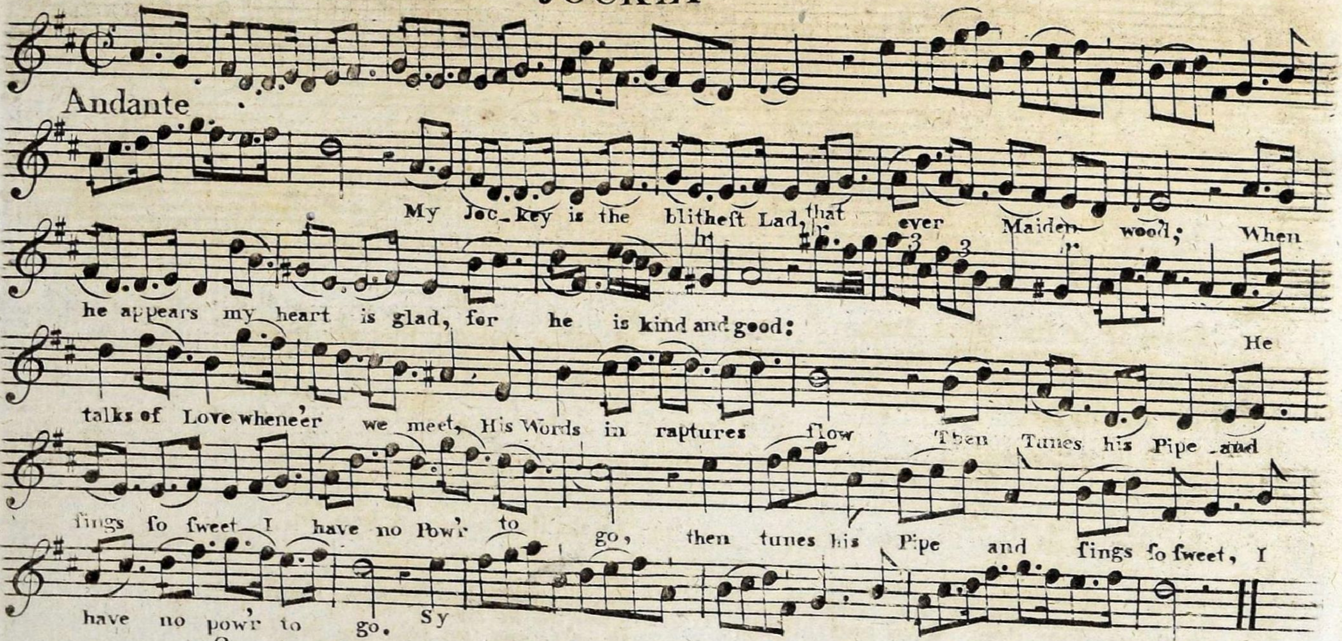
10

When a' was done and a' was faid
Out fell the Bottom o' the Bed
The Lafs look'd as her Nofe had bled
For her Mither hard the din Jo.

She 11

O the Divel tak this ae Night
This ae ae ae bit Night
O the Divel tak this ae Night
That e'er I lut you in Jo.

JOCKEY

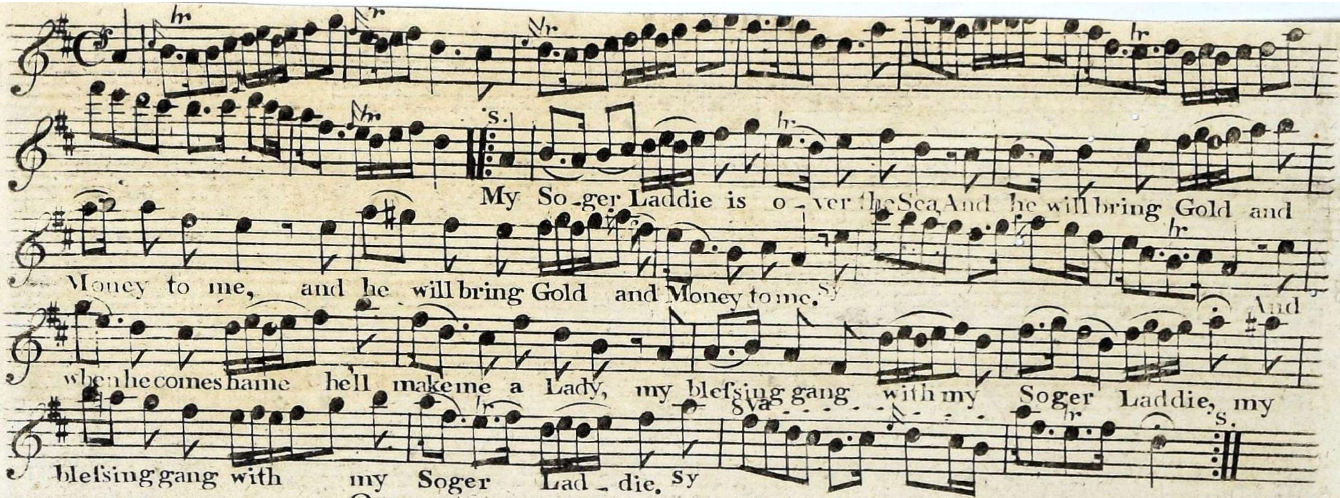


2

All other Laſses he forſakes,
And flies to me alone,
At ev'ry Fair and all the Wakes,
I hear them making moan;
He buys me Toys and Sweetmeats too,
And Ribbons for my Hair,
No Swain was ever half ſo true,
Or half ſo kind and fair.

3

Where e'er I go I nothing fear,
If Jockey is but by;
For I alone am all his Care,
When ever danger's nigh;
He vows to Wed next Whitſunday,
And make me bleſt for Life,
Can I refuſe, ye Maidens ſay,
To be young Jockey's Wife.



2

My doughty Laddie is Handfom and Brave
And can as a Soger and Lover behave
True to his Country, to Love he is fteady
There's few to compare with my Soger Laddie.

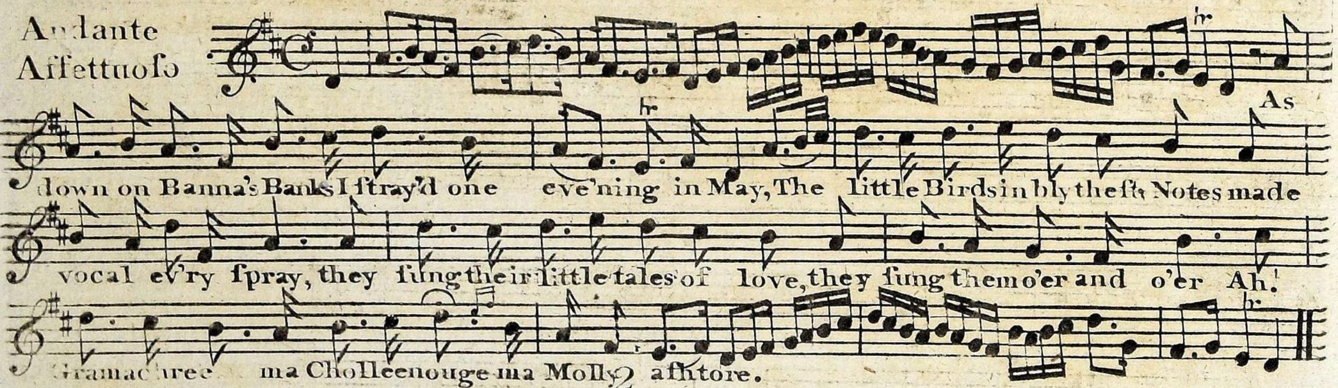
3

Shield him ye Angels, frae Death in Alarms,
Return him with Laurels to my langing Arms,
Syne frae all my care hell pleafantly frae me
When back to my wifhes my Soger ye gie me.

4

O foon may his Honours bloom fair on his Brow
As quickly they muft, if he get his due
For in Noble Actions his Courage is ready
Which makes me Delight in my Soger Laddie.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY



2
The daiſy pied and all the ſweets the dawn of Nature yeilds
The Primroſe pale the Violet blue lay ſcatter'd o'er the field
Such fragrance in the boſom lies of her who I adore. Ah! Gramachree &c

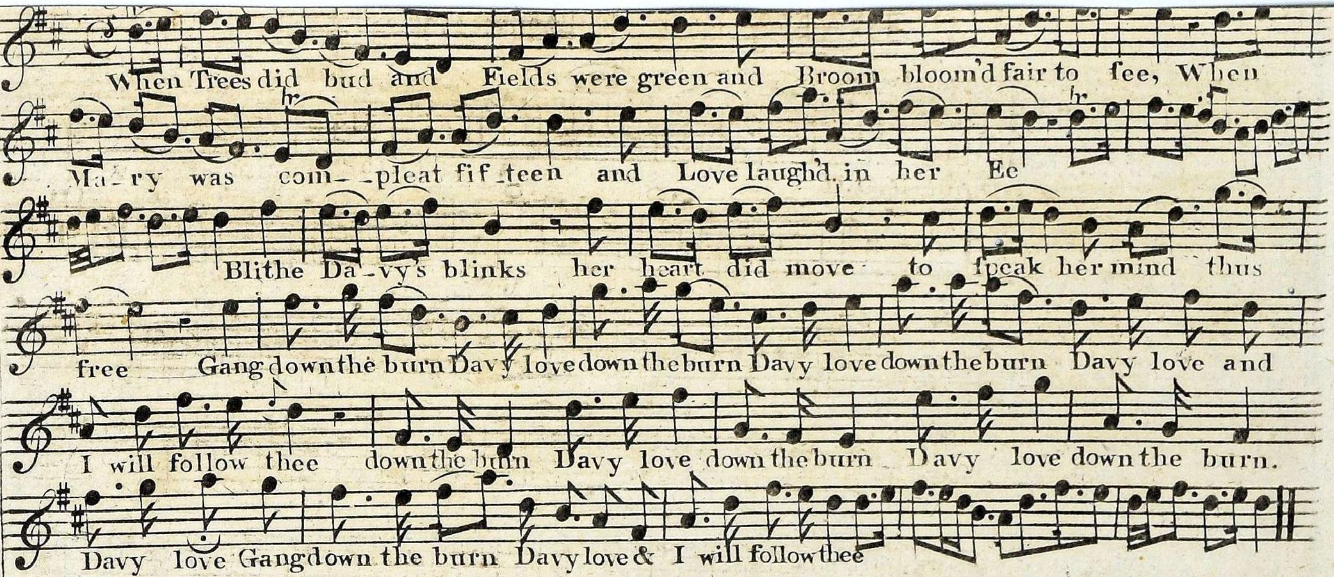
3
I laid me down upon a bank bewailing my ſad fate
That doom'd me thus the ſlave of love and cruel Molly's hate
How can ſhe break the honeſt heart that wears her in its core. Ah! Gramachree &c

4
You ſaid you lov'd me Molly dear ah why did I believe
Yet who could think ſuch tender words were meant but to deceive
That love was all I aſk no earth nay heav'n could give no more. Ah! Gramachee &c

5
Oh had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill
Or low'd for me the numerous herds that yon green Paſture fill
With her I love I'd gladly ſhare my kine and fleecy ſtore. Ah! Gramachee &c

6
Two Turtle doves above my head ſat courting on a bough
I envied them their happineſs to ſee them bill and coo
Such fondneſs once for me ſhe ſhew'd but now alaſs 'tis o'er. Ah! Gramachee &c

7
Then fare the well my Molly dear thy loſs I e'er ſhall mourn
Whilſt life remains in Strephons heart 'twill bear for thee alone
Tho' thou art falſe may heav'n on thee its choiceſt bleſsings pour. Ah! Gramachee&

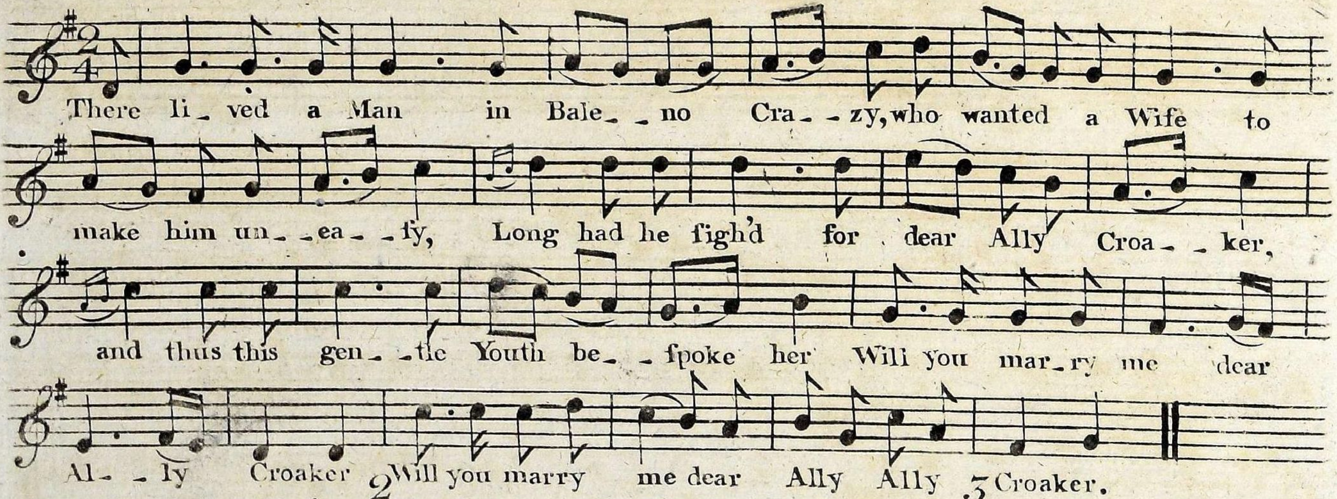


Now Davy did each Lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this burn ſide;
And Mary was the bonnieſt Laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride.
Blithe Davy's blinks &c.

Her Cheeks were roſie red and white,
Her Een was bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping Dew.
Blithe Davy's blinks &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a Routh,
Straight to the Kirk he led her;
There plighted her his Faith and Truth,
And a bonny bride he make her.
No more aſham'd to own her Love,
Or ſpeak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn Davy love,
And I will follow thee.

ALLY CROAKER



2

This artlefs young man juft come from the Schoolary,
A Novice in Love, and all its Foolary,
Too dull for a Wit, too grave for a Joaker,
And thus this gentle Youth he befpoke her.
Will you marry me dear Ally Croaker.
Will you marry me dear Ally Ally Croaker.

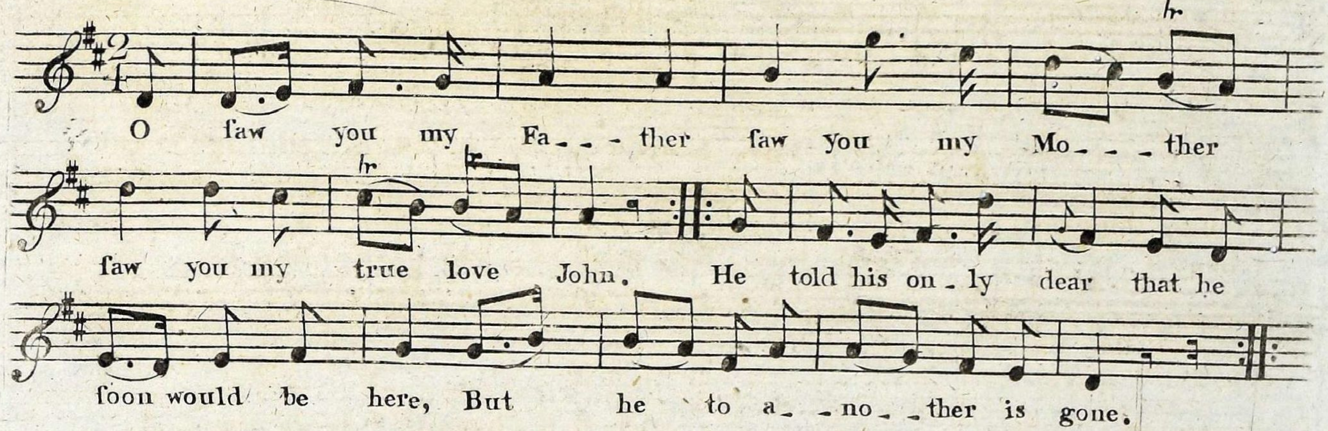
3

He drank with the Father he talk with the Mother,
He Rompt with the Sifter he Gam'd with the Brother
He Gam'd till he pawn'd his Coat to the Broker,
Which loft him the Heart of his dear Ally Croaker.
Oh! the fickle Ally Croaker.
Oh! the fickle Ally Ally Croaker.

4

To all you young Men who are fond of Gaming
Who are fpending your Money whilft others are faving,
Fortune's a Jilt, the De'el may choak her,
A Jilt more inconftant than dear Ally Croaker
Oh! the inconftant Ally Croaker
Oh! the inconftant Ally Ally Croaker

SAW YOU MY FATHER



2

I ſaw not your Father
I ſaw not your Mother
But I ſaw your true love John;
He has met with ſome delay
Which has cauſed him to ſtay
But he will be here Anon.

3

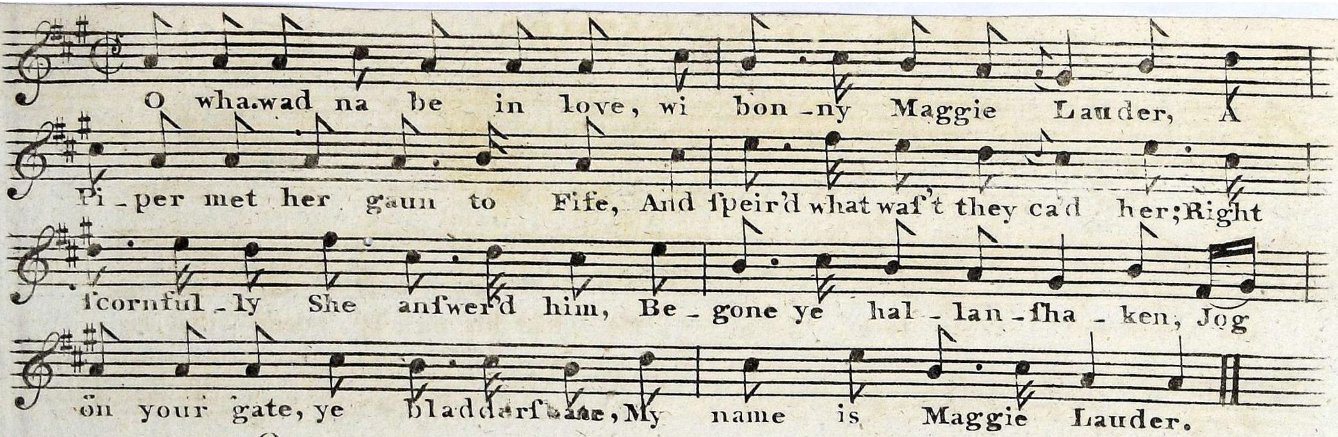
Then John he up aroſe
And to the Door he goes
And he twirled he twirled at the Pin,
The Laſsie took the hint
And to the Door ſhe went,
And ſhe let her true love in.

4

Fly up fly up
My bonny Grey Cock
And Crow when it is Day,
Your Breaſt ſhall be
Of the beaming Gold
And your Wings of the Silver grey.

5

The Cock he proved falſe
And untrue he was
For he Crowed an Hour too ſoon
The Laſsie thought it day
So ſhe ſent her love away
And it proved but the blink of the Moon.



2

Maggie, quoth he and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to ſee ye,
Sit down by me my bonny bird,
In troth I winna ſteer thee;
For I'm a Piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the ranter,
The Laſses loupe as they were daft
When I blaw up my chanter.

3

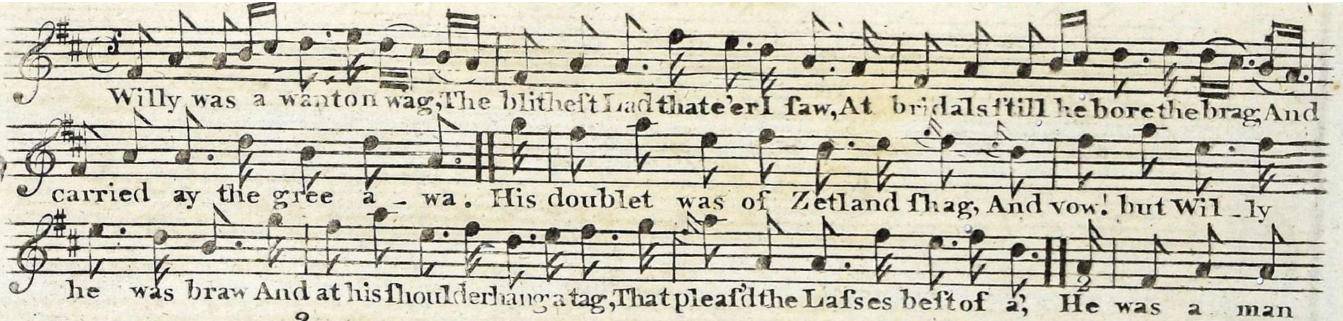
Piper quoth Meg, hae you your bags,
And is your drone in order,
If ye be Rob I've heard of thee,
Live ye upo' the border;
The Laſses a', baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the ranter,
I'll ſhake my foot wi' right goodwill,
Gin you'll blaw up your chanter.

4

Then to his bags he flew wi' ſpeed,
About the drone he twiſted,
Meg up and wollop'd o'er the green
For brawley could She friſk it
Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth ſhe,
Weel bob'd quoth Rob the ranter
Tis worth my while to play indeed
When I hae ſick a dancer.

5

Weel hae you play'd your part quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimſon,
Theres nane in Scotland plays ſae weel,
Since we loſt Habby Simpſon;
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife
Theſe ten years and a quarter
Gin ye ſhould come to Enſter Fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.



2

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon ſhaw;
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The fiend a ane among them a'.

3

And was not Willy well worth gowd
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſses hale-ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

4

And was na Willy a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſses round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are ſair.
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

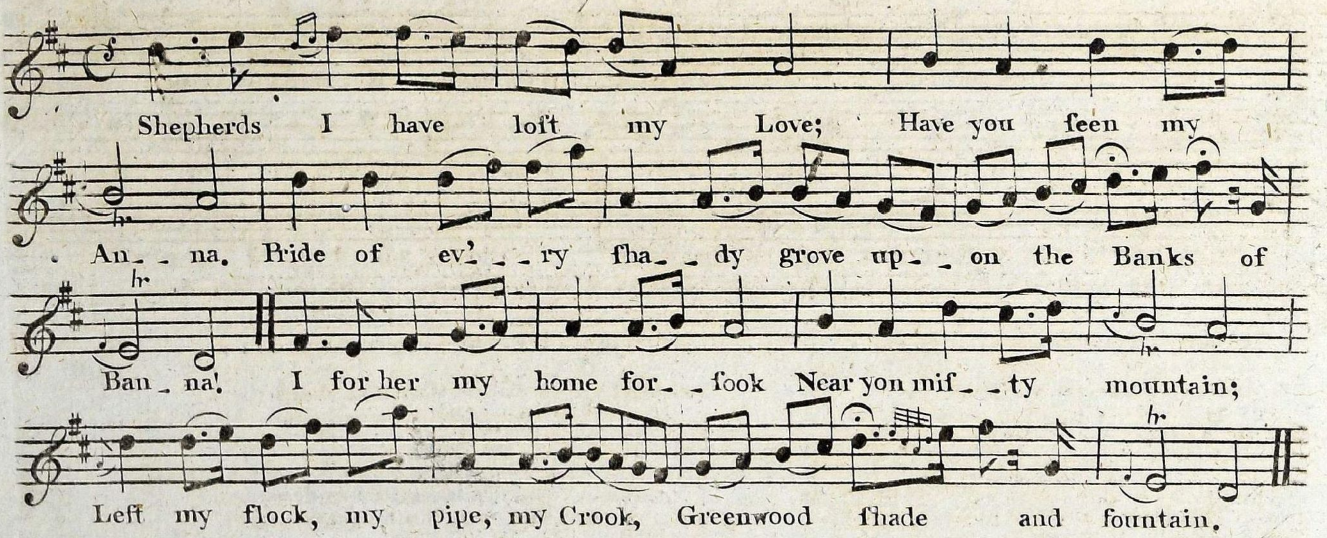
5

Then reſt ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face;
With bobbing, Willy's ſhanks are ſair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

6

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs, like Willy, ye advance;
(O! Willy has a wanton leg;)
For wi't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And formaſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſick dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

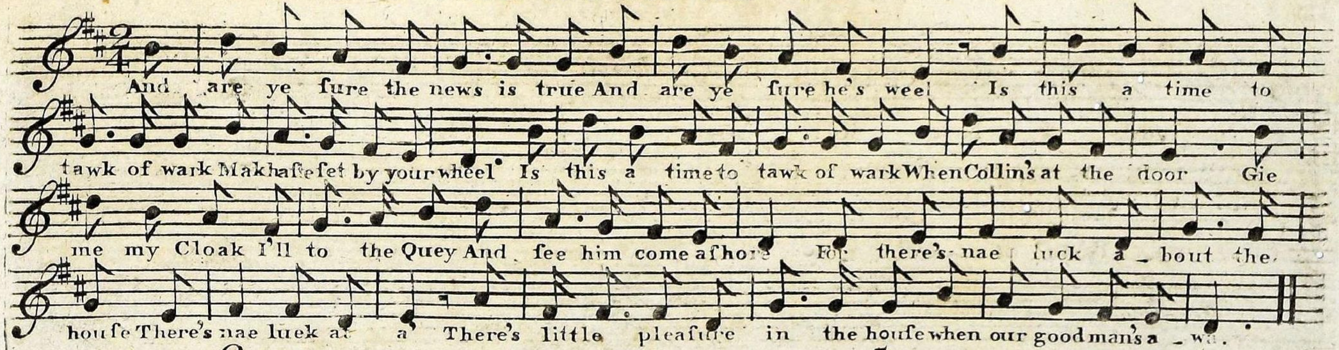
ANNA



2

Never fhall I fee them more
Untill her returning
All the Joys of Life are o'er
From gladnefs chang'd to mourning
Whither is my charmer flown.
Shepherds tell me whither.
Ah! woe for me, perhaps fhe's gone
For ever and for ever

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE



2

Riſe up and mak a clean fire ſide
Put on the muckle Pat
Gie little Kate her Cotton Gown
And Jock his Sunday's Coat
And mak their ſhoon as black as ſlaes
Their Hoſe as white as Snaw
It's a' to pleaſe my ain Good man
For he's been long awa
And there's nae &c.

3

There is twa Hens into the bauk
S'been fed this month and mair
Mak haſte and thra their necks about
That Collin well may fare
And ſpread the Table neat and clean
Gar ilka thing look bra
It's a for love of my Good_man
For he's been laing awa
Ah there's nae &c.

4

O gie me down my big Bonnet
My Biſhops ſattin Gown
For I maun tell the Baillie's wife
That Collin's come to town
My Sunday's ſhoon they maun gae on
My Hoſe o'pearl blue
It's a' to pleaſe my Ain Good_man
For he's baith leel and true
Sure there's nae &c.

5

Sae true's his words ſae ſmooth's his ſpeach
His breath like caller Air
His very foot has Muſic in't
When he comes up the ſtair
And will I ſee his face again
And will I hear him ſpeak
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought
In troth I'm like to greet
For there's nae &c.

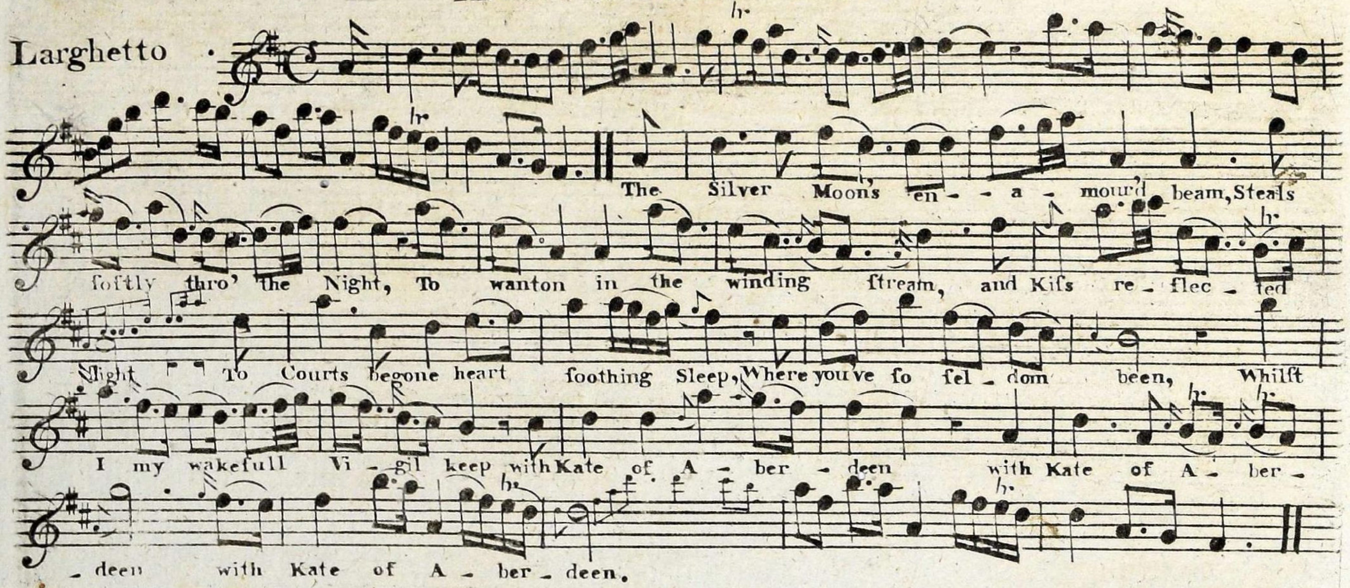
6

The cauld blaſts of the winter wind
That thrilled thro' my heart
They're a blaun by I hae him ſafe
'Till death we'll never part
But what puts parting in my head
It may be far awa
The preſent moment is our ain
The neiſt we never ſaw
And there's nae &c.

7

Since Collin's well I'm well content
I hae nae mair to crave
Could I but live to mak him bleſt
I'm bleſt aboon the lave
And will I ſee his face again
And will I hear him ſpeak
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought
In troth I'm like to greet
And there's nae &c.

KATE OF ABERDEEN



2

The Nymphs and Swains expectant wait,
In Primroſe Chaplets gay,
'Till Morn unbars her golden Gate,
And gives the promiſ'd May;
The Nymphs and Swains ſhall all declare
The promiſ'd May when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

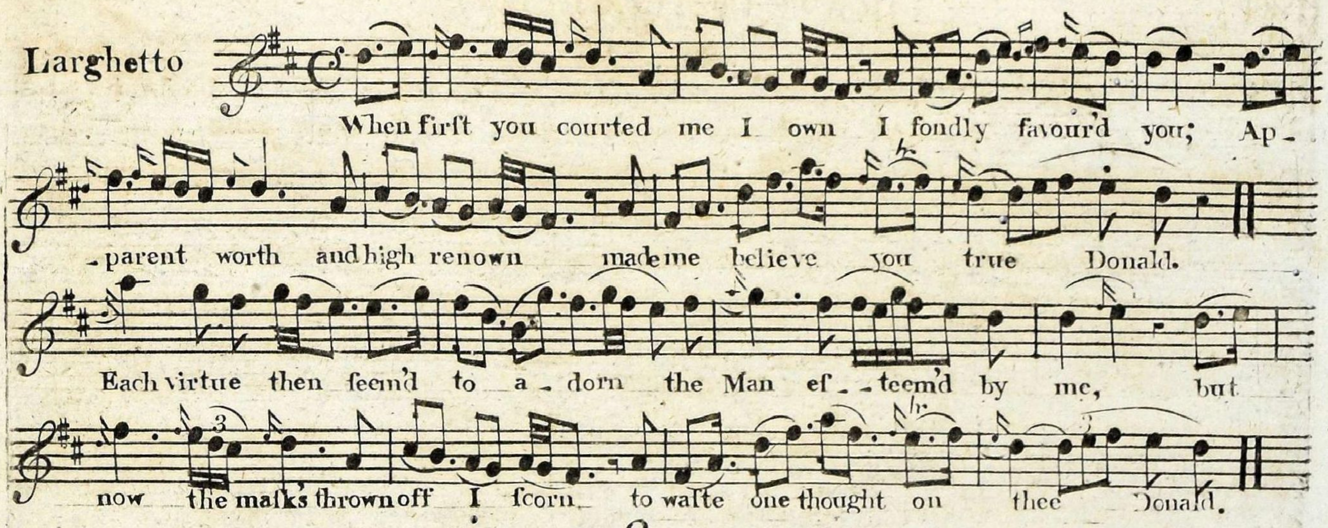
3

I'll tune my Pipe to playful Notes,
And rouſe yon nodding Grove,
'Till new wak'd Birds diſtend their throats,
And hail the Maid I Love;
At her approach, the Lark miſtakes,
And quits the new dreſ'd green,
Fond Birds 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

4

Now blithſome o'er the dewey Mead,
Where Elves diſportive play,
The feſtal Dance young Shepherds lead,
Or ſing their Love tun'd lay;
'Till May in Morning robe draws nigh,
And claims a Virgin Queen,
The Nymphs and Swains exulting cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

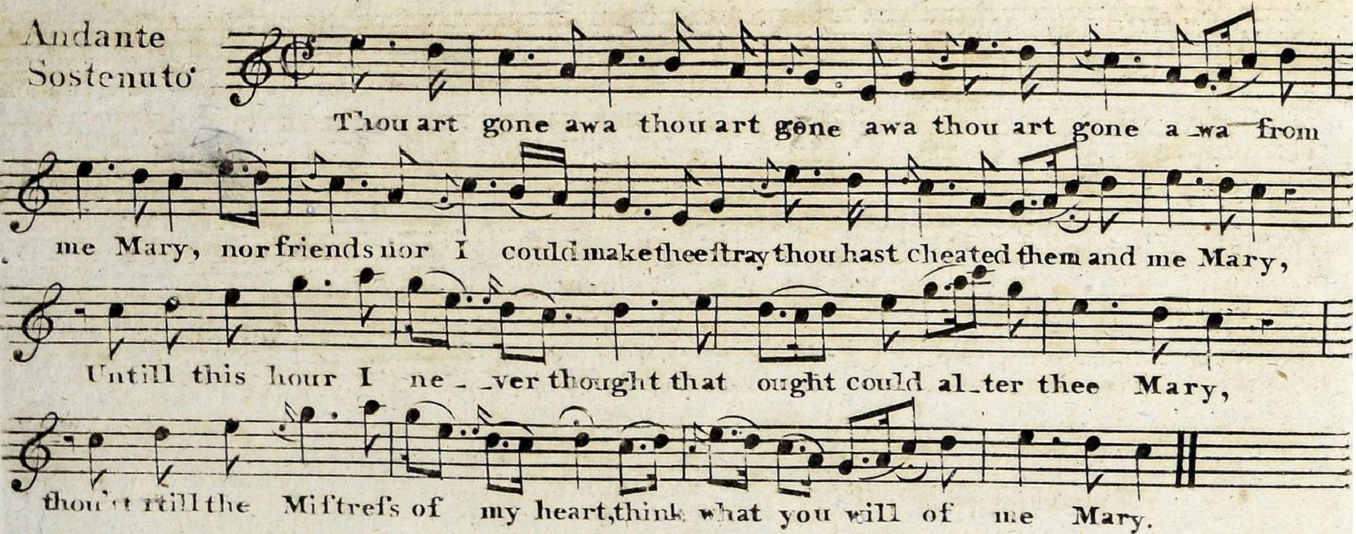
DONALD



2

O then for ever haste away
Away from love and me
Go seek a heart that's like your own
And come no more to me Donald.
For I'll reserve myself alone
For one that's more like me
If such a one I cannot find
I fly from love and thee Donald.

THOU ART GONE AWA

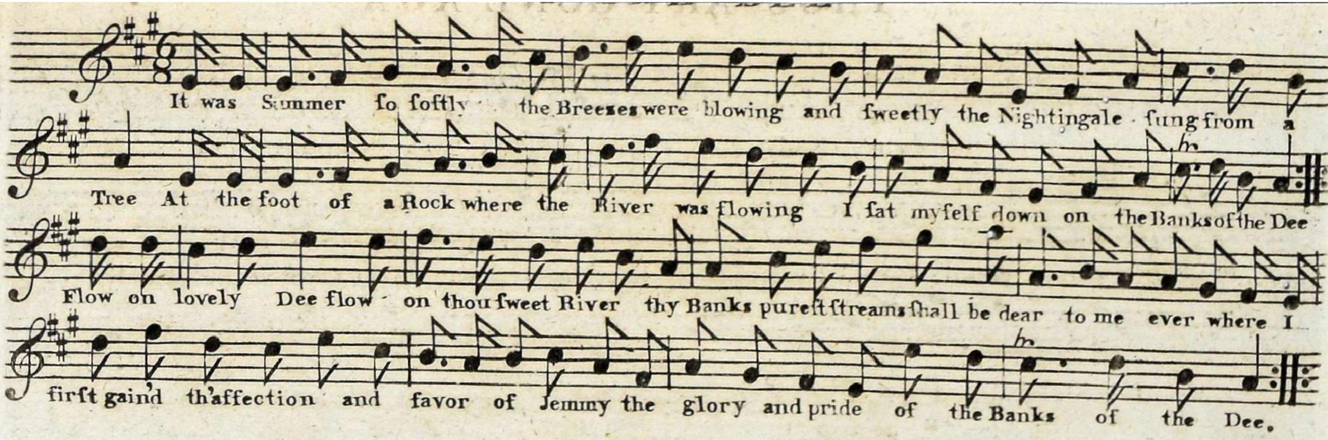


2

What e'er he ſaid or might pretend,
That ſtole that heart of thine Mary;
True love I'm ſure was ne'er his end,
Or nay ſuch Love as mine Mary.
I ſpoke ſincere nor flatter'd much,
Had no unworthy thoughts Mary;
Ambition, Wealth, nor nathing ſuch;
No I lov'd only thee Mary.

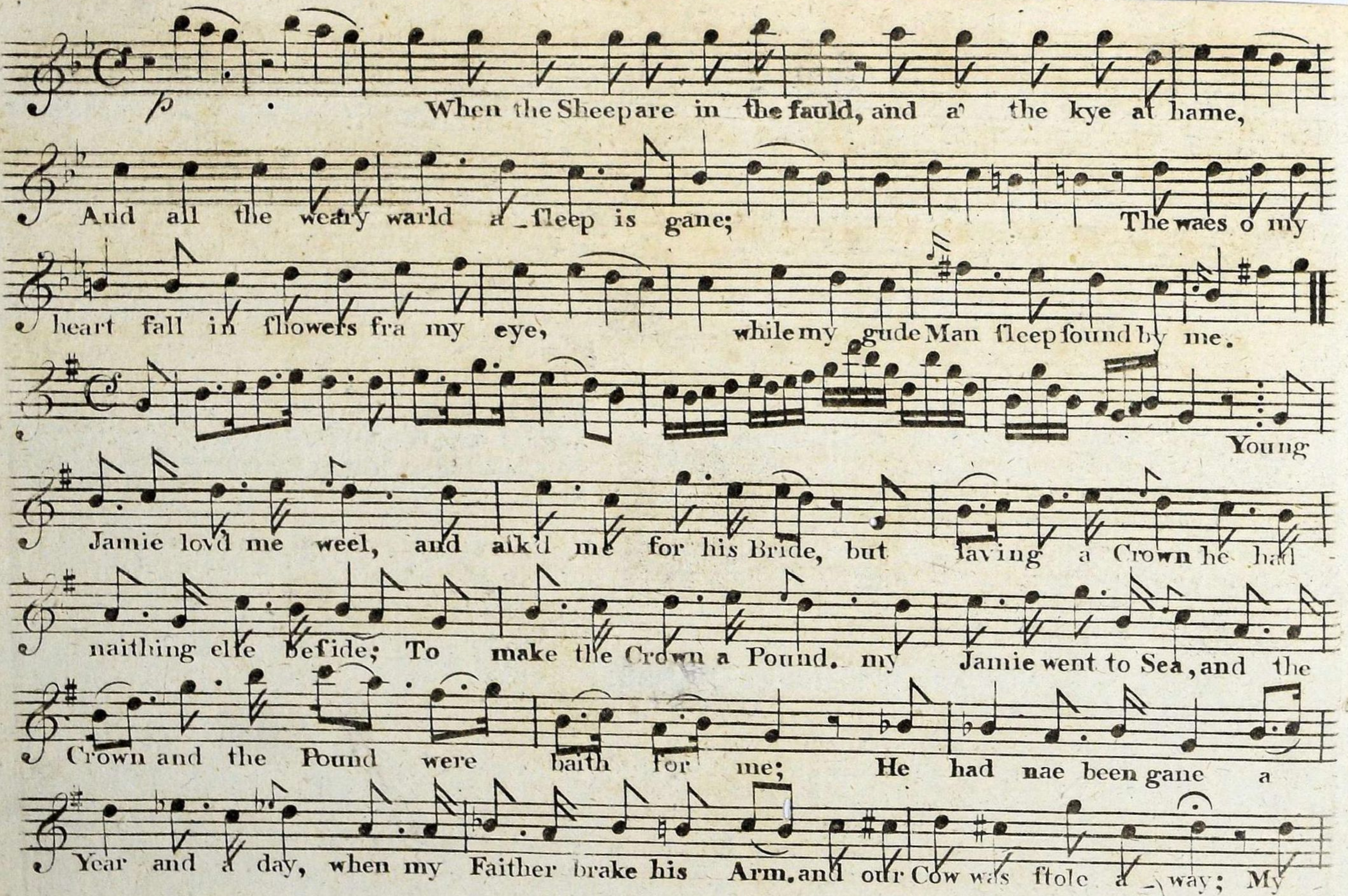
3

Tho' you've been falſe yet while I live,
No other Maid I'll woo Mary;
Till friends forget and I forgive
Thy wrongs to them and me Mary.
So then farewell, of this be ſure,
Since you've been falſe to me Mary;
For all the world I'd not endure,
Half what I've done for thee Mary.



But now he's gone from me and left me thus Mourning,
To quell the proud Rebels for Valiant is he
And yet there's no hopes of his ſpeedy returning
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee
He's gone hapleſs Youth o'er the loud roaring Billows,
The ſweeteſt and kindeſt of all his brave fellows,
And has left me to mourn amongſt theſe once lov'd Willows
The lonelieſt Maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet reſtore him,
Bleſs'd Peace may reſtore my dear Shepherd to me
And when he comes home with ſuch care I'll watch o'er him,
He never ſhall quit the ſweet Banks of the Dee,
The Dee then ſhall flow all its beauties diſplaying,
The Lambs on the Banks ſhall again be ſeen playing,
Whilſt I with my Jemmy am careleſsly ſtraying,
And taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.



When the Sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye at hame,
And all the weary warld a_ſleep is gane; The waes o my
heart fall in ſhowers fra my eye, while my gude Man ſleep ſound by me.
Young
Jamie lov'd me weel, and aſk'd me for his Bride, but ſaving a Crown he had
naithing elſe beſide; To make the Crown a Pound. my Jamie went to Sea, and the
Crown and the Pound were baith for me; He had nae been gane a
Year and a day, when my Faither brake his Arm, and our Cow was ſtole a_way; My

2

My faither cou'd nae wark, and my Mither cou'd nae ſpin,
I toiled Day and night, but their Bread I cou'd nae win,
Auld Robin fed em baith, and wi tears in his eye,
Said Jeany for their ſake, O pray marry me:
My heart it faſt hae, and I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and his Ship was a wrack,
His Ship was a wrack, why did nae Jeanie die,
And why was ſhe ſpared to cry wae is me.

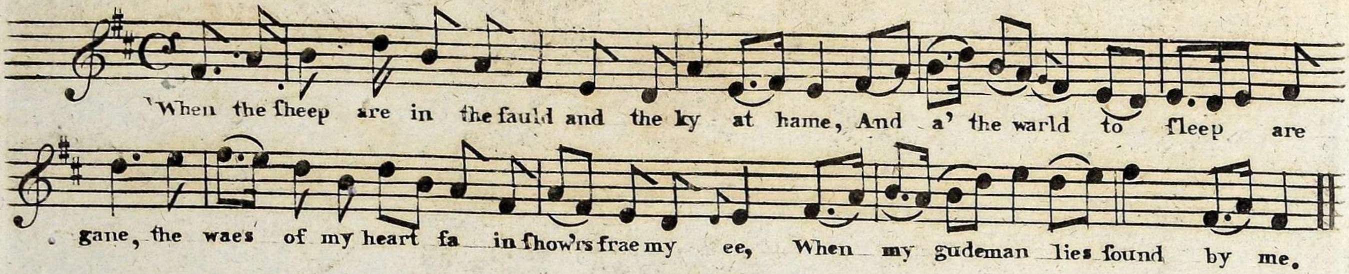
3

My faither urg'd me ſair, but my Mither did nae ſpeak,
But ſhe look'd in my Face till my heart was like to break,
Sa they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the Sea,
And Auld Robin Gray, was gude Mon to me:
I had nae been a Wife, but Weeks only four,
When ſitting ſa Mournfully, out my ain Door,
I ſaw my Jamie's Waiſt, for I cou'd nae think it he,
Till he ſaid, Love I am comed hame to Marry thee.

4

Sair, ſair did we greet, and mickle did we ſay,
We took but ane Kiſs, and we tore ourſels away,
I wiſh I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee,
O why was I born to ſay waes me.
I gang like a Ghaiſt, and I canna like to ſpin,
I dare nae think o Jamie, for that wou'd be a Sin,
But I'll da my beſt a gude Wife to be.
For Auld Robin Gray, is very kind to me,

AULD ROBIN GRAY



Young Jamie ſought me lang to be his bride,
But ſaving a croun, he had naught beſide,
And to make it a pound, my Jamie gade to ſea
And the croun and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but twa
When my mother ſhe fell ſick, and the cow ſtoun awa,
My father brake his arm, and my Jamie at the ſea
And auld Robin Gray, came a courting to me.

My father coudna work, nor my mother ſpin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bred coudna win,
Auld Robin fed them baith, and wi tears in his ee
Said Jenny for their ſakes, O marry me.

My heart it ſaid nay, for I hoped Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, & the ſhip was a wrack
The ſhip was a wrack, why didna Jamie die.
And why do I live, to ſay waes me.

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna ſpeak
She looked in my face till my heart was like to break
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at ſea
And auld Robin Gray, is good man to me.

I hadna been a wife a week, but four
When ſitting right woefull at the door
I ſaw my Jamie's wreath, for I coudna think it he,
Till he ſaid, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O ſair did we greet and muckle did we ſay,
We took but ae kiſs & tore ourſelves away,
I wiſh I were dead, but I'm nae like to die,
And why do I live to ſay waes me.

I gang like a ghaiſt, and I carena to ſpin
I darena think on Jamie, for that woud be a ſin
But I'll do my beſt, a gude wife for to be
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

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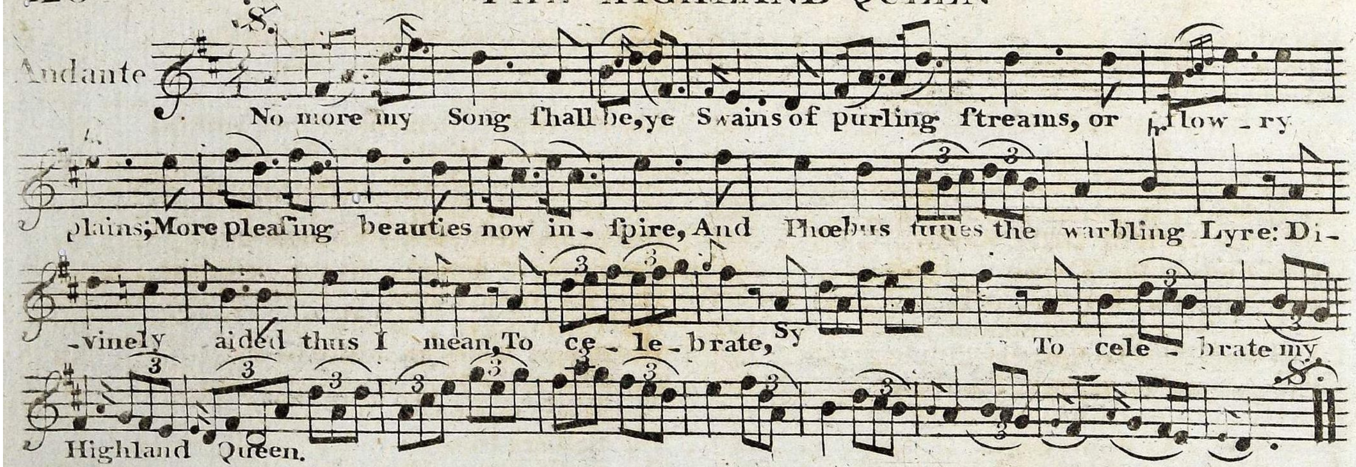
THE HIGHLAND QUEEN



2

In her, ſweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike ſhe ſmiles on you and me:
The brigheſt nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

3

No ſordid wiſh, or trifling joy,
Her ſettled calm of mind deſtroy;
Strict honour fills her ſpotleſs ſoul,
And adds a luſtre to the whole:
A matchleſs ſhape, a graceful mien,
All center in my Highland Queen.

4

How bleſt that youth, whom gentle fate,
Has deſtin'd for ſo fair a mate!
Has all theſe wond'ring gifts in ſtore,
And each returning day brings more.
No youth ſo happy can be ſeen,
Poſseſsing thee, my Highland Queen.

THE HIGHLAND KING

1

Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid,
Inspire a tender bashful maid!
That's lately yielded up her heart,
A conquest to Love's pow'rful dart:
And now would fain attempt to sing,
The praises of my Highland King.

2

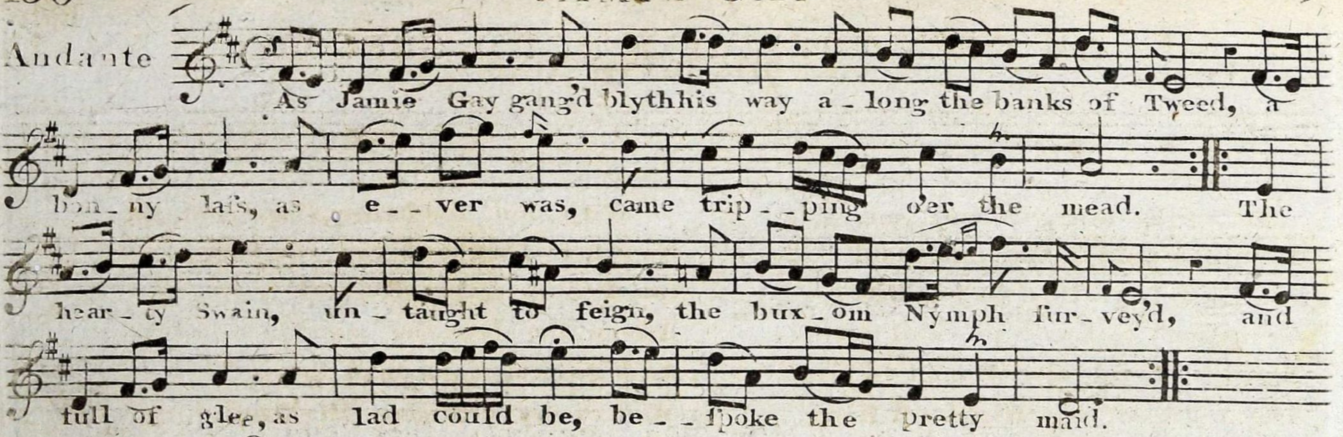
Jamie, the pride of all the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
When first I saw him, 'twas the day
That ushers in the sprightly May
When first I felt Love's pow'rfull sting,
And sig'h'd for my dear Highland King.

3

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
No other shepherd can compare;
Good nature, honesty, and truth,
Adorn the dear, the matchless youth;
And graces, more than I can sing,
Bedeck my charming Highland King.

4

Would once the dearest boy but say,
'Tis you I love; come, come away,
Unto the Kirk, my Love, let's hy;
Oh me! in rapture I'd comply!
And I should then have cause to sing
The praises of my Highland King.



2

Dear laſsie tell, why by thy ſell
Thou haſt'ly wand'reſt here.
My ewes, ſhe cry'd, are ſtraying wide;
Can'ſt tell me, Laddie, where?
To town I hy, he made reply;
Some meikle ſport to ſee,
But thou'rt ſo ſweet, ſo trim and neat,
I'll ſeek the ewes with thee.

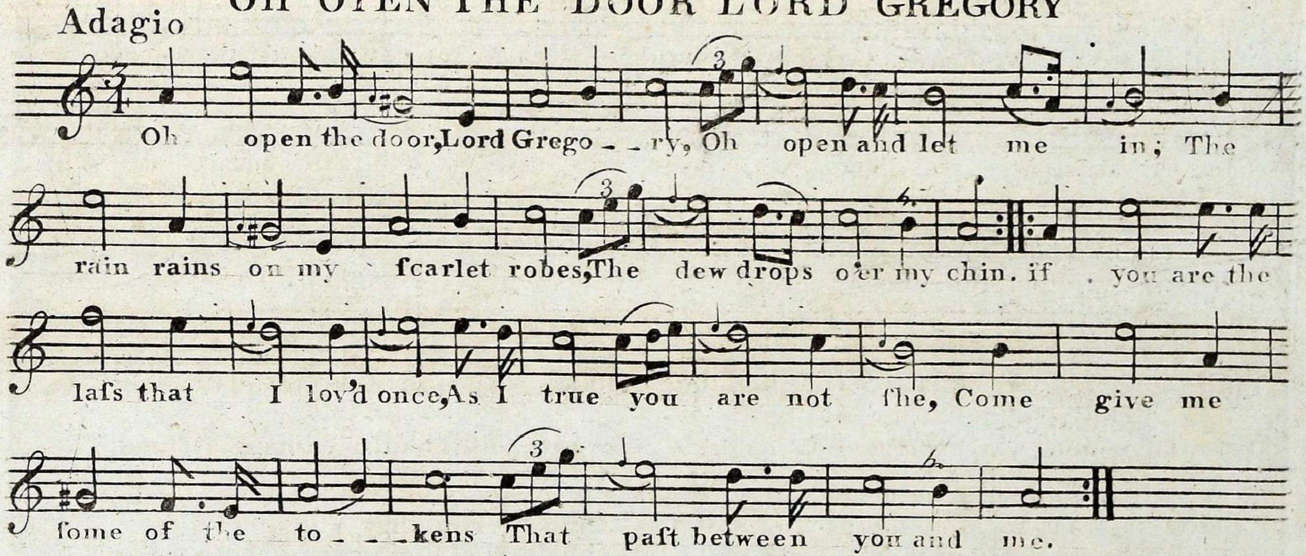
3

She gave her hand, nor made a ſtand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went.
The birds ſang ſweet, the pair to greet,
And flow'rs bloom'd all around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

4

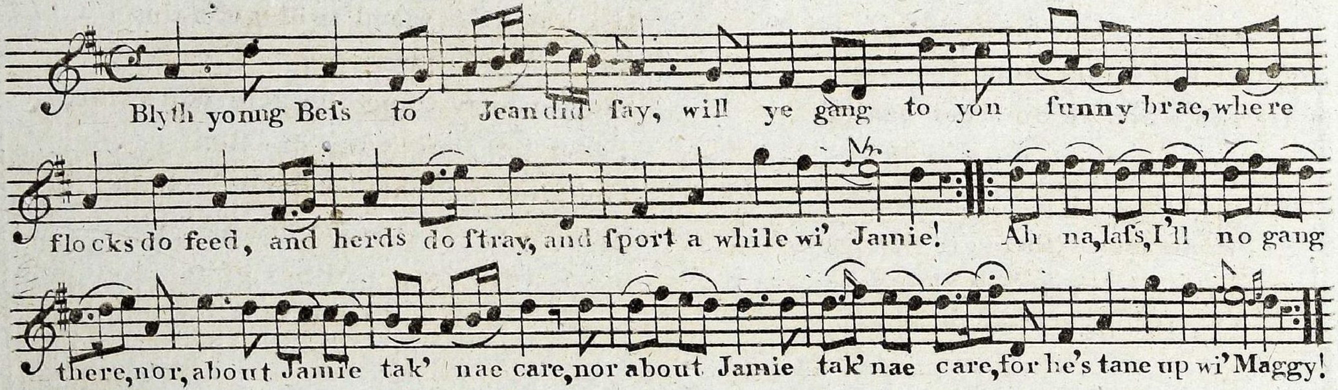
And now the Sun had roſe to Noon,
In zenith of his power,
When to a ſhade their ſteps they made,
To paſs the mid_day hour.
The bonny Lad row'd in his plaid
The Laſs, who ſcorn'd to frown;
She ſoon forgot the ewes ſhe ſought,
And he to gang to town.

OH OPEN THE DOOR LORD GREGORY



Ah wae be to you Gregory!
An ill death may you die!
You will not be the death of one,
But you'll be the death of three.
Oh do'nt you mind, Lord Gregory.
'Twas down at yon burn fide
We chang'd the ring of our fingers
And I put mine on thine.

BESS THE GAWKIE



2

For hark, and I will tell you lafs,
Did I not fee your Jamie pafs,
Wi' meikle gladnefs in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he ga'e her mony a kifs,
And Maggy took them ne'er amifs:
'Tween ilka fmack pleaf'd her with this,
That Befs was but a gawkie.

3

For when a civil kifs I feek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour fhe'll fcarcely fpeak;
Who'd not call her a gawkie?
But fure my Maggy has mair fenfe,
She'll gi'e a fcore without offence,
Now gi'e me ane unto the menfe,
And ye fhall be my dawtie.

4

O Jamie, ye ha'e mony tane,
But I will never ftand for ane,
Or twa, when we do meet again;
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, lafs, that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as thefe are far frae me,
Or ony thy fweet face that fee,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

5

But, whifht! nae mair of this we'll fpeak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Inftead of Meg he kifs'd fae fweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Befs, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your Gown's fae new,
I think you've got it wet wi'dew,
Quoth fhe, That's like a gawkie.

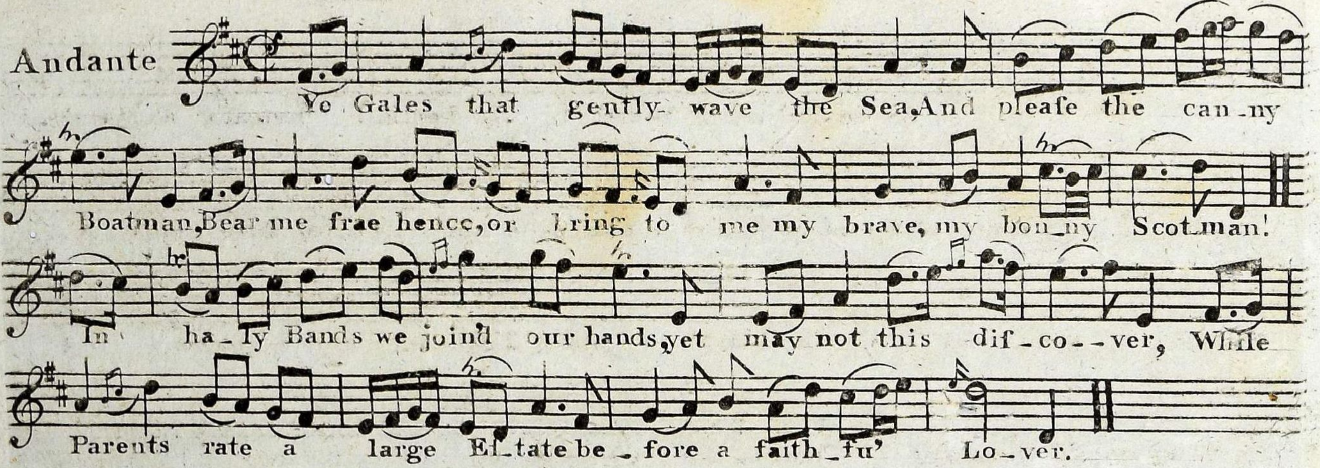
6

It's wat wi'dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae you may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but fweet,
If I fhould gang a nither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie!

7

The lafses faft frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
That ever Maggy's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Befs a gawkie.
As they went o'er the muir they fang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggy.

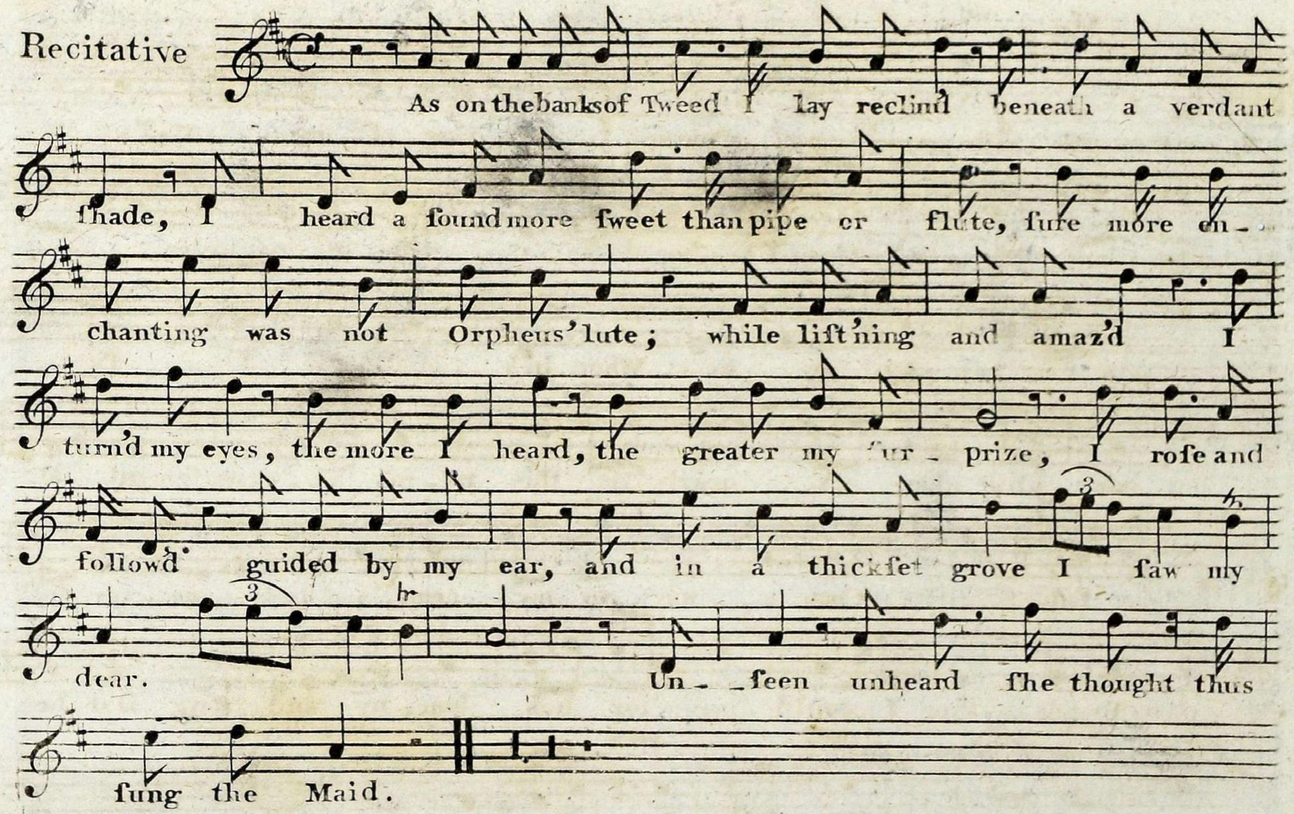
THE BONNY SCOT MAN

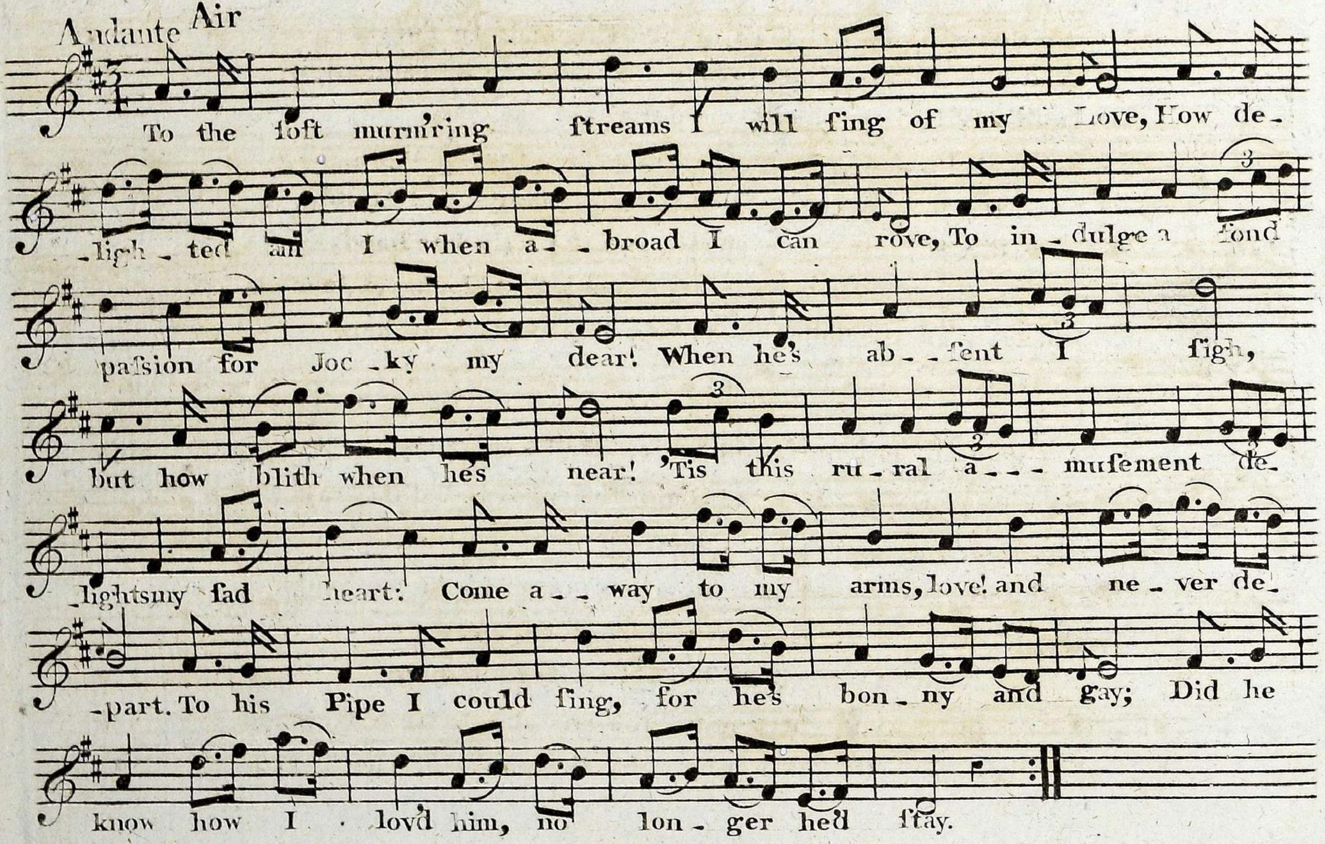


But I loor chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat, man,
E'er I cou'd for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny Scot man
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views,
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſsion!

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſsie,
Who pants to preſs thy baumy mouth,
And in her boſom hauſe thee
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er waft o'er,
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man!

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED




Andante Air
To the soft murm'ring streams I will sing of my Love, How de_
_ligh_ted am I when a_broad I can rove, To in_dulge a fond
passion for Joc_ky my dear! When he's ab_ _sent I sigh,
but how blith when he's near! 'Tis this ru_ral a_ _ _musement de_
lights my sad heart: Come a _way to my arms, love! and ne_ver de_
_part. To his Pipe I could sing, for he's bon_ny and gay; Did he
know how I lov'd him, no lon_ger he'd stay.

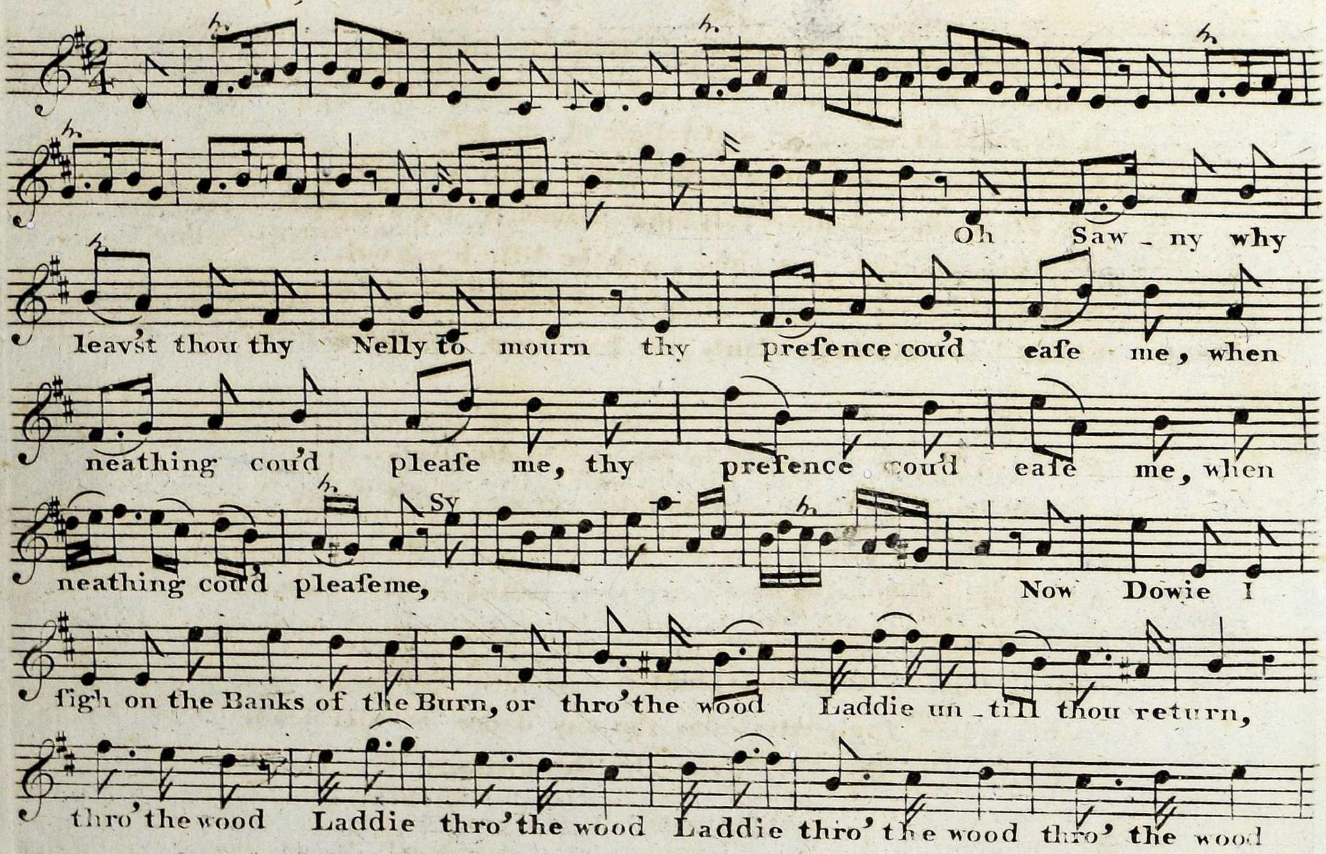
2

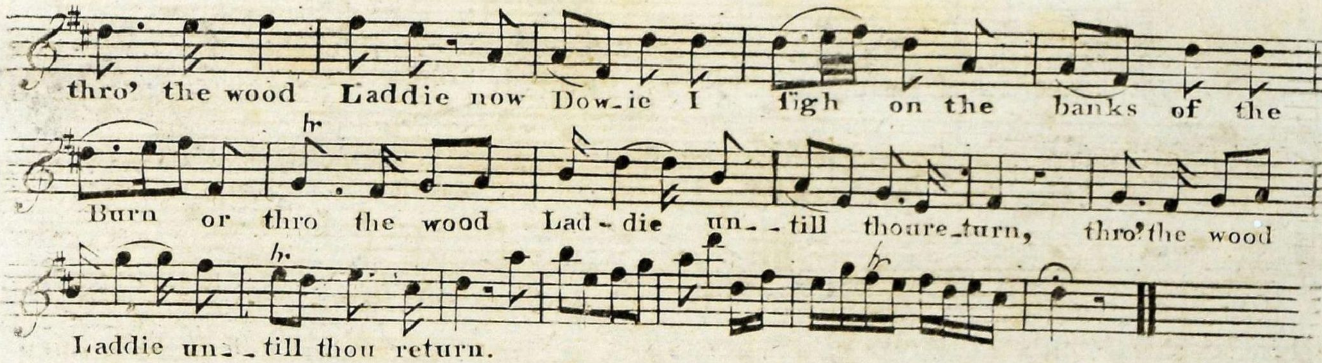
Neither Linnet or Nightingale fing half fo fweet,
And the foft melting ftrain did kind Echo repeat,
It fo ravifh'd my heart and delighted my ear,
Swift as lightning I flew to the arms of my dear.
She furpriz'd, and detected, fome moments did ftand,
Like the rofe was her cheek, and the lilly her hand,
Which fhe placed on her breaft, and faid, Jockey, I fear
I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here.

3

For to vifit my ewes, and to fee my lambs play,
By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did ftray;
But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I figh'd,
And have vow'd endlefs love, if you would be my bride.
To the alter of Hymen, my fair one, repair,
Where knot of affection fhall tie the fond pair;
To the pipe's fprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,
And will blefs the dear grove, by the banks of the Tweed.

THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE





2

The Woods now are bonny and Mornings are clear,
While Lav'rocks are ſinging and Primroſes ſpringing
Yet nane of them pleaſes mine Eye or mine Ear
When thro' the Wood Laddie ye dinna appear. Thro' the Wood Laddie &c.

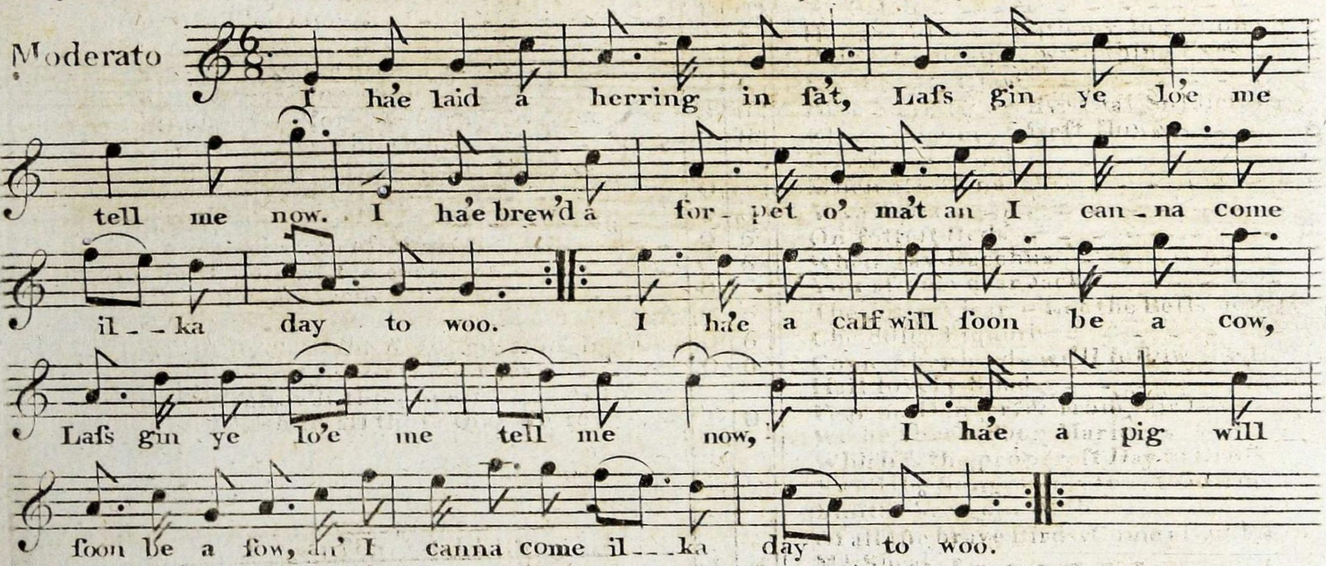
3

That I am forſaken ſome ſpare not to tell
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning baith Ev'ning and Morning
Their jeering goes aft to my Heart wi'a Knell
When thro' the Wood Laddie I wander my Sell. Thro' the Wood Laddie &c.

4

Then ſtay my dear Sawny nae langer away
But quick as an Arrow haſte here to thy Marrow
Wha's living in langour till that happy day
When thro' the Wood Laddie we'll dance ſing & play. Thro' the Wood Laddie &c.

LASS GIN YE LO'E ME, TELL ME NOW



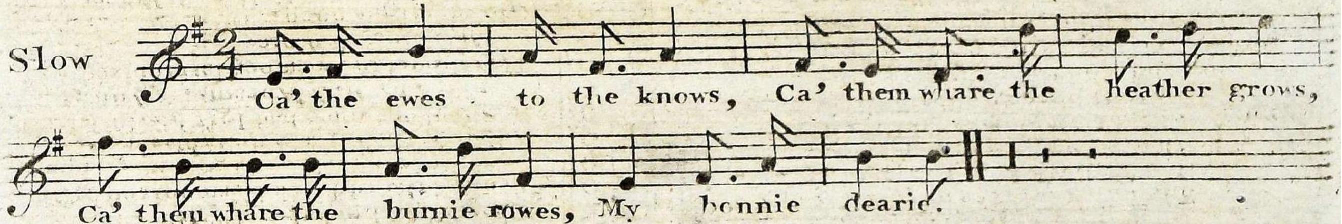
2

I've a houfe on yonder muir,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now,
Three fparrows may dance on the floor,
And I canna come ilka day to woo;
I ha'e a butt and I ha'e a benn,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now;
I ha'e three chickens & a fat hen
And I canna come ony mair to woo.

3

I've a hen wi'a happity leg,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,
Which ilka day lays me an egg;
And I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a kebbock upon my fhelf,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,
I downa eat it a' myfelf,
And I winna come ony mair to woo.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES



2

As. I gaed down the water fide,
There I met my fhepherd lad,
He row'd me fweetly in his plaid,
An he ca'd me his dearie.
Cho.^s Ca'the ewes &c.

3

Will ye gang down the water fide
And fee the waves fae fweetly glide
Beneath the hazels fpreading wide.
The moon it fhines fu'clearly.
Cho.^s Ca'the ewes &c.

4

I was bred up at nae fic fchool,
My fhepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a'the day to fit in dool,
And nae body to fee me.
Cho.^s Ca'the ewes &c.

5

Ye fall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf leather fhoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'fe lie and fleep,
And ye fall be my dearie.
Cho.^s Ca'the ewes &c.

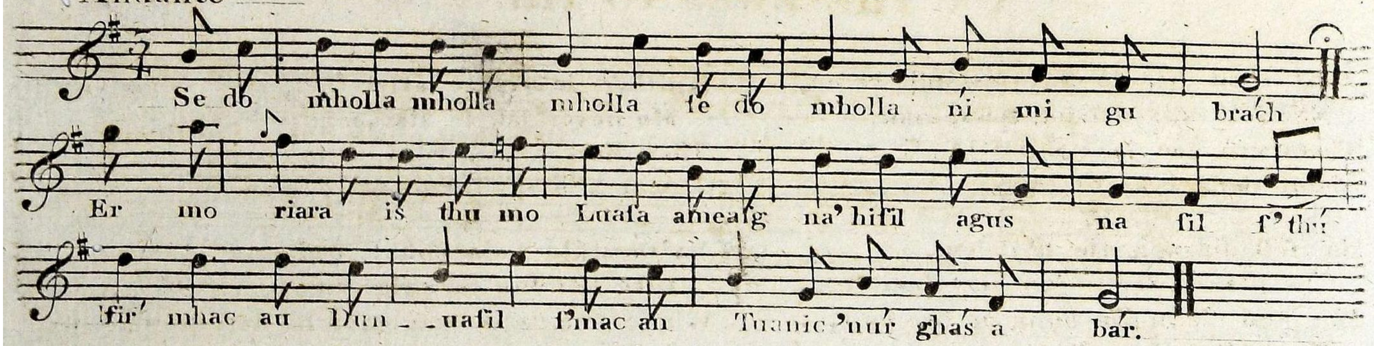
6

If ye'll but ftand to what ye've faid,
I'fe gang wi'you, my fhepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I fall be your dearie.
Cho.^s Ca'the ewes &c.

7

While waters wimple to the fea;
While day blinks in the lift fae hie;
Till clay cauld death fall blin' my e'e,
Ye fall be my dearie.
Cho.^s Cá'the ewes &c.

Andante **HIGHLAND SONG**

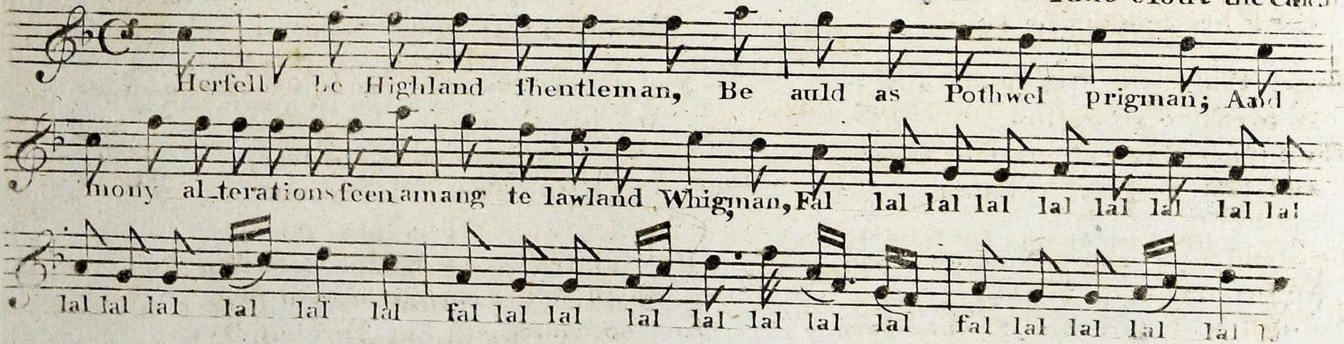


Tranſlation

Thy praiſe I'll ever celebrate. Truly thou art my Lover either among the lowly or high,
Thou art the true ſon of the Gentleman, and alſo the Farmer's ſon when the Harveſt comes on.

THE TURNIMSPIKE

Tune clout the Caldron



2

Firſt when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainſell was driving cows, man:
There wae nae laws about him's n,
About the preeks or trews, man.

3

Nainſell did wear the philebeg,
The plaid pricks't on her ſhoulder;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
The piſtol ſharg'd wi'pouder.

4

But for wher'as theſe curſed preeks,
Wherewith her n_be lockit,
O hon! that e'er ſhe ſaw the day!
For a'her houghs be prokit.

5

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration;
The ſodger dwall at our toor_ſheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

6

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An'laws pring on te cadger:
Nainſell wad durk him for her deeds,
But Oh! ſhe fears te ſoger.

7

Anither law came after that,
Me never ſaw te like, man;
They mak a lang road on te crund,
And ca'him Turnimſpike, man.

8

An'wow! ſhe pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn_rigs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An'no preak ithers legs, man.

9

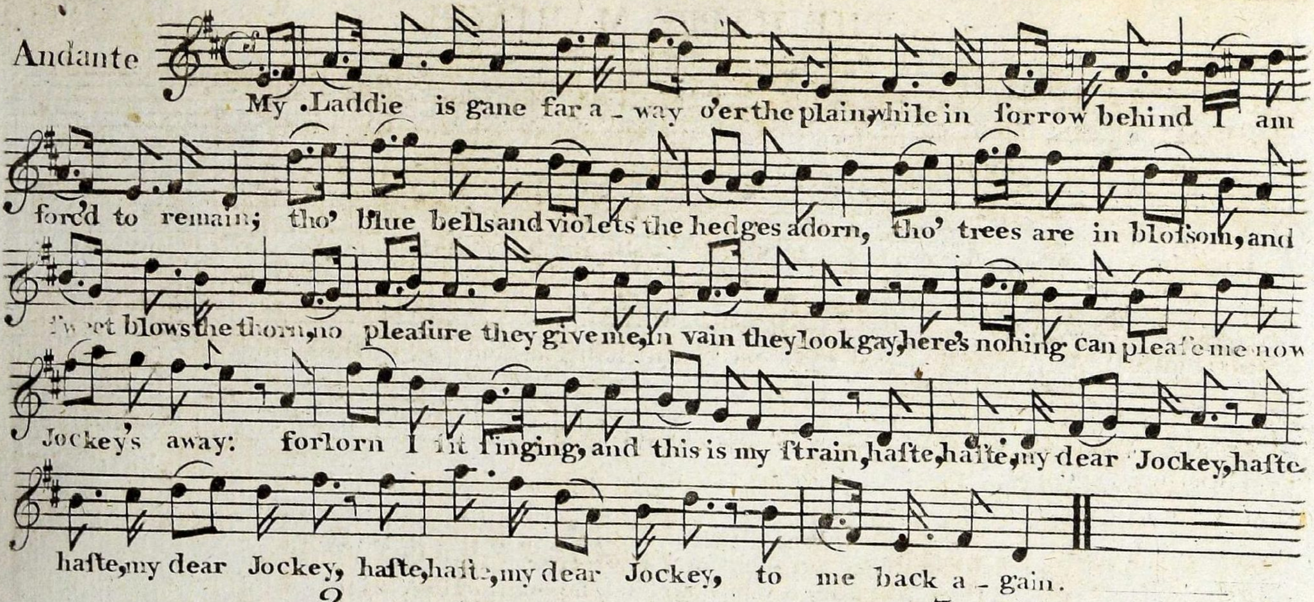
They ſharge a penny for ilka horſe,
In troth, ſhe'll no pe ſheaper,
For nought put gaen upo'the crund,
And they gi'e me a paper.

10

Nae doubts Nainſell maun tra her purſe,
And pay them what hims like, man:
I ll ſee a ſhugement on his toor;
T'at filthy Turnimſpike, man!

11

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her Turnimſpike,
Unleſs it pe to purn her.

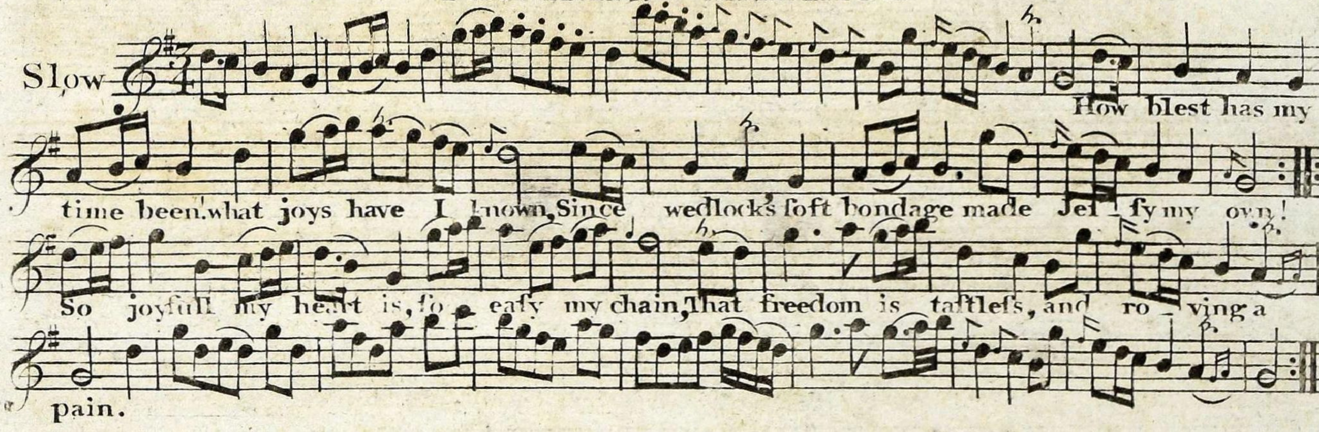


2

When lads and their laſſes are on the green met,
They dance and they ſing, and they laugh, and they chat,
Contented and happy with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment ſee.
Thoſe pleaſures offend me, my ſhepherd's not there,
No pleaſure I reliſh that Jockey don't ſhare,
It makes me to ſigh, I from tears ſcarce refrain,
I wiſh my dear Jockey return'd back again.

3

But hope ſhall ſuſtain me, nor will I deſpair,
He promiſ'd he would in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wiſhes I'll feaſt,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haſte;
Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain ſigh,
Who'll then be ſo bleſt or ſo happy as I.
I'll ſing on the meadows, and alter my ſtrain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.



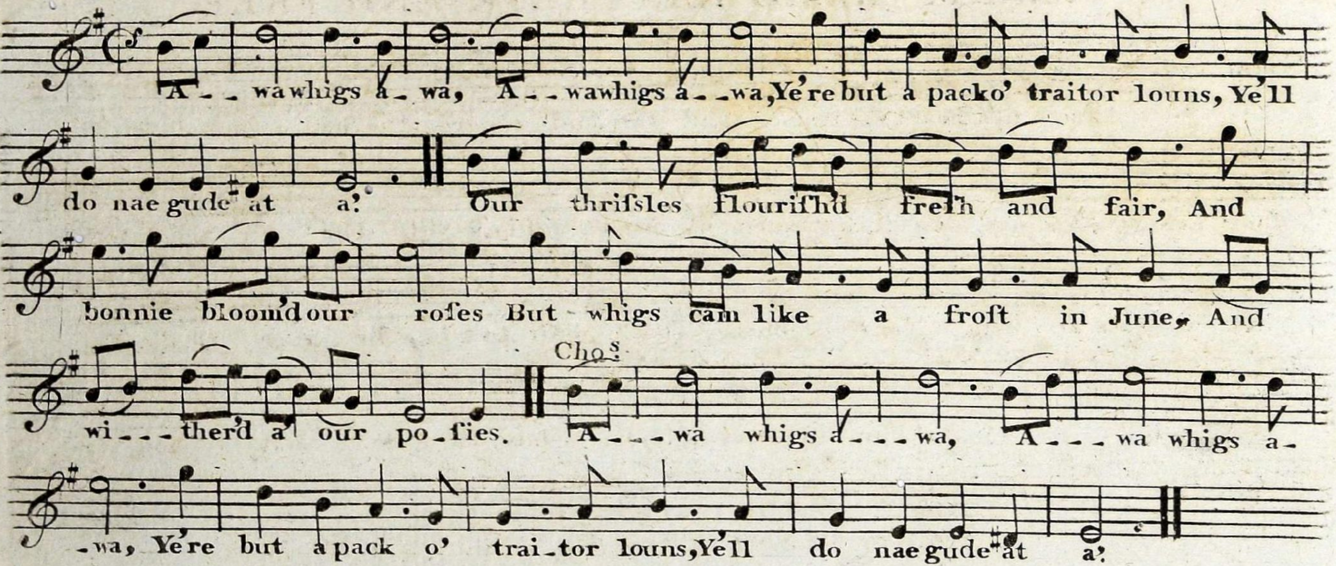
2
Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we ſtray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleaſing their ſport is! the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſy and me.

3
To try her ſweet temper, oft-times am I ſeen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Tho' painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and ſmiles.

4
What tho' on her cheeks the Roſe loſes its hue,
Her wit and good humour laſt all the year thro';
Time ſtill, as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.

5
Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to enſnare,
And cheat, with falſe vows, the too credulous Fair;
In ſearch of true pleaſure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home.

AWA WHIGS AWA



2

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the duft,
Deil blin' them wi' the ftoure o't,
And write their names in his black beuk
Wha gae the whigs the power o't!
Cho.s Awa whigs &c.

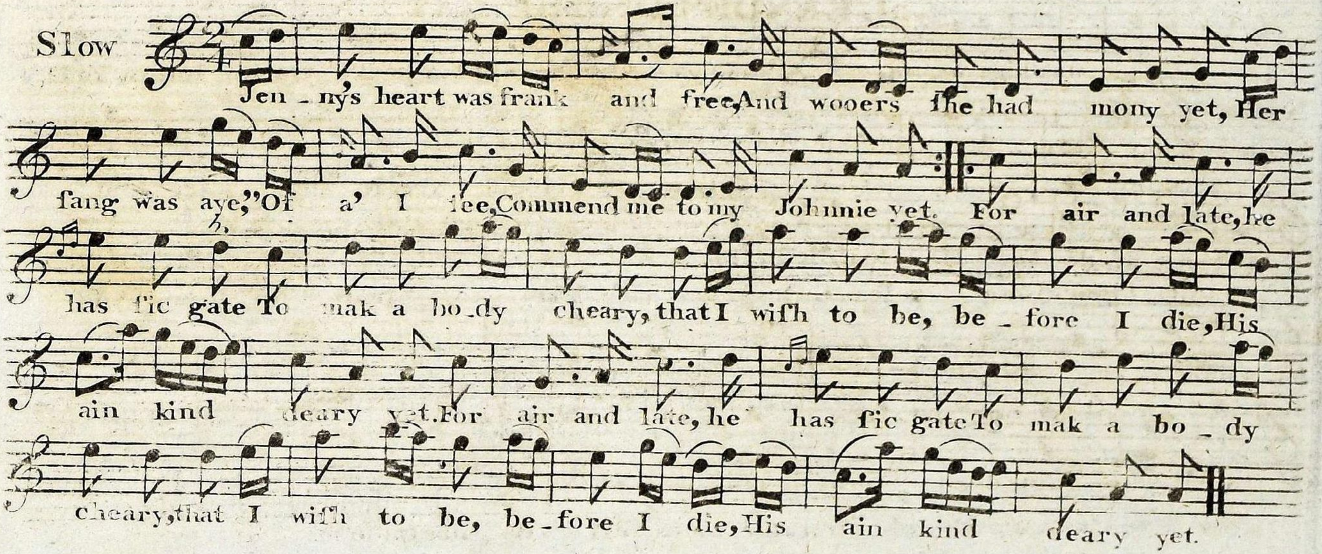
3

Our fad decay in church and ftate
Surpafses my defcriving:
The whigs cam o'er us for a curfe,
And we hae done wi' thriving.
Cho.s Awa whigs &c.

4

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may fee him wauken:
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a mauken.
Cho.s Awa whigs &c.

JENNYS HEART WAS FRANK AND FREE



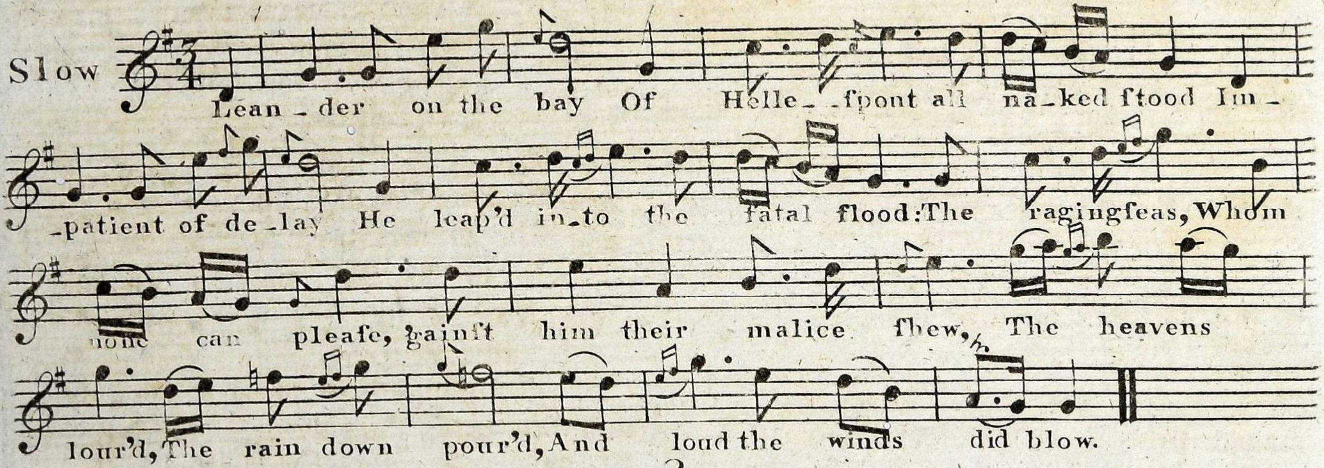
2

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
Her fhape was fma' and genty-like,
And few or nane in a' the place
Had gow'd and gear mair plenty yet;
Tho' war's alarms, and Johnie's charms,
Had gart her aft look eerie, yet
She fung wi' glee, "I hope to be
"My Johnie's ain kind Deary yet.

3

"What tho' he's *now gaen far awa*,
"Where guns and cannons rattle, yet,
"Unlefs my Johnie chance to fa'
"In fome uncanny battle, yet
"Till he return, his breaft will burn
"Wi' love that will confound me yet,
"For I hope to fee, before I die,
"His Bairns a' dance around me yet.

LEANDER ON THE BAY



2

Then cafting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain,
Ye cruel rocks, and fkies!
Ye ftormy winds, and angry main,
What 'tis to mifs
The lovers blifs,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But fpare me as I go.

3

Lo! yonder ſtands the tower
Where my beloved Hero lies,
And this is the appointed hour
Which ſets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond ſuit
The gods were mute;
The billows anſwer, No;
Up to the ſkies
The ſurges riſe,
But ſink the youth as low.

4

Mean while the wiſhing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and Love,
Now does his ſtay upbraid;
Now dreads he ſhou'd the paſsage prove:
O fate! ſaid ſhe,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows ſhall e'er divide.
I'd leap this wall,
Cou'd I but fall
By my Leander's ſide.

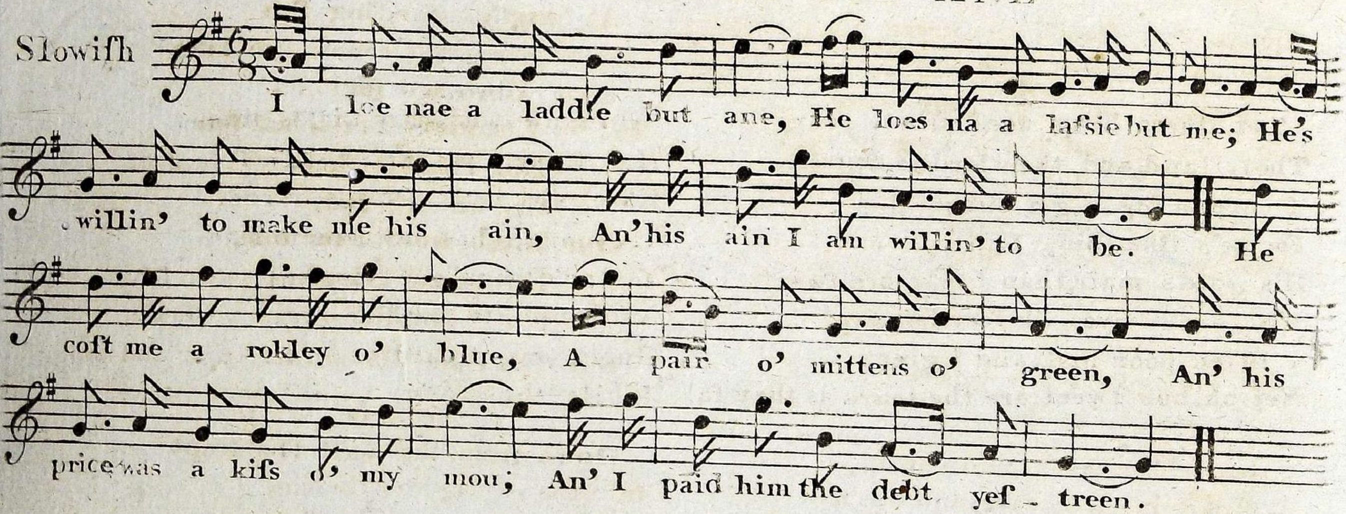
5

At length the riſing ſun
Did to her ſight reveal too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said ſhe, I'll ſhew,
Tho' we are two,
Our love's were ever one;
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die alone.

6

Down from the wall ſhe leapt
Into the raging ſeas to him,
Courting each wave ſhe met,
To teach her weary'd arms to ſwim;
The ſea gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's ſide,
When join'd at laſt,
She graſp'd him faſt,
Then ſigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd,

I LOE NA A LADDIE BUT ANE



2

My mither's ay makin' a phraze,
"That I'm lucky young to be wed;"
But lang'ere ſhe countit my days,
O'me ſhe was brought to bed:
Sae mither, juſt ſettle your tongue,
An' dinna be flytin' ſae bauld;
For we can do the thing when we're young,
That we canna do weel when we're auld.

1

Let ithers brag weel o'their gear,
Their land, and their lordlie degree
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:
His words mair than sugar are sweet.
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!
I listen poor fool! and I greet
Yet oh! how sweet are the tears as they fa!

2

"Dear lassie," he cries wi'a jeer,
"Neer heed what the auld anes will say;
"Tho' we've little to brag o ne'er fear,
"What's gowd to a heart that is wae.
"Our laird has baith honours and wealth;
"Yet see! how he's dwining wi'care:
"Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,
"Are cantie and leil evermair.

3

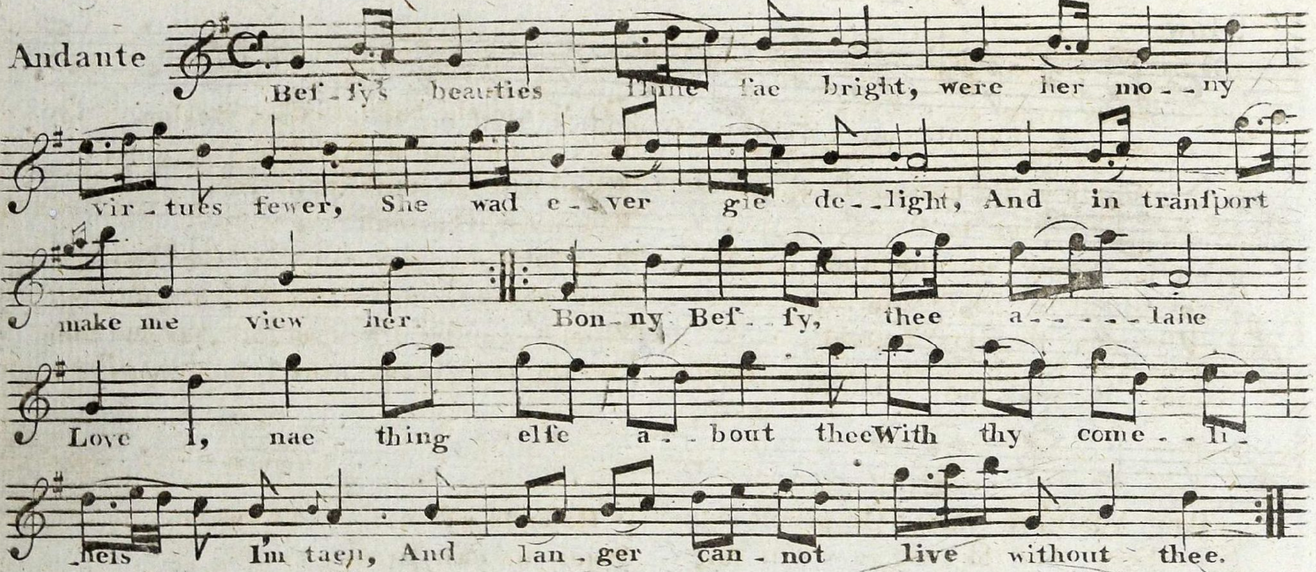
"O Menie! the heart that is true,
"Has something mair costlie than gear;
"Ilk e'en, it has naithing to rue,
"Ilk morn, it has naithing to fear:
"Ye warldlings! gae hoard up your store
"And tremble for fear ought ye tyne:
"Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar and door
"While thus in my arms I lock mine."

4

He ends wi'a kiss and a smile
Waes me can I tak it amiss,
When a lad sae unpractic'd in guile
Smiles saftly, and ends wi'a kiss!
Ye lasses wha loo to torment
Your lemans wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks for I've gi'en my consent
And this night I'll tak Jamie for life.

BONNY BESSY

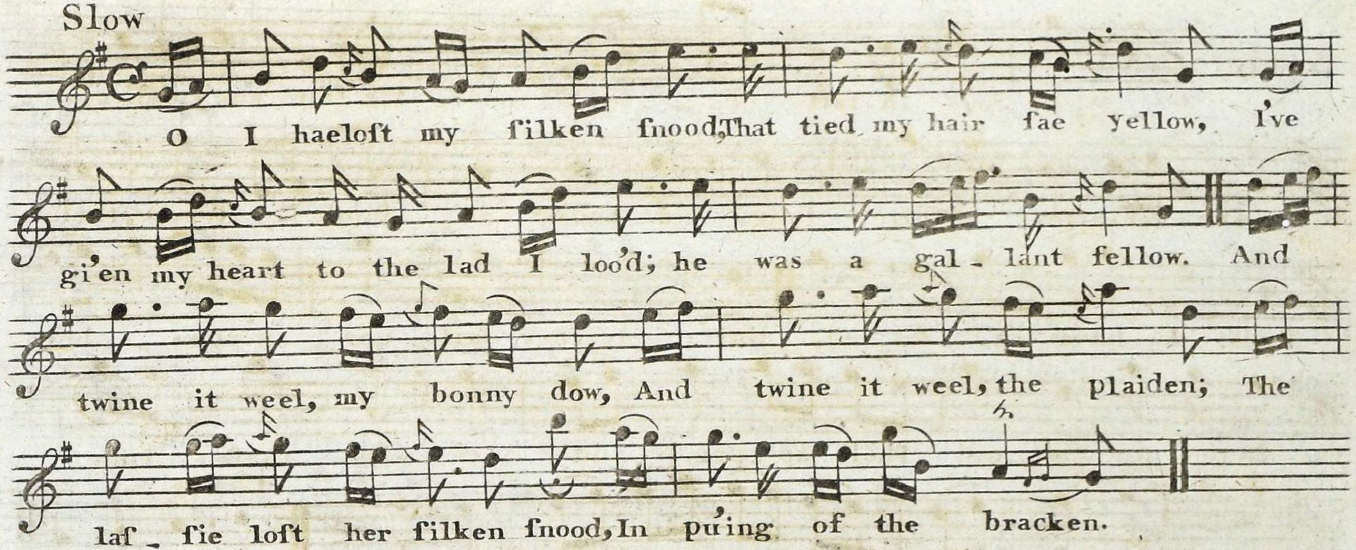
Tune Befsy's Haggies.



Befsy's bofom's faft and warm,
Milk-white fingers ftill employ'd,
He who taks her to his arm,
Of her fweets can ne'er be cloy'd,
My dear Befsy when the rofes,
Leave thy cheek as thou grows aulder,
Virtue which thy mind difclofes
Will keep love from growing caulder,

Befsys tocher is but fcanty,
Yet her face and fould difcovers,
Thofe enchanting fweet in plenty,
Maun entice a thoufands lovers.
'Tis not money, but a woman,
Of a temper kind and eafy,
That gives happenefs uncommon,
Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN



2

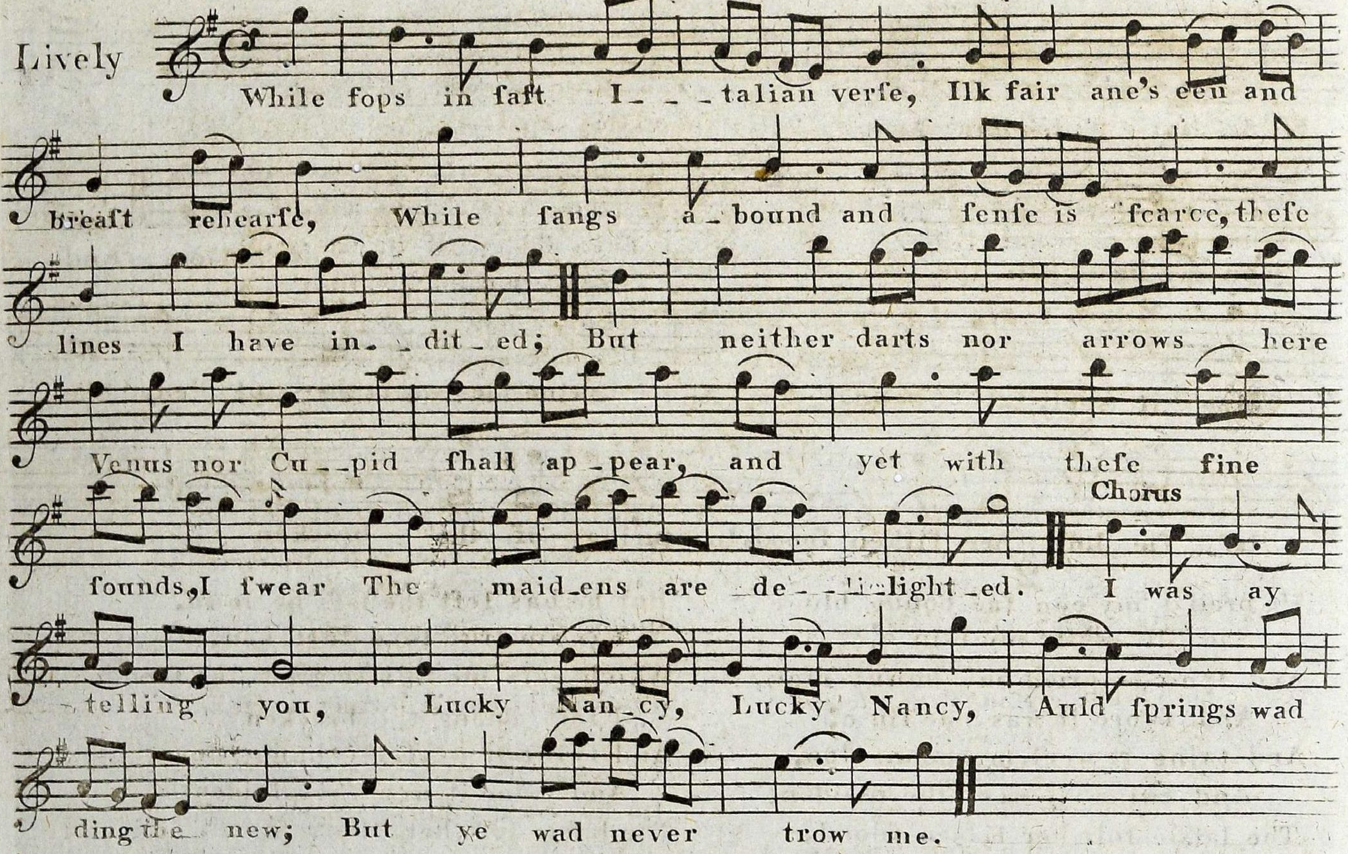
He praiſ'd my een ſae bonny blue,
Sae lilly white my ſkin o;
And ſyne he pried my bonny mau,
And ſwore it was nae ſin o;
And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
And twine it weel the plaiden;
The laſsie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

3

But he has left the laſs he loo'd,
His ain true love forſaken,
Which gars me ſair to greet the ſnood,
I loſt amang the bracken
And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
And twine it weel the plaiden;
The laſsie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

LUCKY NANCY

Tune Dainty Davie



2

Nor ſnaw with crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my laſſie's cheeks;
And ſyne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis,
I'll fetch nae ſimile frae Jove,
My hight of ecſtaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing – thus – preſent my love,
With roſes eke and lillies,
I was ay a telling you,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,
Auld ſprings wad ding the news;
But ye wad never trow me.

3

But ſtay, I had amaiſt forgot,
My miſtreſs, and my ſang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut, I wot;
But, Nancy, 'tis nae matter.
Ye ſee I clink my verſe wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how ſweet my numbers chyme,
And ſlide away like water.
I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,
Auld ſprings wad ding the news;
But he wad never trow me.

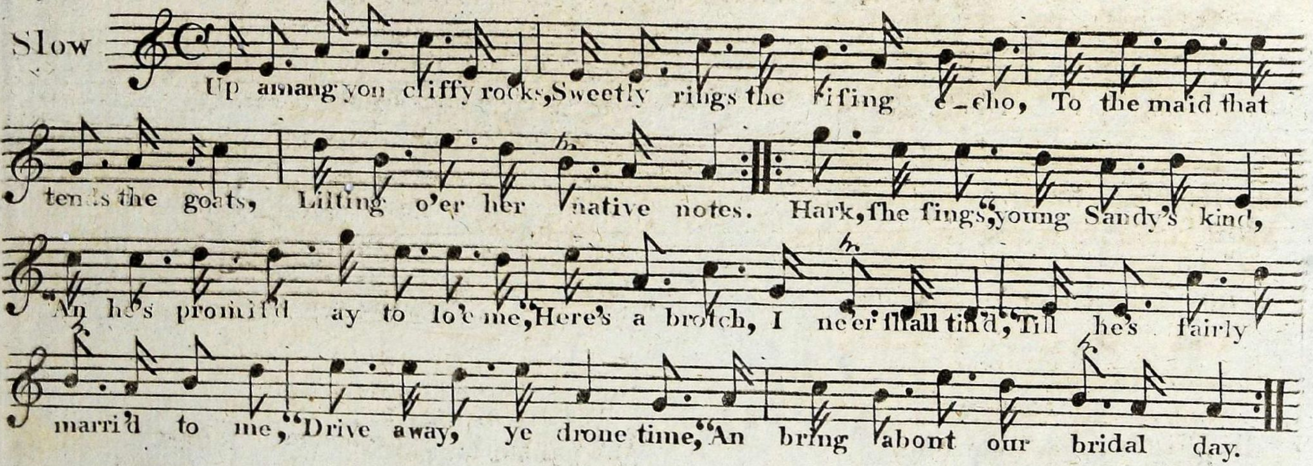
4

Now ken, my rev'rand ſonſy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks, and lyrat hair,
Thy half ſhut een, and hodling air,
Are a' my paſſion's fewel,
Nae ſkyring gowk, my dear, can ſee,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee,
Yet thou haſt charms anew for me,
Then ſmile, and be na cruel,
Leez me on thy ſnawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy;
Dryeſt wood will eitheſt low,
And, Nancy, ſae will ye now.

5

Troth, I have ſung the ſang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do,
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nancy!
But if the warld my paſſion wrang,
And ſay ye only live in ſang,
Ken, I deſpiſe a ſland'ring tongue,
And ſing to pleaſe my fancy.
Leez me on thy ſnawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,
Dryeſt wood will eitheſt low,
And Nancy ſae will ye now.

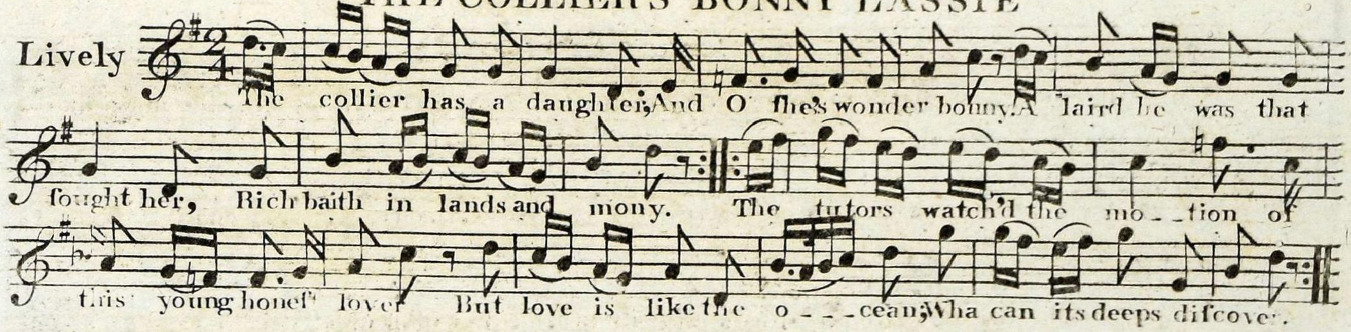
THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS



"Sandy herds a flock o' fheep,
"Aften does he blaw the whiftle,
"In a ftrain fae faftly fweet,
"Lam'mies liftning dare nae bleat;
"He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
"Hardy, as the highland heather,
"Wading thro' the winter fnow,
"Keeping ay his flock together;
"But a plaid wi' bare houghs,
"He braves the bleakeft norlin blaft.

"Brawly he can dance and fing
"Canty glee or highland cronach;
"Nane can ever match his fling
"At a reel, or round a ring
"Wightly can he wield a rung
"In a brawl he's ay the bangfter;
"A' his praife can ne'er be fung,
"By the langeft winded fangfter,
"Sangs that fing o' Sandy
"Come fhort tho' they were e'er fae lang.

THE COLLIERS BONNY LASSIE



2

He had the art to pleafe ye,
And was by a' refpected,
His airs fat round him eafy,
Genteel but unaffected;
The collier's bonny lafsie,
Fair as the new blown lillie,
Ay fweet, and never faucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

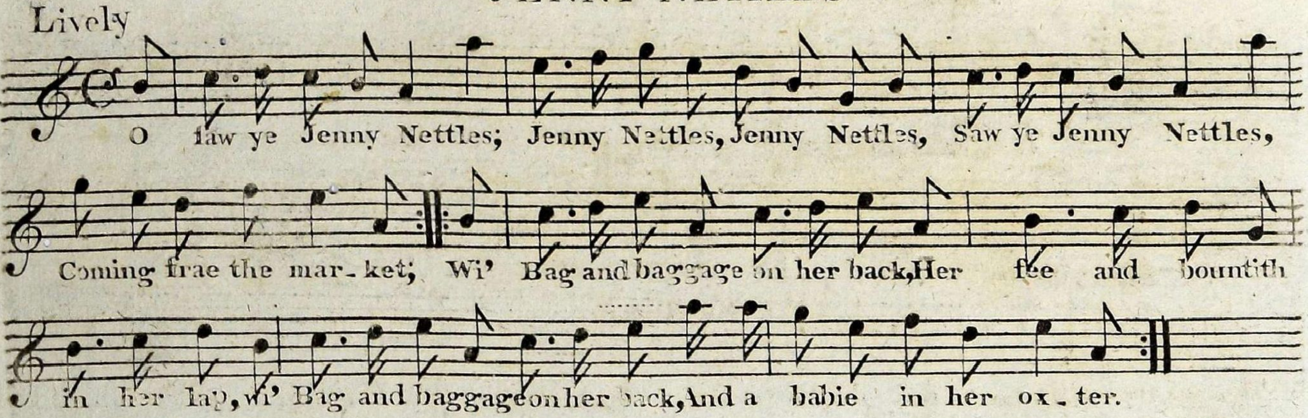
3

He lov'd beyond exprefsion,
The charms that were about her,
And panted for poffefsion,
His life was dull without her;
After mature refolving,
Clofe to his breaft he held her,
In fafteft flames diffolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her.

5

My bonny collier's daughter,
Let naething difcompofe ye,
'Tis no your fcanty tocher,
Shall ever gar me lofe ye;
For I have gear in plenty,
And love fays, 'Tis my duty,
To ware what heav'n has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty.

JENNY NETTLES



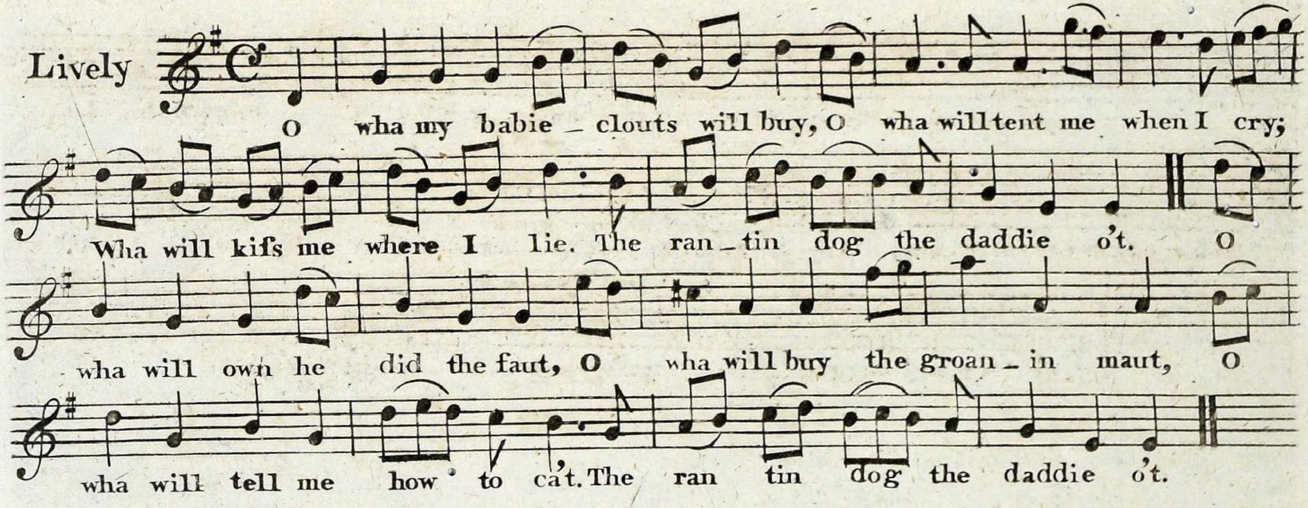
2

I met ayont the kairny,
  Jenny nettles Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
  Robin Rattles baſtard;
To flee the dool upo' the ſtool,
  And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about ſeeks Robin out,
  To ſtap it in his oxter.

3

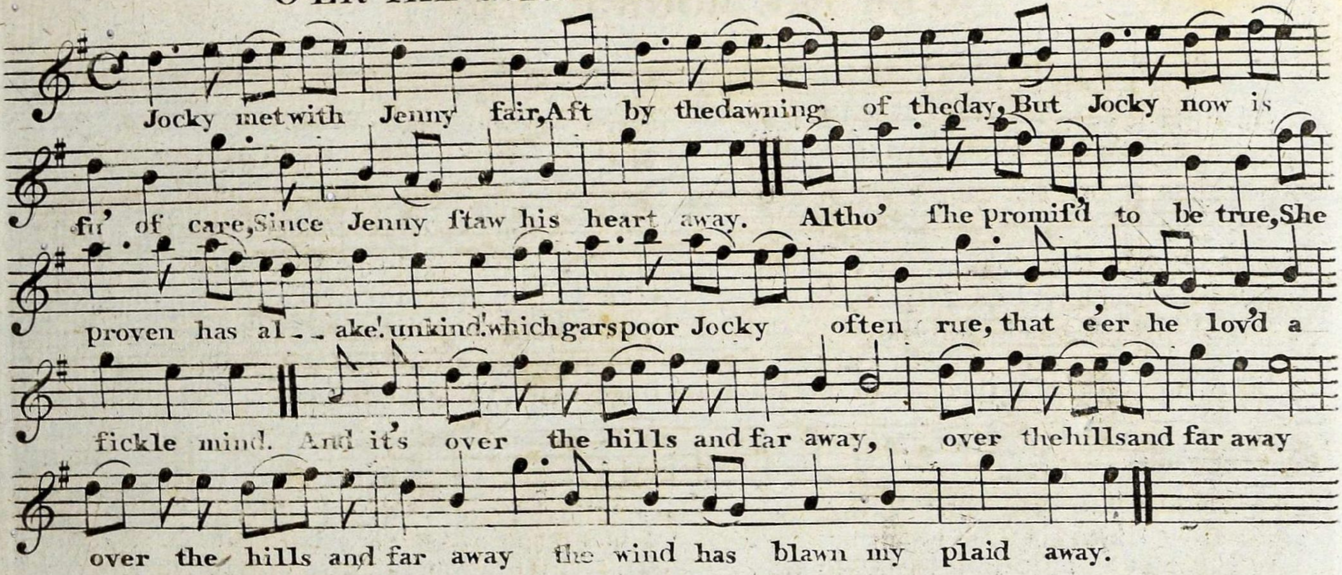
Fy, fy. Robin Rattle,
  Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle,
Fy, fy. Robin Rattle,
  Uſe Jenny Nettles kindly;
Score out the blame, and ſhun the ſhame,
  And without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wean, make Jenny fain,
  The leel and leeſome gate o't.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T



When I mount the Creepie_chair,
Wha will fit befide me there,
Gie me Rob, I'll feek nae mair,
The rantin dog the Daddie'o t.
Wha will crack to me my lane;
Wha will mak me fidgin fain;
Wha will kifs me o'er again.
The runtin dog the Daddie o't.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY



2

Naw Jocky was a bonny lad,
As e'er was born in Scotland fair,
But now poor Man! he's gane wood,
Since Jenny has gart him deſpair,
Young Jocky was a piper's Son,
And fell in love when he was young,
But a'the ſprings that he could play,
Was o'er the hills and far away,
An it's o'er the hills &c.

3

He fung when firft my Jenny's face,
I faw fhe feem'd fae fu' of grace,
With mickle Joy my heart was fill'd,
Thats now alafs! with forrow kill'd,
Oh! was fhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my defpair,
Inftead of that fhe is unkind,
And wavers like the Winter wind,
And it's over the hills &c.

4

Ah! cou'd fhe find the difmal wae,
That for her fake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chufe but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief,
But oh! fhe is as faufe as fair,
Which caufes a' my fighs and care,
But fhe triumphs in proud difdain,
And takes a pleafure in my pain,
And it's o'er the hills &c.

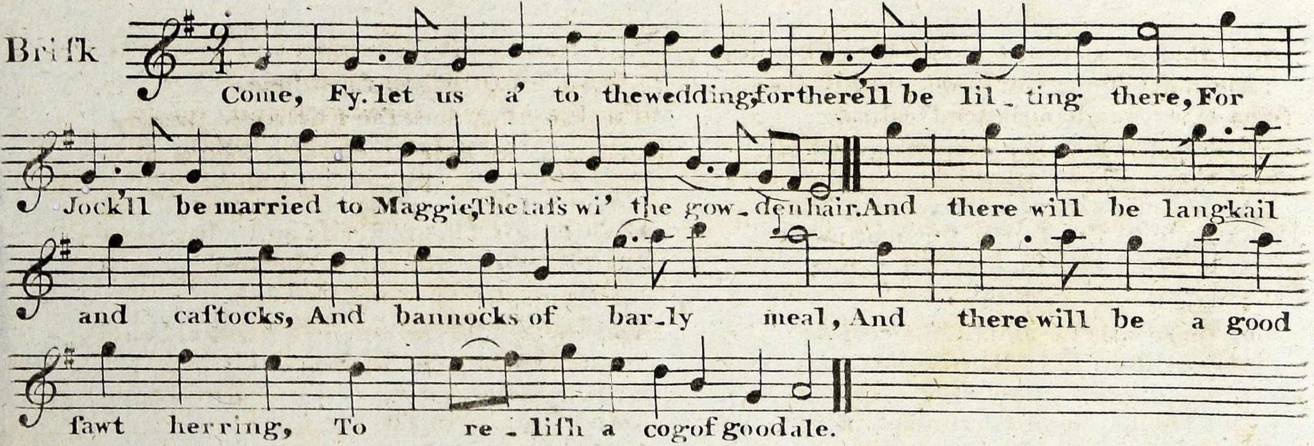
5

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love,
With one that does fae faithlefs prove,
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my conftant heart betray'd,
A thoufand times to me fhe fwore,
She wad be true for evermore,
But to my grief alake did fay,
She ftaw my heart and ran away,
And it's o'er the hills &c.

6

Since that fhe will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her fake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy Grove,
I'll fighing fing adieu to love,
Since fhe is faufe whom I adore,
I'll never truft a woman more,
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll fweetly play,
O'er the hills and far away.

THE BLITHSOME BRIDAL



2

And there will be Saundy the ſutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou,
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler I trow;
And there will be bow'd legged Robie,
With thumbleſs Katie's goodman,
And there will be blew cheeked Dobbie,
And Lawrie the laird of the land.

3

And there will be ſow_libber Patie,
And plucky fac'd Wat i'the mill,
Capper_noſ'd Francie, and Gibbie,
That wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be Alaſter Sibby,
Wha in with black Beſſie did mool,
With ſnivelling Lilly and Tibby,
The laſs that ſtands aft on the ſtool.

4

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him gray breeks to his a,-
Wha after was hangit for ftealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe;
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirfh with the lilly, white leg,
Wha gade to the fouth for manners,
And plaid the fool in Mons_meg.

5

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flea-lugged fharny fac'd Lawrie,
And fhangy mou'd halucket Meg;
And there will be happer a,-Nancie,
And fairy fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Girfy,
The lafs wi' the gowden wame.

6

And there will be Girn again Gibby,
With his glakit wife Jeany Bell,
And mifled fhinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was fkipper himfel;
There lads and lafses in pearlings,
Will feaft in the heart of the ha',
On fybows and rifarts and carlings,
That are baith fodden and raw.

7

And there will be fadges and brachan,
With fouth of good gabbocks of fkate,
Powfowdie, and drammock and crowdie,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate;
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and fpeldings enew,
With fingit fheep-heads and a haggies,
And fcadlips to fup till you fpew.

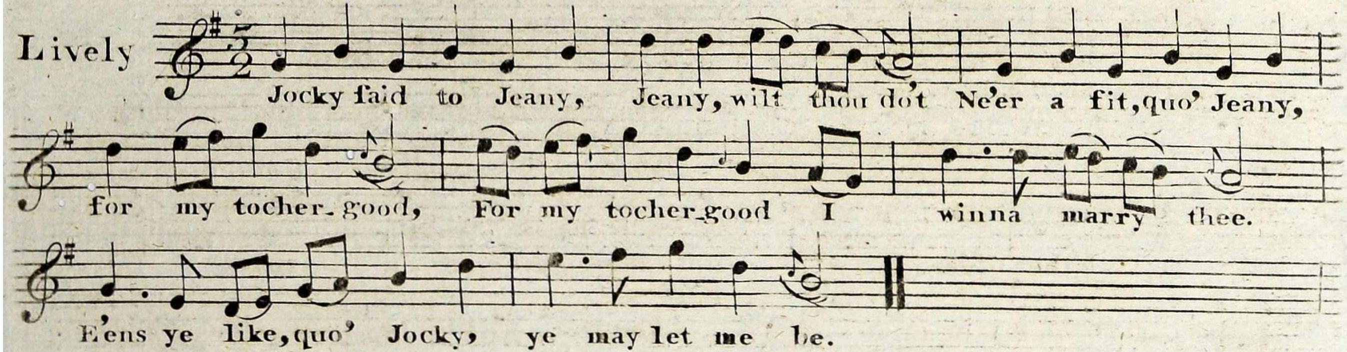
8

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbucks,
And fowens, and farles, and baps,
With fwats and well fcraped paunches,
And brandy in ftoups and in caps,
And there will be mealkail and porrage,
With fkink to fup till ye rive,
And roafts to roaft on a brander,
Of flewks that were taken alive.

9

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulfe and tangle,
And a mill of good fnifhing to prie,
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rife up and dance till we die;
Then fye let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jock'll be married to Maggie,
The lafs with the gowden hair.

JOCKY SAID TO JEANY



2

I hae gowd and gear, and I hae land enough,
I hae ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

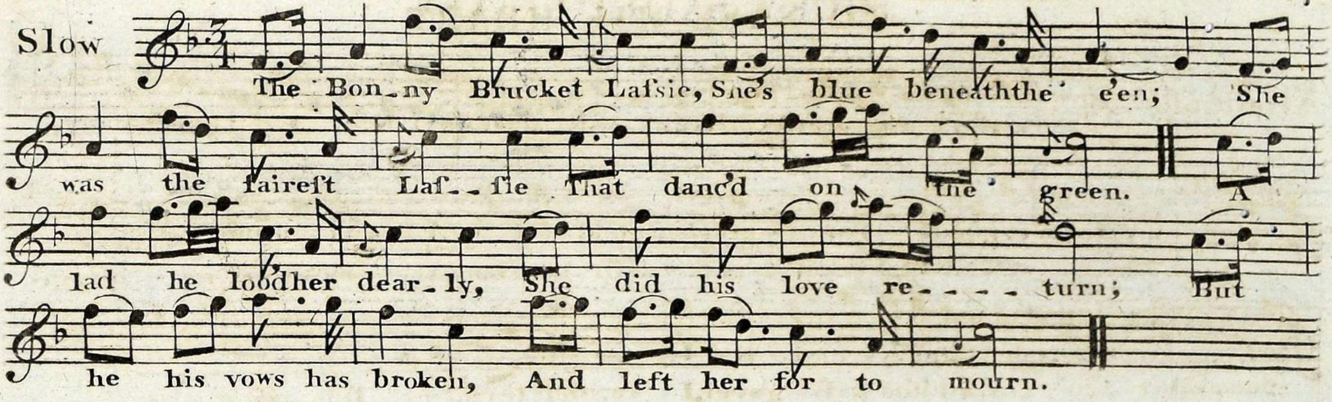
3

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn, and a byre,
A ſtack afore the door; I'll make a rantin fire,
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry ſhall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

4

Jeany ſaid to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the Lad, I'll be the laſs myſell.
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſsie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE



2.

"My ſhape, ſhe ſays, was handſome,
"My face was fair and clean,
"But now I'm bonny brucket,
"And blue beneath the e'en,
"My eyes were bright and ſparkling,
"Before that they turn'd blue;
"But now they're dull with weeping,
"And a, my Love, for you

3

"My perſon it was comely,
"My ſhape they ſaid was neat;
"But now I am quite changed,
"My Stays they winna meet
"A night I ſleeped ſoundly,
"My mind was never ſad;
"But now my reſt is broken,
"Wi' thinking o' my lad.

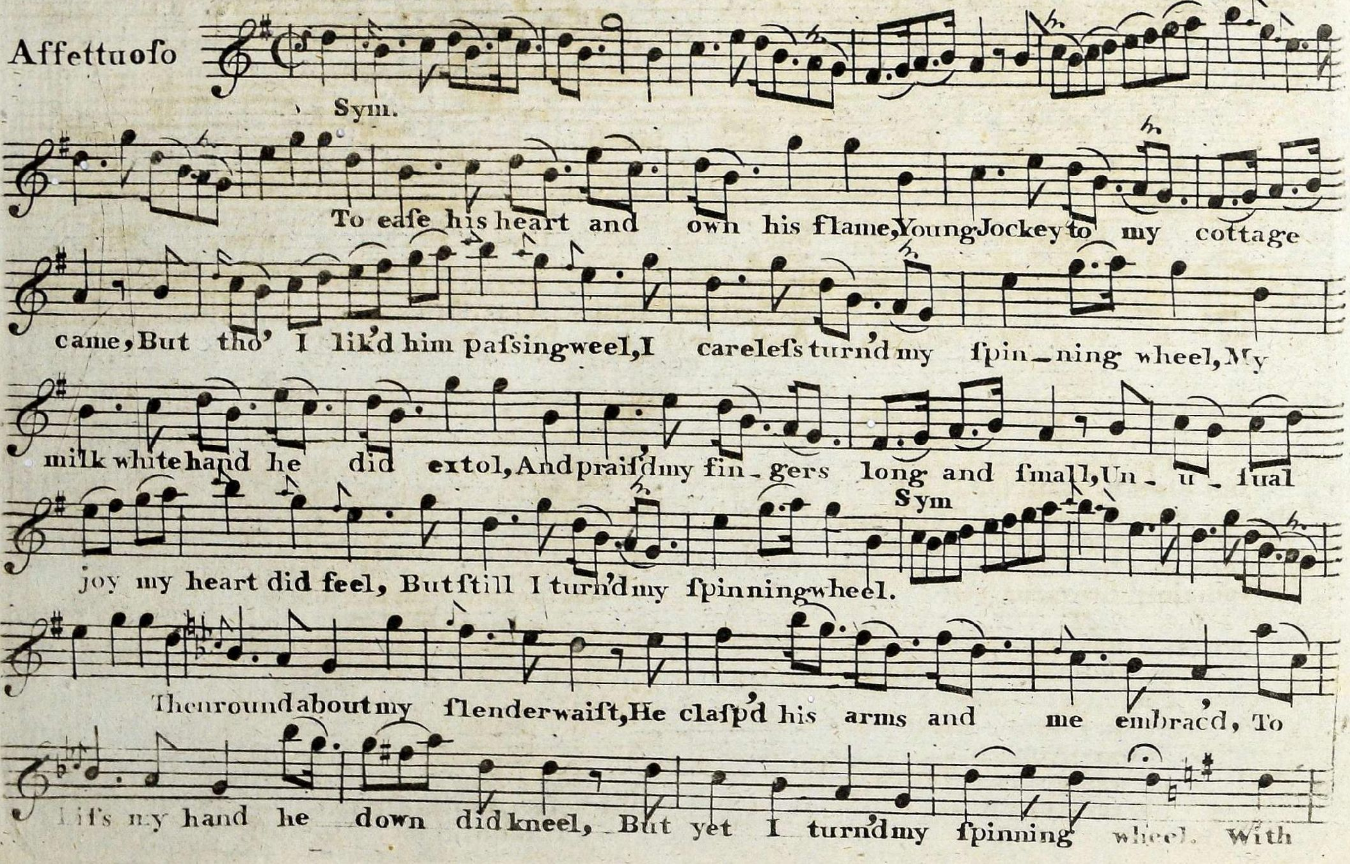
4

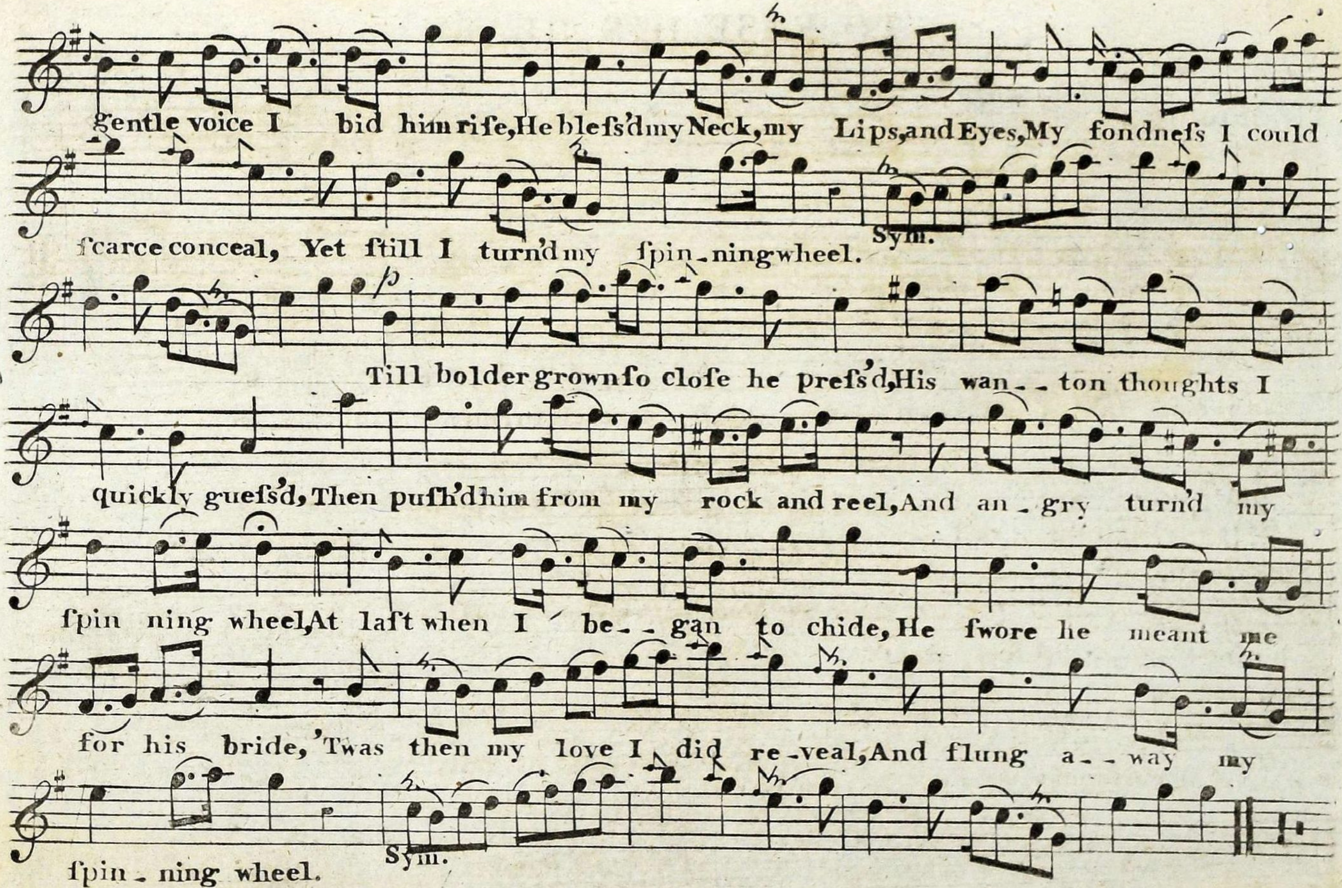
"O could I live in darkneſs,
"Or hide me in the ſea,
"Since my love is unfaithful,
"And has forſaken me!
"No other love I ſuffer'd,
"Within my breaſt to dwell;
"In nought I have offended
"But loving him too well.

5

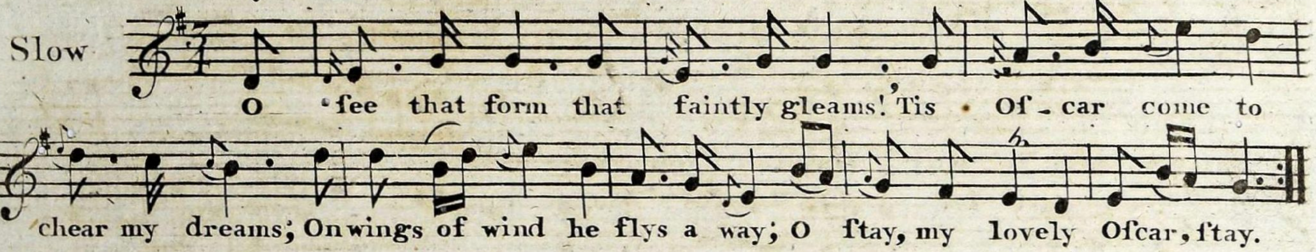
"Her lover heard her mourning,
"As by he chanc'd to paſs;
"And preſs'd unto his boſom
"Ths lovely brucket laſs
"My dear, he ſaid, ceaſe grieving;
"Since that your love's ſo true,
"My bonny, brucket laſsie,
"I'll faithful prove to you;

TO EASE HIS HEART




gentle voice I bid him riſe, He bleſs'd my Neck, my Lips, and Eyes, My fondneſs I could
ſcarce conceal, Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpin - ning wheel.
Sym.
Till bolder grown ſo cloſe he preſs'd, His wan - - ton thoughts I
quickly gueſs'd, Then puſh'd him from my rock and reel, And an - gry turn'd my
ſpin ning wheel, At laſt when I be - - gan to chide, He ſwore he meant me
for his bride, 'Twas then my love I did re - veal, And flung a - - way my
ſpin - ning wheel.
Sym.

OSCAR'S GHOST



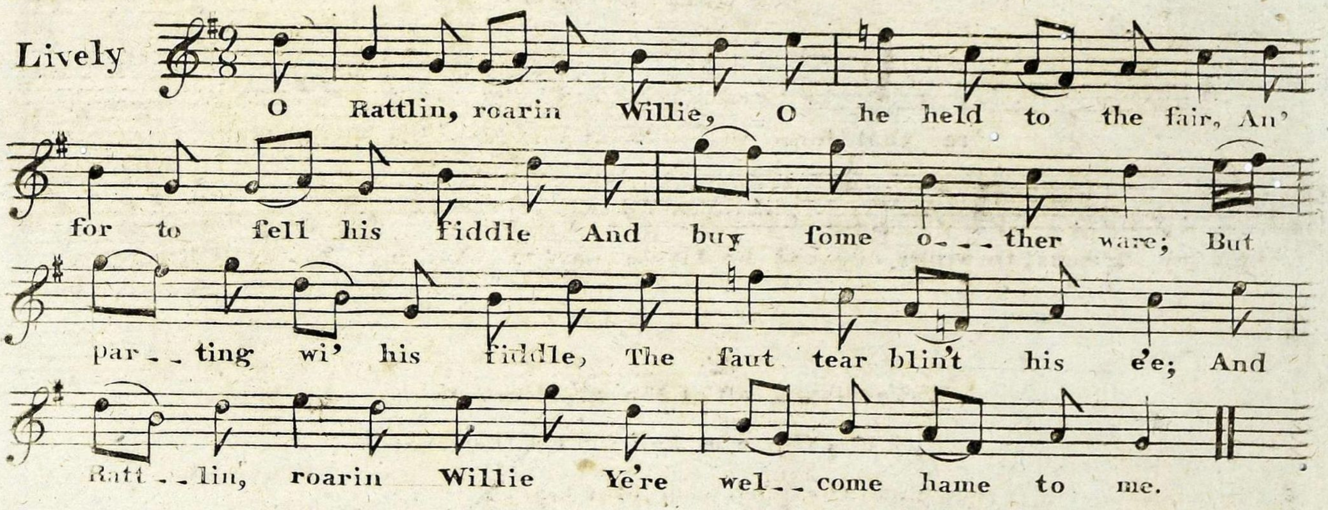
2

Wake Oſsian laſt of Fingal's line,
And mix thy tears and ſigh with mine;
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And ſooth my ſoul with Oſcar's praiſe

3

The ſhell is ceaſ'd in Oſcar's hall,
Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;
The Roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oſcar's hounds.

RATTLIN ROARIN WILLIE



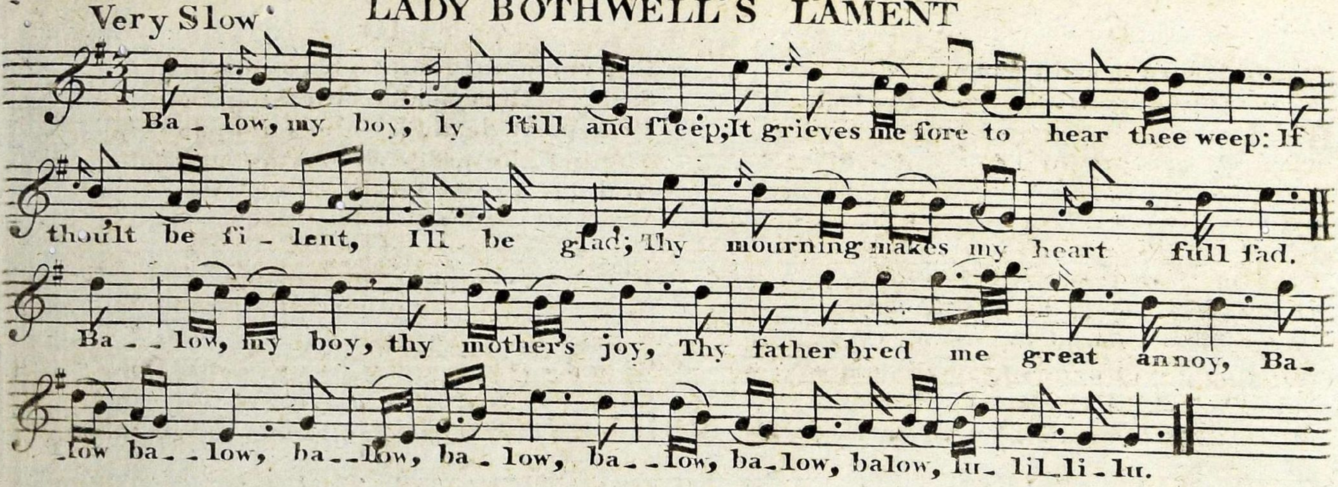
2

O Willie, come ſell your fiddle,
O ſell your fiddle ſae fine;
O Willie, come ſell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine;
If I ſhould ſell my fiddle,
The warld would think I was mad,
For mony a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had.

3

As I cam by Crochallan
I cannily keekit ben,
Rattlin, roarin Willie
Was ſitting at yon boord-en';
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT



2

Balow, my darling, ſleep awhile,
And when thou wak'ſt then ſweetly ſmile;
But ſmile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I ſee,
The tempting look that ruin'd me. Balow, &c.

3

When he bagan to court my love,
And with his ſugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I ſee that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me. Balow, &c.

4

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falſeſt youth
That ever kiſs'd a woman's mouth;
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courteſy:
For if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuſe, and care not how. Balow, &c.

5

I was too cred'lous at the firſt,
To yield thee all a maiden durſt;
Thou ſwore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought, the change is wrought.
Thy love nae mair, thy promiſe nought. Balow, &c.

6

O gin I were a maid again,
From young mens flatt'ry I'd refrain,
For now unto my grie I find
They all are perjur'd and unkind;
Bewitching charms bred all my harms:
Witness my babe lyes in my arms. Balow, &c.

7

I tak my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,
And lull my young son on my lap:
From me, sweet orphan, tak the pap:
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd. Balow, &c.

8

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wranging thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart,
For, too soon trusting latest finds,
With fairest tongues are falsest minds. Balow, &c.

9

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son hath play'd;
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine. Balow, &c.

10

But curse not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:
Perhaps at death; for who can tell,
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe, has struck the blow
And laid the dear deceiver low. Balow, &c.

11

I wish I were into the bounds
Where he lyes smother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair;
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget, Balow, &c.

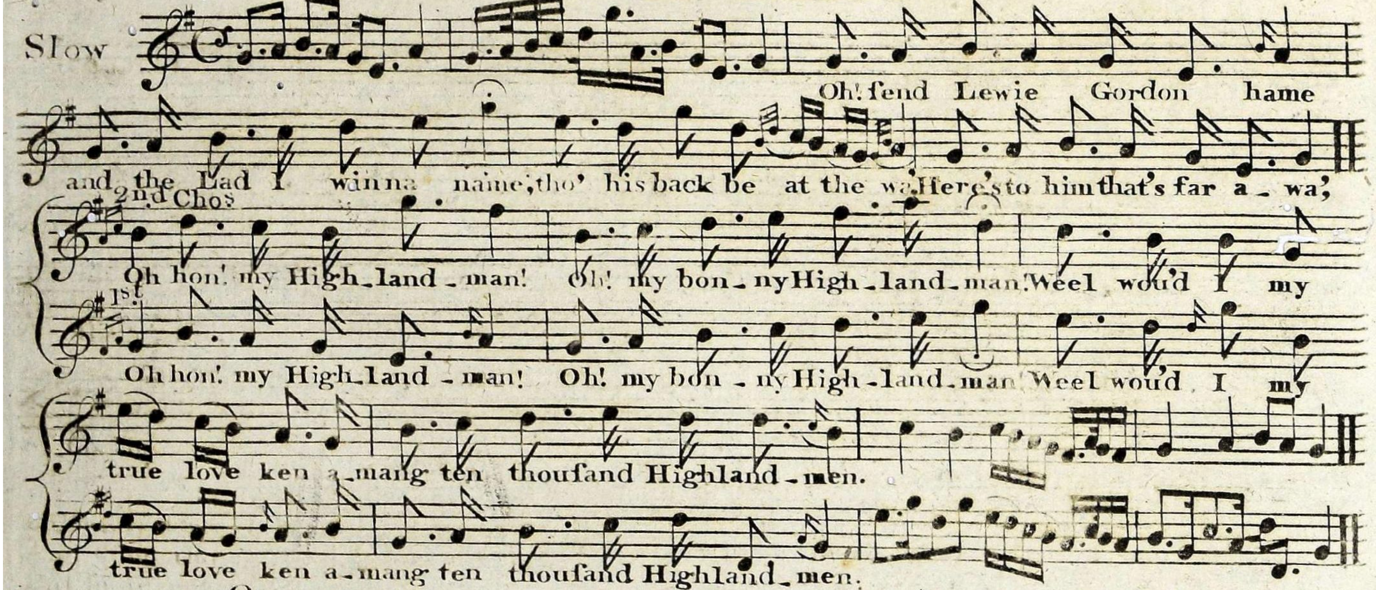
12

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make,
My smock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein. Balow, &c.

13

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a sum;
God grant thee patience when they come:
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name. Balow, &c.

LEWIE GORDON



2

Oh! to fee his tartan - trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh - heel'd fhoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the Lad that I'll gang wi'
Cho.[s] Oh hon! &c.

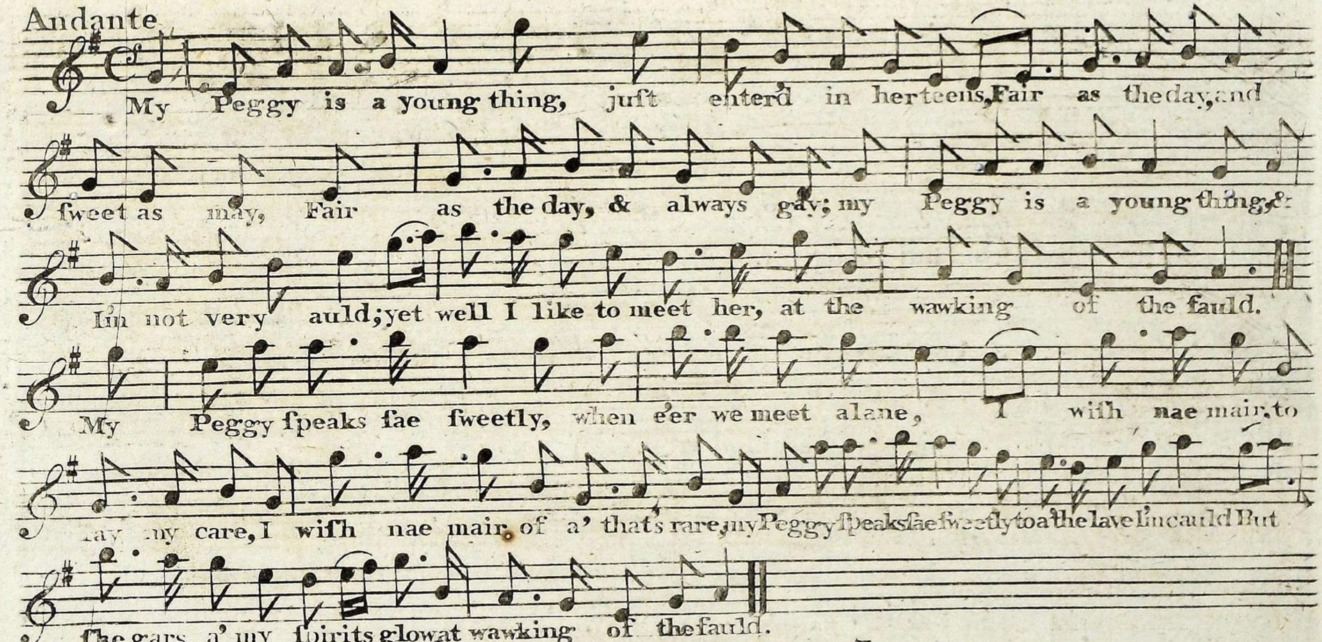
3

The Princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a King;
On his breaft he wears a ftar:
You'd tak him for the God of war.
Cho.[s] Oh hon! &c.

4

Oh, to fee this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne!
Difafters a' woud diappear
Then begins the Jub'lee Year.
Cho.[s] Oh hon! &c.

THE WAWKING OF THE FAULD



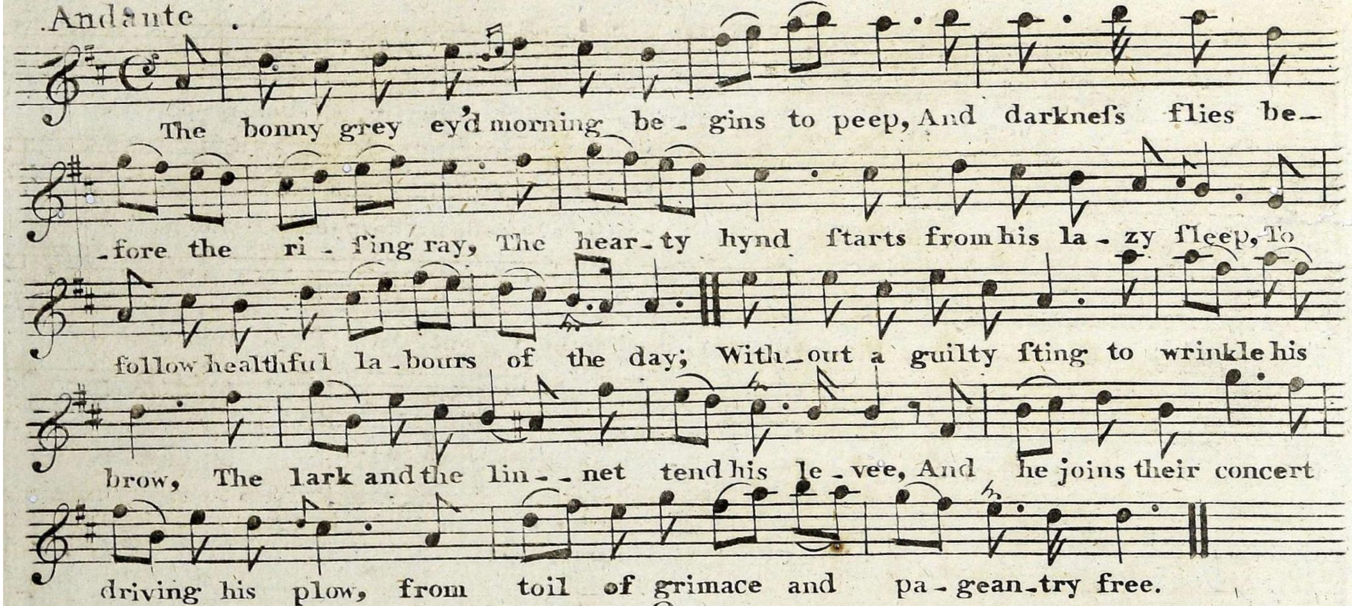
2

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naithing gi'es me ſic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

3

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt:
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

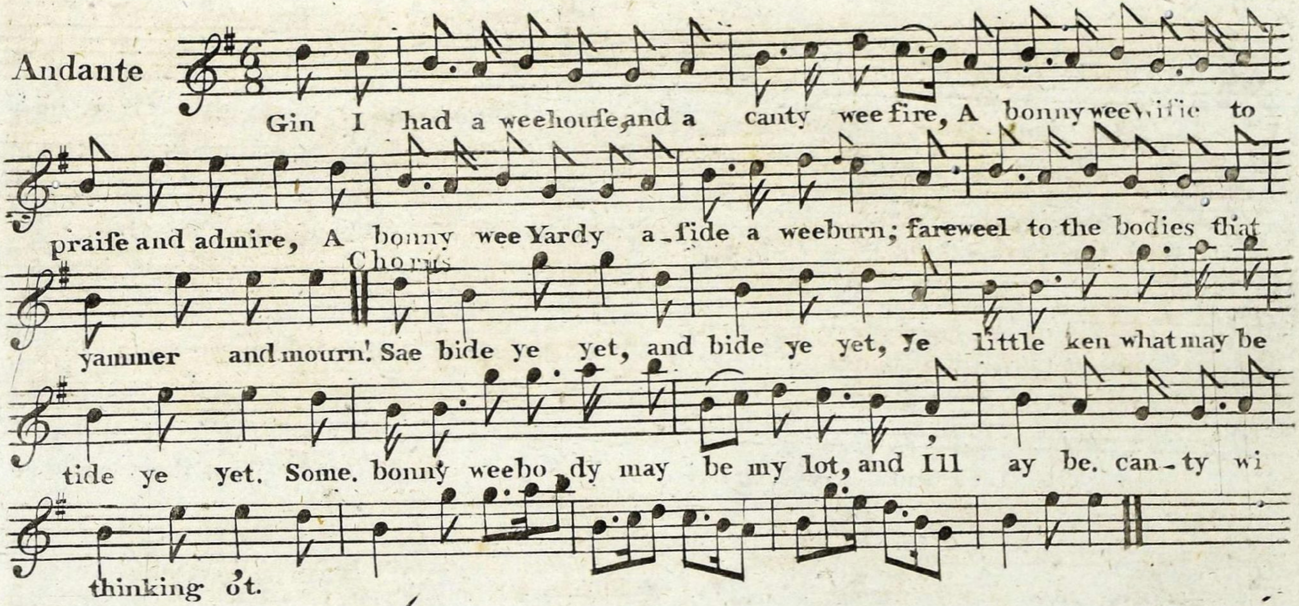
THE BONNY GREY EY'D MORN



2

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.
Be my portion health, and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

BIDE YE YET



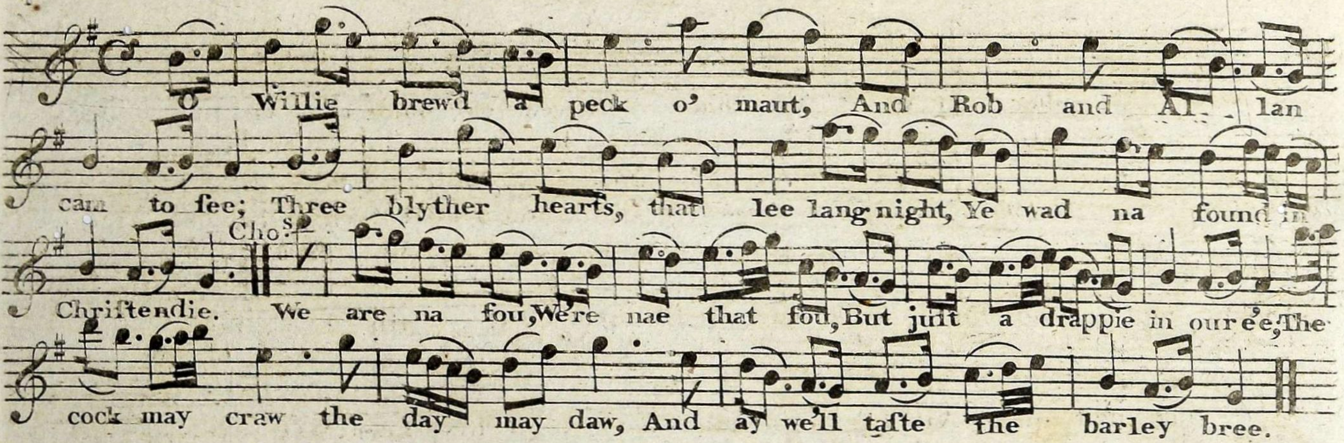
2

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean,
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry, Papa, or Daddy, to me,
Cho^s. Sae bide ye yet, &c.

3

And if there ſhould happen ever to be
A diff'rence a'tween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour, altho' ſhe be teaz'd,
I'll kiſs her and clap her untill ſhe be pleaſ'd:
Cho^s. Sae bide ye yet, &c.

WILLIE BREWD A PECK O' MAUT



2

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
Chos. We are na fou, &c.

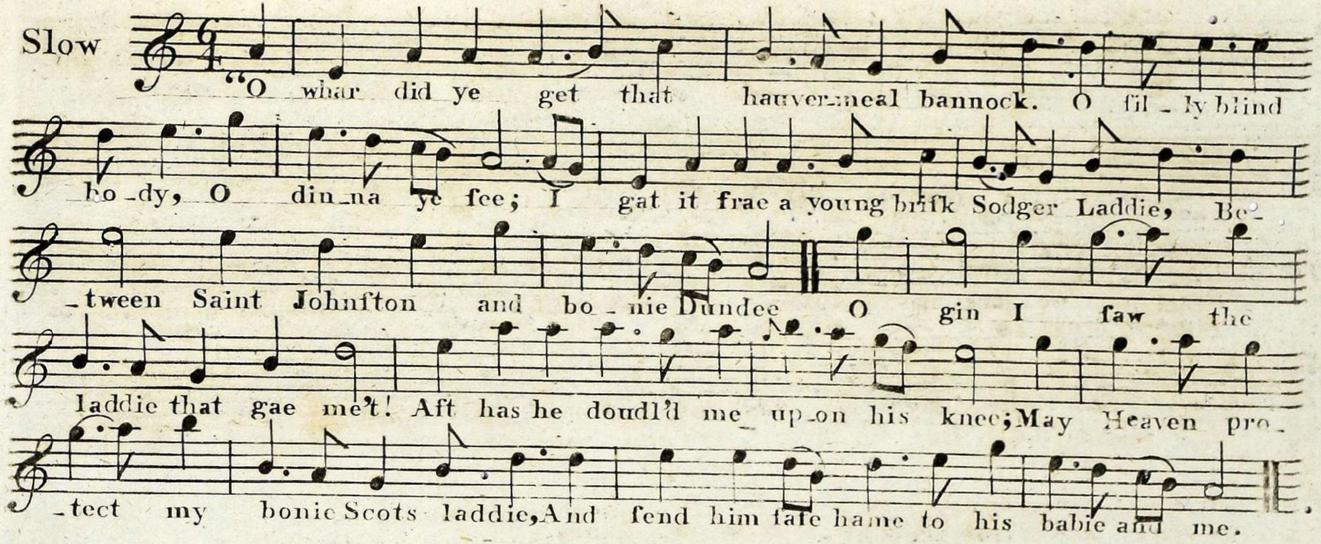
3

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift ſae hie;
She ſhines ſae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my ſooth ſhe'll wait a wee!
Chos. We are na fou, &c.

4

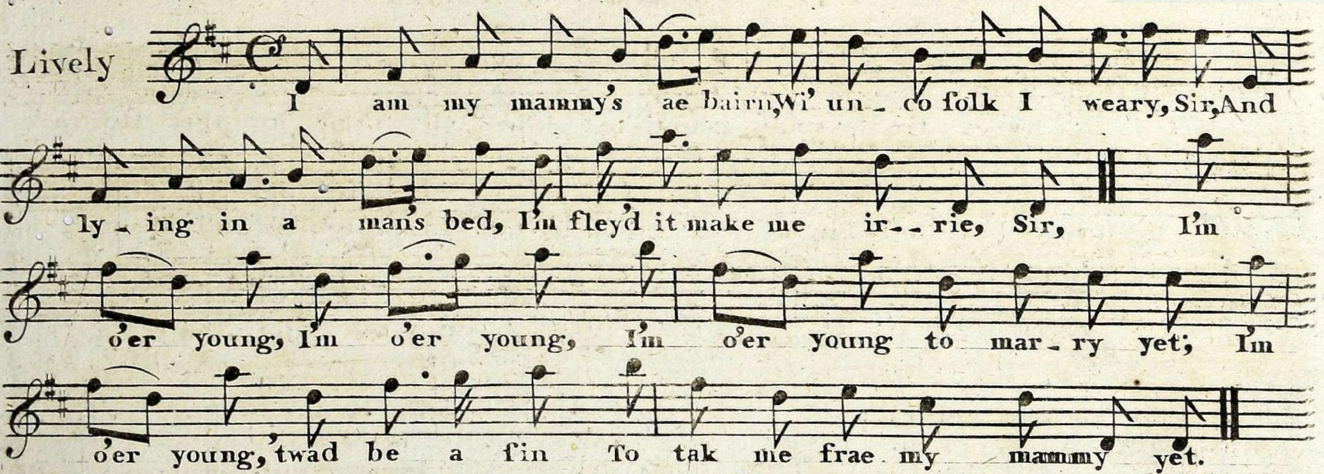
Wha firſt ſhall riſe to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha firſt beſide his chair ſhall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
Chos. We are na fou, &c.

BONIE DUNDEE



My bleſsins upon thy ſweet, wee lippie!
  My bleſsins upon thy bonie e'e brie!
Thy ſmiles are ſae like my blyth Sodger laddie,
  Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
  Whare Tay rins wimplin by ſae clear;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan ſae fine,
  And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET



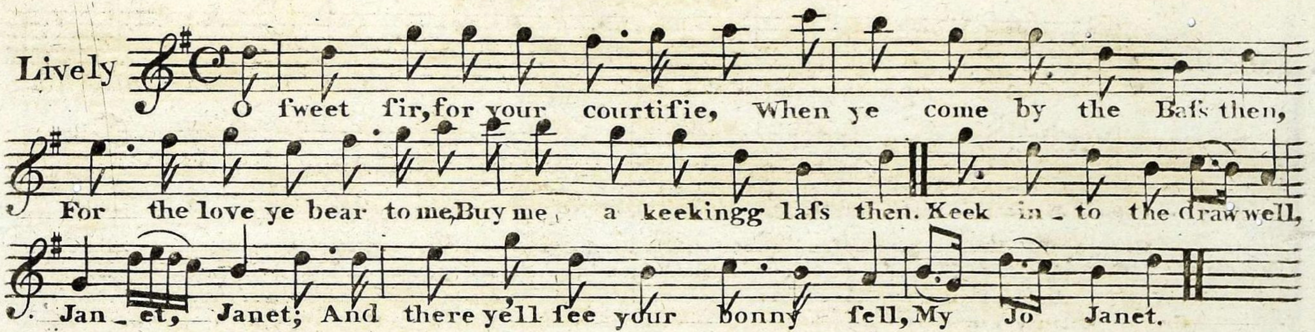
2

Hallowmaſs is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
And you an' I ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir.
I'm o'er young &c.

3

Fu' loud and ſhill the froſty wind,
Blaws thro' the leafleſs timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin ſimmer, Sir,
I'm o'er young &c.

MY JO JANET



2

Keeking in the draw_well clear,
What if I ſhou'd fa' in then;
Syne a' my kin will ſay and ſwear,
I drown'd myſell for ſin, then.
Had the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better by the brae,
My Jo Janet.

3

Good Sir, for your courtiſie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen then,
For the love you bear to me,
By me a pair of ſheen then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
A pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My Jo Janet.

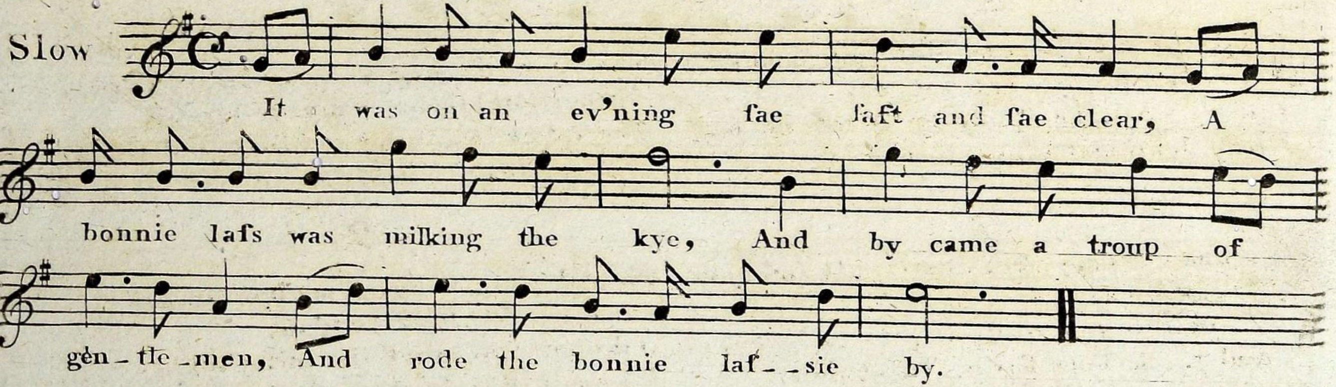
4

But what if dancing on the green,
And ſkipping like a mawkin,
If they ſhould ſee my clouted ſheen,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be ſeen,
My Jo Janet.

5

Kind Sir, for your courtiſie,
When ye gae to the croſs then,
For the love you bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horſe then.
Pace upo' your ſpinning wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your ſpinning wheel,
My Jo Janet.

BONNIE MAY



2

Then one of them ſaid unto her,
Bonnie laſsie, ſhew me the way,
O if I do ſae it may breed me wae,
For langer I dare na ſtay.

3

But dark and miſty was the night;
Before the bonnie laſs came hame,
Now where hae you been, my ae doughter,
I am ſure you was na your lane.

4

O father, a tod has come o'er your lamb,
A gentleman of high degree,
And ay whan he ſpake he lifted his hat,
And bonnie, bonnie blinket his ee.

5

But when twenty weeks were paſt and gane,
O twenty weeks and three,
The laſsie began to grow pale and wan,
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

6

O wae be to my father's herd,
An ill death may he die;
He bigged the bughts ſae far frae hame
And wadna bide wi' me.

7

It fell upon another fair evening,
The bonnie laſs was milking her ky,
And by came the troop of gentlemen,
And rode the bonnie laſsie by.

8

Then one of them ſtopt, and ſaid to her,
Wha's aught that baby ye are wi',
The laſsie began for to bluſh, and think,
To a father as gude as ye.

9

Oh had your tongue, my bonnie may,
Sae loud's I hear you lie;
O dinnae you mind the miſty night,
I was in the bught with thee.

10

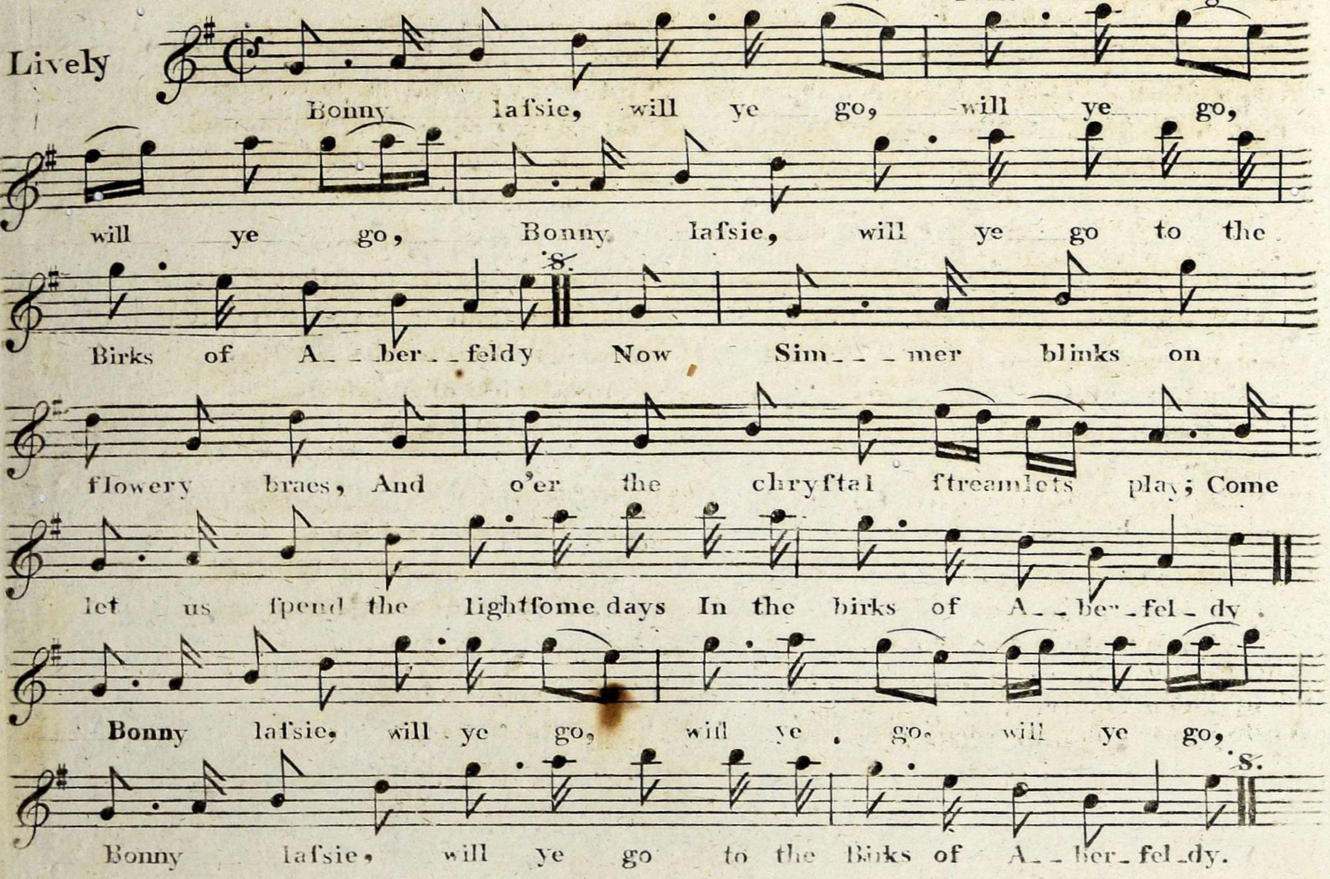
Now he's come aff his milk-white ſteed,
And he has taen her hame:
Now let your father bring hame the kye,
You ne'er mair ſhall ca' them agen.

11

He was the laird of Auchentrone,
With fifty ploughs and three,
And he has gotten the bonnieſt laſs,
In a' the ſouth countrie.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

Tune Birks of Abergeldie



2

The little birdies blythely fing
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lafsie &c.

3

The braes afcend like lofty wa's,
The foamy ftream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er hung wi fragrant-fpreading fhaws.
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lafsie &c.

4

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi'flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours.
And rifing weets wi' mifty fhowers,
The birks of Aberfeldy,
Bonny lafsie &c.

5

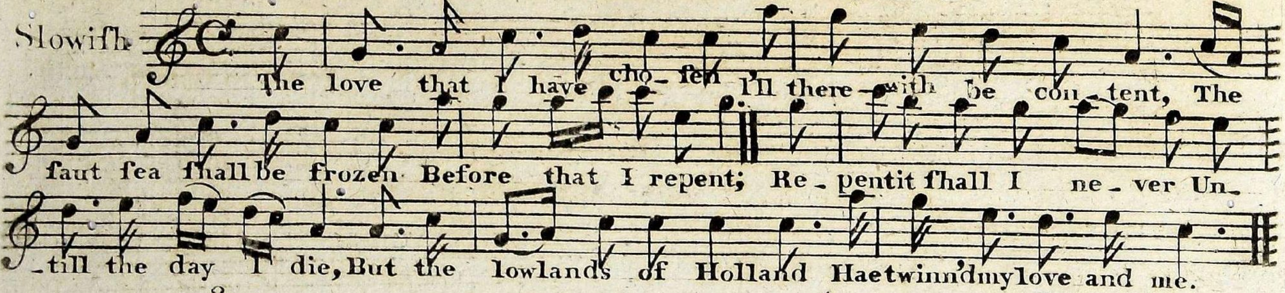
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er fhall draw a wifh frae me,
Supremely bleft wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy,
Bonny lafsie &.

BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE

Bonny lafsie, will ye go,
Will ye go will ye go,
Bonny lafsie will ye go,
To the birks o'Abergeldie.
Ye fhall get a gown of filk,
A gown of filk a gown of filk,
Ye fhall get a gown of filk,
And coat of calimanco.

Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,
Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
My minnie fhe'll be angry:
Sair, fair wad fhe flyte,
Wad fhe flyte, wad fhe flyte,
Sair, fair wad fhe flyte,
And fair wad fhe ban me.

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND



2

My love lies in the ſaut ſea,
And I am on the ſide,
Enough to break a young thing's heart
Wha lately was a bride
Wha lately was a bonie bride:
And pleaſure in her e'e;
But the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

3

New Holland is a barren place,
In it there grows no grain;
Nor any habitation
Wherein for to remain:
But the ſugar canes are plenty,
And the wine draps frae the tree;
And the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

4

My love he built a bonie ſhip
And ſet her to the ſea,
Wi'ſeven ſcore brave mariners
To bear her companie:
Threeſcore gaed to the bottom,
And threeſcore di'd at ſea;
And the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

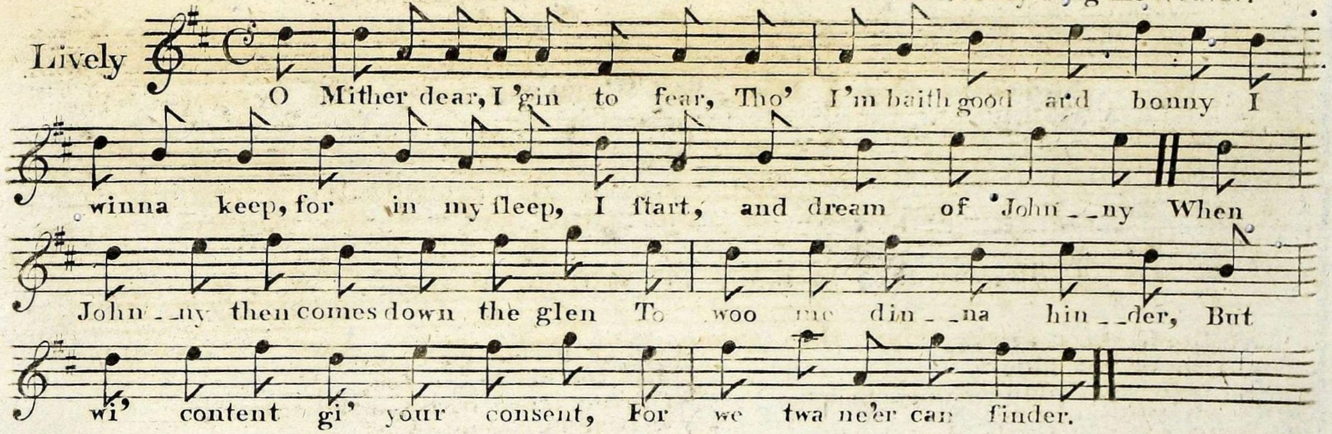
5

My love has built another ſhip
And ſet her to the main,
He had but twenty mariners
And all to bring her hame:
The ſtormy winds did roar again,
The raging waves did rout,
And my love and his bonie ſhip
Turn'd widderſhins about.

6

There ſhall nae mantle croſs my back
Nor kame gae in my hair,
Neither ſhall coal or candle light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor ſhall I chuſe anither love
Untill the day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

Tune. Jenny dang the Weaver.



2

Better to marry, then miſcarry;
For ſhame and ſkaith's the clink o't;
To thole the dool, to mount the ſtool,
I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis time, I'll ſhun the crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whingeing,
With haunches fow, and een ſae blew,
To all the bedrals bingeing.

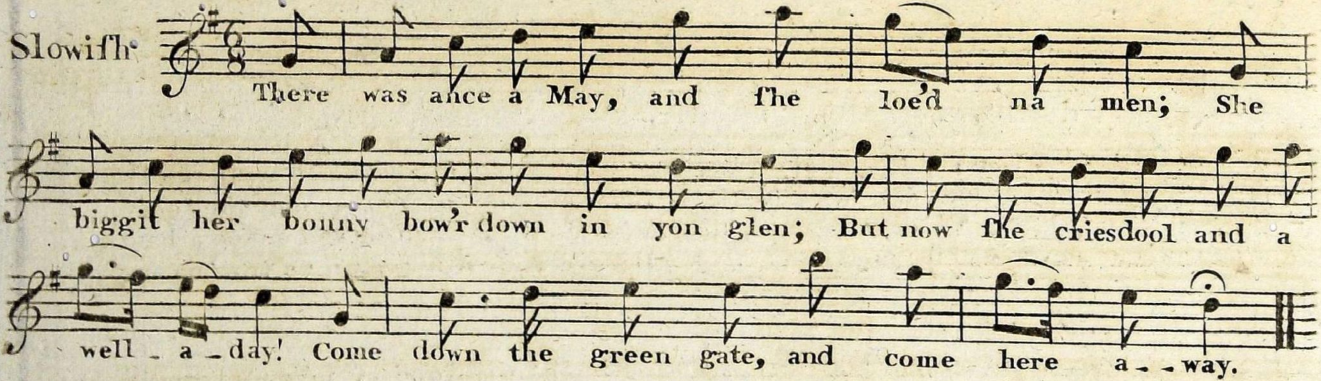
3

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town,
Alake, how can ſhe mend it,
Now tam maun face the miniſter,
And ſhe maun mount the pillar;
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk hae nae ſiller.

4

Now had yer tongue, my doughter young,
Replied the kindly mither,
Get Johnny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap your wealth together,
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part diſcreetly;
And prove a wife will gar his life,
And thine go on right ſweetly.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE



2

When bonny young Johny came o'er the ſea,
He ſaid he ſaw naething ſae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony bra things,
And were na my heart light I wad die.

3

He had a wee titty that loed na me,
Becauſe I was twice as bonny as ſhe;
She raiſ'd ſick a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.

4

The day it was ſet, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a' dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and ſhe grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad ſee me again.

5

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do with the like of me!
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny:
And were na my heart light I wad die.

6

They ſaid I had neither cow nor cauf,
Nor dribbles of drink rins thro' the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins thro' the mill e'e;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

7

His titty ſhe was baith wylie and ſlee,
She ſpy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then ſhe ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

8

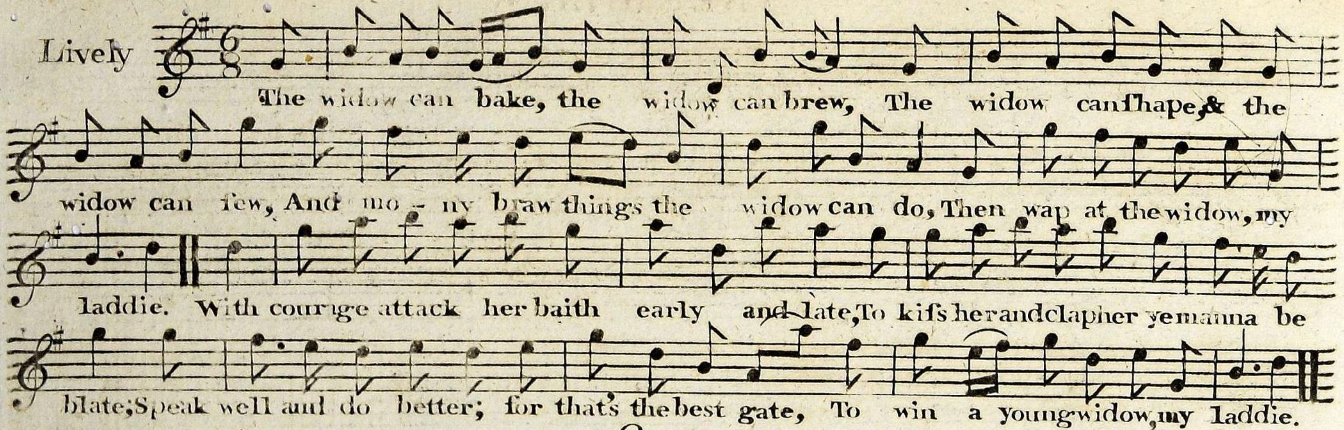
His bonnet ſtood ay fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as well as ſome's new:
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And caſts himſelf dowie upo' the corn bing.

9

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er ſteeks his eye:
And were na my heart light I wad die.

10

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We ſhou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lilly-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.



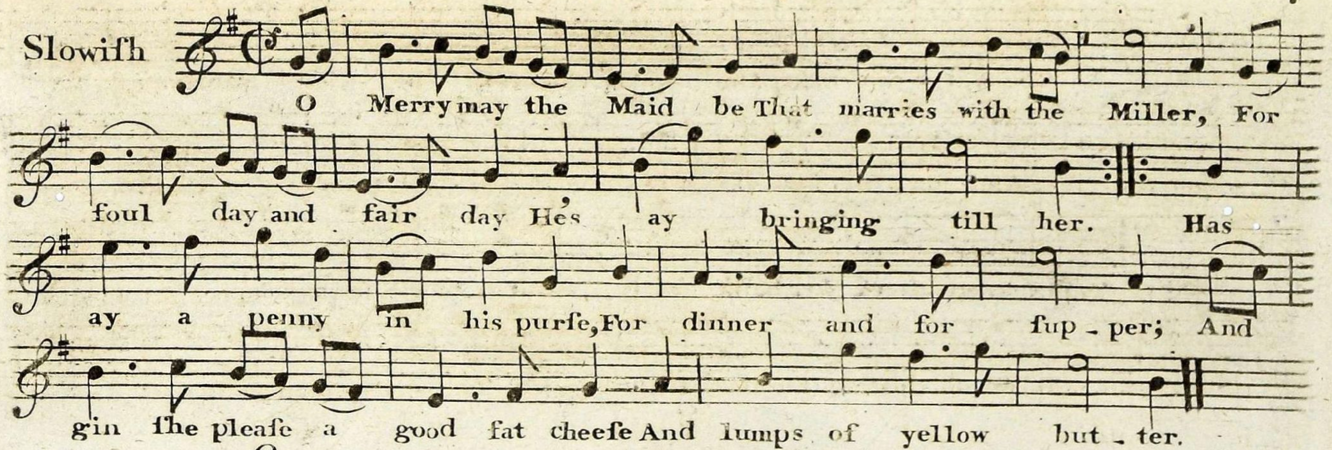
2

The widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae hair
The waur of the wearing, and has a good ſkair
Of every thing lovely, ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What cou'd you wiſh better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
Wi' naething but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport wi' the widow, my laddie.

3

Then till'er and kill'er wi' courteſie dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be a' ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

THE MILLER



2

When Jamie firſt did woo me,
I ſpeir'd what was his calling;
Fair maid, ſays he, O come and ſee,
Ye're welcome me to my dwalling:
Though I was ſhy, yet I cou'd ſpy.
The truth of what he told me,
And that his houſe was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

3

Behind the door a bag of meal,
And in the kiſt was plenty,
Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na ſcandy:
A good fat ſow, a ſleeky cow
Was ſtandin in the byre,
Whilſt lazy pouſs with mealy mouſe
Was playing at the fire.

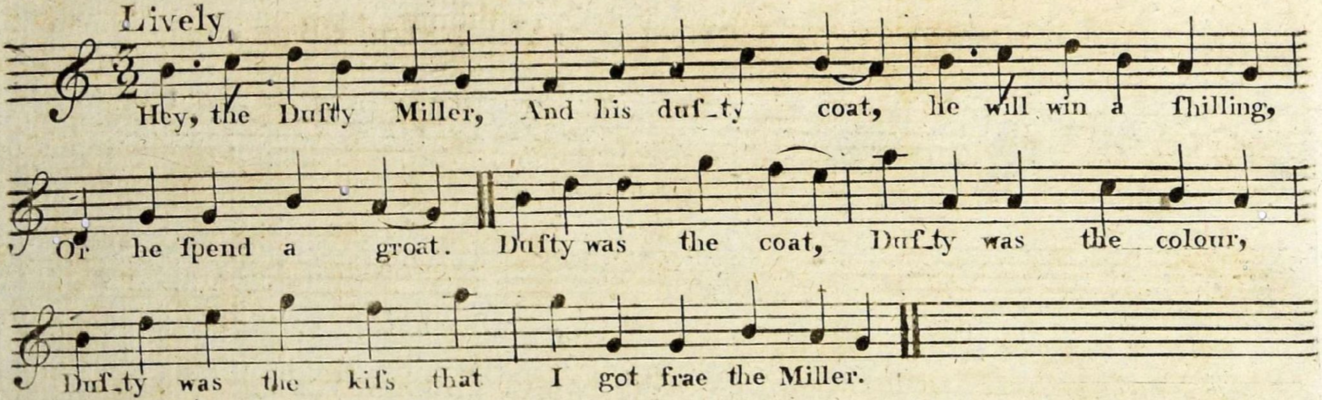
4

Good ſigns are theſe, my mither ſays,
And bids me tak the Miller;
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
For meal and malt ſhe does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty;
And now and then a keckling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

5

In winter when the wind and rain,
Blaws o'er the houſe and byre
He ſits beſide a clean hearth ſtane
Before a rouſing fire;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fou nappy
Who'd be a king a petty thing,
When a Miller lives ſo happy.

DUSTY MILLER



2

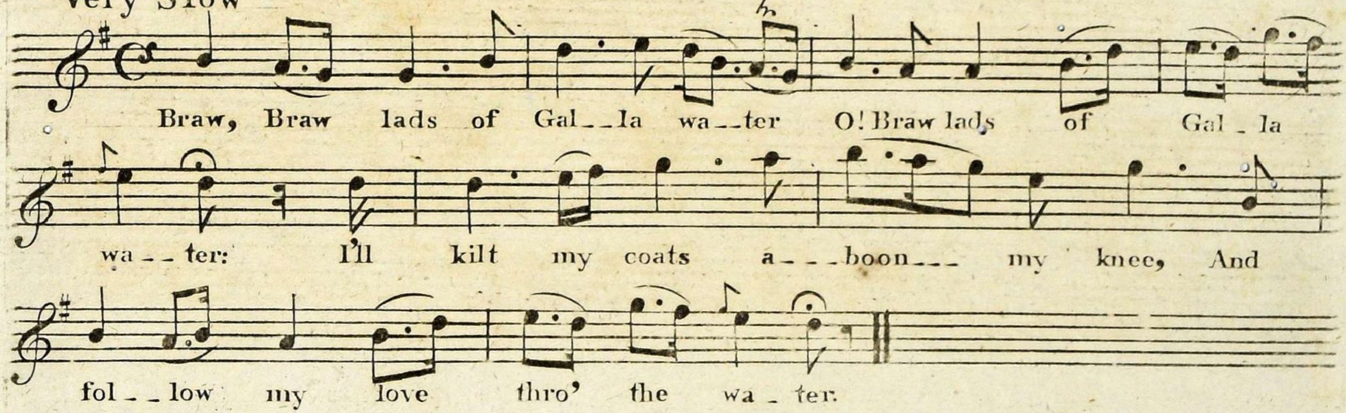
Hey, the duſty Miller,
And his duſty ſack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the duſty peck:

3

Fills the duſty peck,
Brings the duſty ſiller;
I wad gie my coatie
For the duſty Miller.

BRAW, BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER

Very Slow



2

Sae fair her hair, ſae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, ſae ſweet her mou',
The mair I kiſs ſhe's ay my dearie.

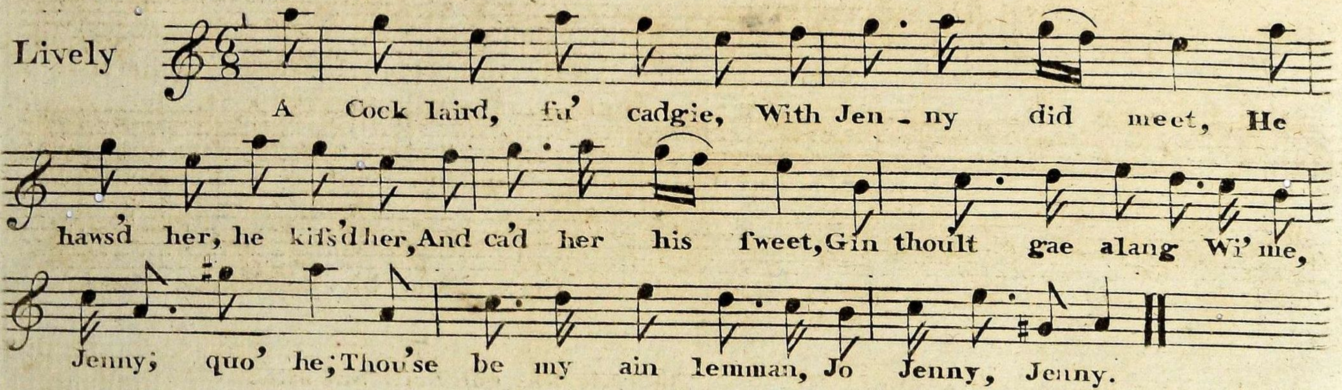
3

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moſs amang the heather;
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

4

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie.
The laſsie loſt a ſilken ſnood,
That coſt her mony a blirt and bleary.

A COCK LAIRD, FU' CADGIE



2

If I gang alang wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feaft me with caddels
And good hackit kail.
The deil's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he.
Mayna bannocks of bear meal
Be as good for thee.

3

And I maun hae pinners
With pearling fet round,
A fkirt of puddy,
And a waiftcoat of brown,
Awa' with fick vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

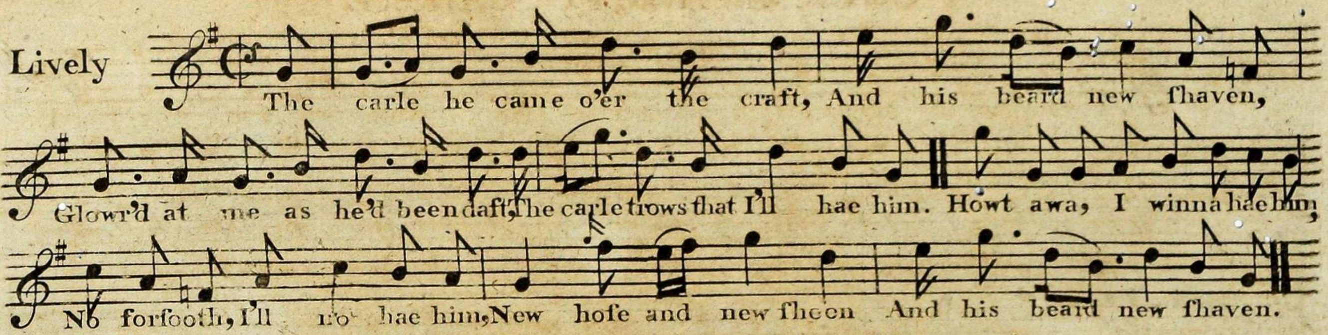
4

My lairdfhip can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny Jenny,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

5

The Borrowftoun merchants
Will fell you on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Albeit they foud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are fet free,
When we mak them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth fhe.

THE CARLE HE CAME O'ER THE CRAFT



2

A ſiller broach he gae me nieſt,
To faſten on my curchie nooked,
I wor't awee upon my breaſt;
But ſoon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And ſae may his; I winna hae him,
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him,
Ane twice a bairn's a laſs's jeſt;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

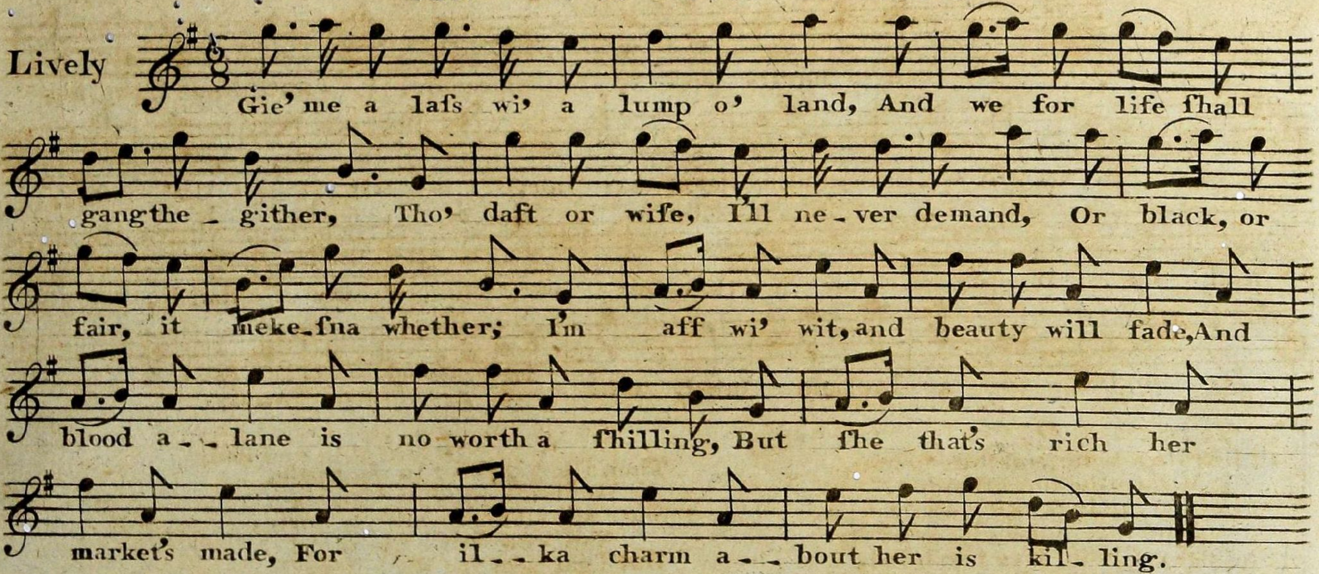
3

The carle has nae fault but ane;
For he has land and dollars plenty,
But wae's me for him! ſkin and bane
Is no for a plump laſs of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
What ſignifies his dirty riggs,
And caſh, without a man wi' them.

4

But ſhou'd my canker'd dady gar,
Me tak him 'gainſt my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their ſtation,
Howt, awa I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
I'm fleed to crack the haly band,
Sae lawty ſays, I ſhou'd nae hae him.

LASS WI A LUMP OF LAND

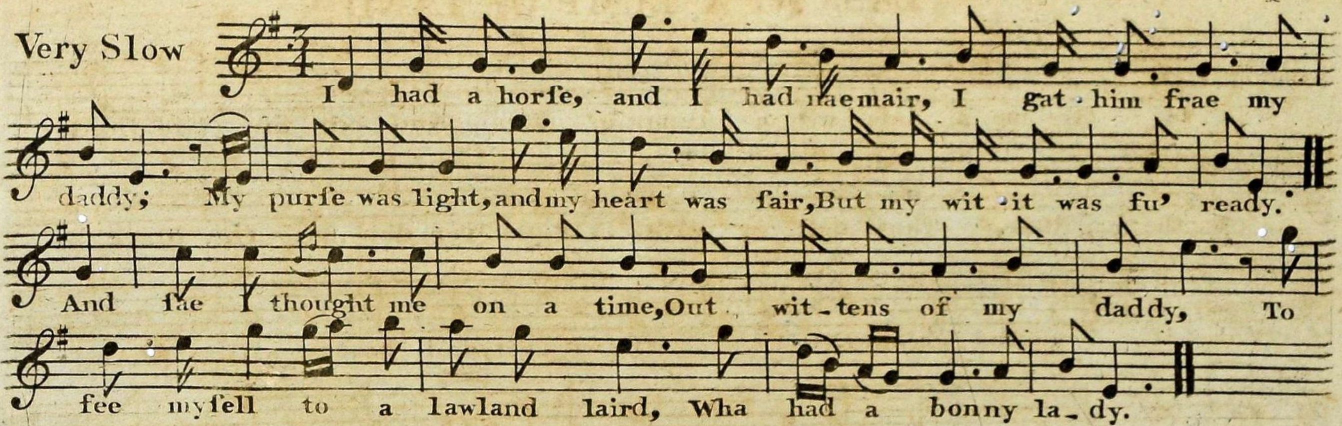


2

Gie me a laſs wi' a lump of land,
And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a lump of land,
Theyſe ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

3

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And ſiller and gowds a ſweet complection;
For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with wood and parks,
And caſtles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows;
And naething can catch our modern ſparks,
But well tocher'd laſses, or jointur'd widows.



2

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you
And care not tho' ye kend it:
For I get letter frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythly be the man
Would strive to please my lady.

3

She read my letter, and she leugh,
Ye needna been sae blate, man,
You might hae come to me yoursell,
And tald me o' your state, man:
You might hae come to me yoursell,
Outwittens o' ony body,
And made John Gouckston of the laird,
And kiss'd his bonny lady.

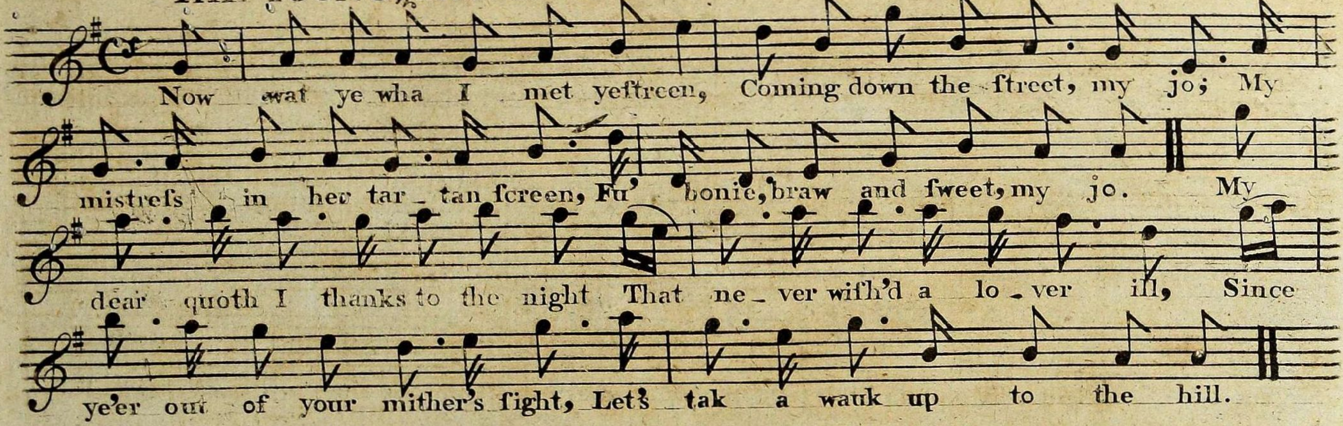
4

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie,
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow but I was vogie!
But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg,
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came rap rap to the yett,
Whan I was wi' his lady.

5

Then she pat me below a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi my daddy.
The laird went out, he saw na me,
I went whan I was ready:
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To see his bonny lady.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY



2

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while,
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gawn to smile;
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs and whistling hind,
In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
Will nourish health and glad ye'r mind.

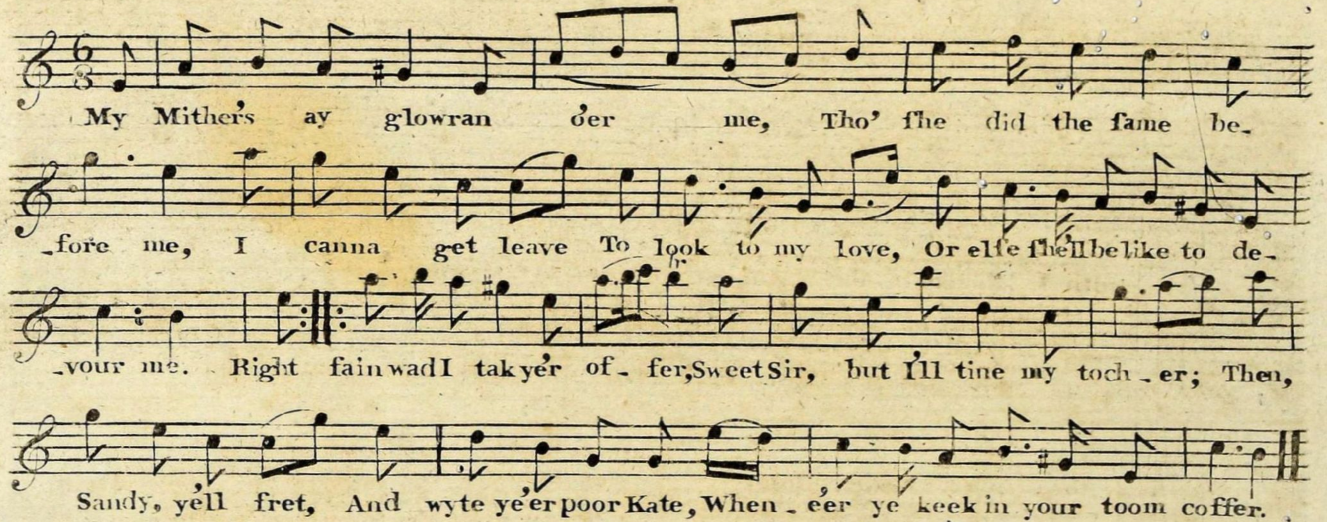
3

Soon as the clear goodman of day,
Bends his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn side and play,
And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow;
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

4

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, saft, and flow'ry den
Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r;
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to that cauler shade remove,
There will I lock thee in my arms,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATY'S ANSWER



2

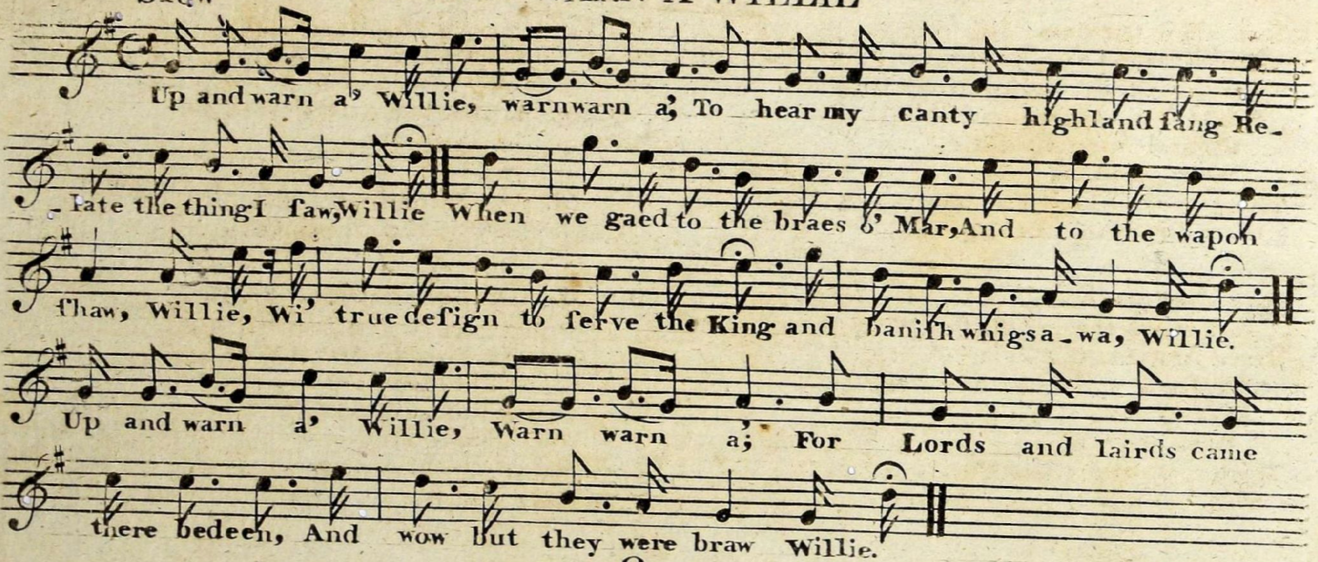
For tho' my Father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his gear,
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

3

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion,
Brag weel o' yer land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

Slow

UP AND WARN A' WILLIE



2

But when the ſtandard was ſet up,
Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie;
The royal nit upon the tap
Down to the ground did fa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Then ſecond ſighted Sandy ſaid
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

3

But when the army join'd at Perth
The braveſt e'er ye ſaw, Willie,
We didna doubt the rougues to rout,
Reſtore our King and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
The pipers play'd frae right to left
O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

4

But when we march'd to Sherra-muir
And there the rebels ſaw, Willie;
Brave Argyle attack'd our right,
Our flank and front and a' Willie,
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Traitor Huntly ſoon gave way
Seaforth, S^t. Clair and a' Willie.

5

But brave Glengary on our right,
The rebel's left did claw, Willie,
He there the greateſt ſlaughter made,
That ever Donald ſaw, Willie
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn warn a';
And Whittam ſ..t his breeks for fear
And faſt did rin away, Willie.

6

For he ca'd us a Highland mob;
And ſoon he'd ſlay us a' Willie.
But we chaſ'd him back to Stirling brig
Dragoons and foot and a' Willie
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
At length we rallied on a hill
And briſkly up did draw, Willie.

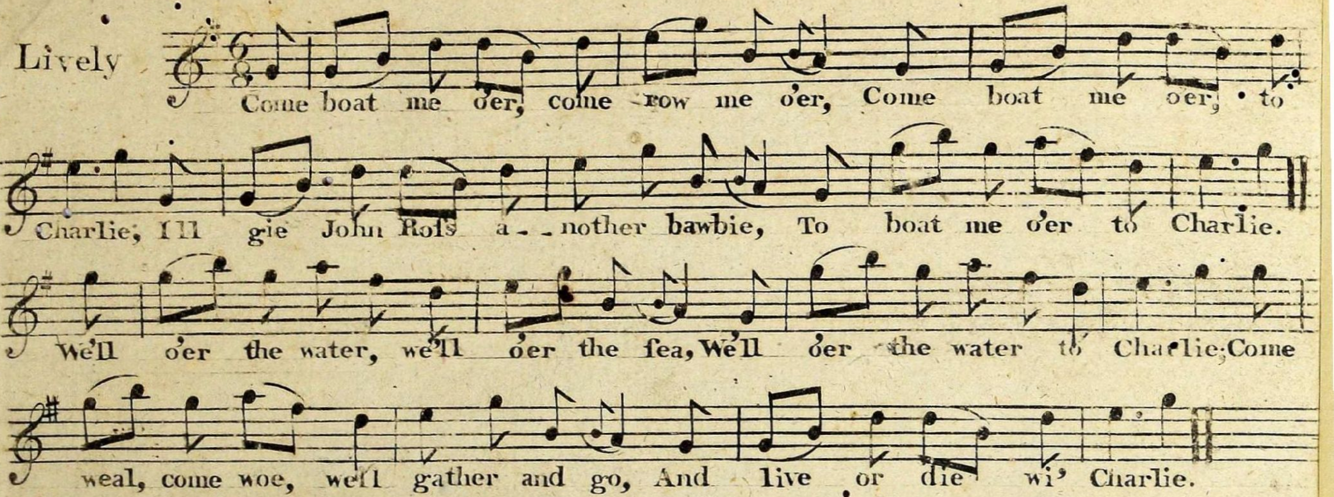
7

But when Argyle did view our line,
And them in order ſaw, Willie,
He ſtreight gaed to Dumblane again
And back his left did draw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Then we to Auchterairder march'd
To wait a better fa' Willie.

8

Now, if ye ſpier wha wan the day,
I've tell'd you what I ſaw Willie,
We baith did fight and baith did beat
And baith did rin awa, Willie.
Up and warn a' Willie,
Warn, warn a';
For ſecond ſighted Sandy ſaid
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE



2

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' ſome there be abhor him:
But O, to ſee auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!
We'll o'er, &c.

3

I ſwear and vow by moon and ſtars,
And ſun that ſhines ſo early!
If I had twenty thouſand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er, &c.